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DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE.

*Ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ οἶδα πρὸς Ἕλληνας ἢ πρὸς ἱερείους εἰπὼν, ἀρκεῖν οἰόμενος ἀγαθοῖς
εἰσπράσιν εἰ τὸ ἀληθὲς αὐτὸ ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ ἐνυήσονται καὶ γινῶναι καὶ εἰπεῖν ᾧ ὄντως ἔχει.—
DION. AREOP. Ep. vii.*

I.

IT is the fate of books even more than of men to exert a profound influence when their individual existence is forgotten. If it be true in one sense of men that the dead are sovereign over the living, the saying has a deeper application to literature. A particular phase of thought is taken up into some broader intellectual development, and works its full effect under the changed circumstances; but the writings to which it owed its origin, or in which it first found expression, are forgotten, or, if remembered, lose their true significance. The movement goes on from life to life, but the first motor remains stationary, and few are willing to make the mental effort which alone can render its primary action intelligible. And this effort necessarily becomes more difficult and more distasteful in proportion as the subject to which it has to be applied is removed from our sympathies. Still, any form of speculation which has at any time powerfully influenced human thought will repay the study which is spent in understanding it, and sooner or later claim fresh regard. The variations of human nature are too limited to place any of its

developments wholly beyond the pale of our interest. An oscillation in popular feeling brings back what was for a time forgotten. Old problems rise again, upon a higher level, it may be, but yet so that the old answers are not without their use ; or even if we can now see a surer way of meeting them, it is none the less invigorating to know that they have been met and in some sort solved in former times.

So it is that by a partial revolution of thought in the present age Scholastic Philosophy has lately received far more attention than was held to be due to it in the last two centuries. Our own discussions have made the difficulties with which it dealt, and the methods which it employed, more capable of realization. At the same time that which has ceased to be formidable becomes capable of a calm analysis. But while we are tolerably familiar with the good and evil of scholasticism, and not unwilling to acknowledge its permanent effects on modern habits of mind, the mysterious writings out of which it sprung, and under the shelter of whose venerable title it was first fostered, have as yet received no popular recognition. Few even among students of theology read the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, "out of which," to quote the enthusiastic words of their editor, "the Angelic Doctor drew almost the whole of his theology, so that his *Summa* is but the hive in whose varied cells he duly stored the honey which he gathered from them."

There is, indeed, very little in the writings to attract a reader. Their style is, as a rule, monotonously turgid. The sentences are cumbrous and involved ; the words are frequently uncouth and barbarous. The same thought is continually re-stated with a wearisome iteration ; and emphasis or distinctness is sought simply by an accumulation of details. But yet, on the other hand, a greater familiarity with the works reveals in them a real earnestness of purpose and many great thoughts. Even in the exaggerations of language there remain noble signs of the wondrous flexibility of Greek ; and there are here and there a few passages in which the author proves himself to have been not an unattentive student of Plato's manner. One of these may be quoted as shewing better than a description would do, the generous and loving spirit in which he engaged in his work.*

A monk who had assailed a priest for dealing too leniently, as he thought, with a penitent, had applied to Dionysius for his support. In reply, he rebuked him severely for his want of mercy, and concludes :—

"If you please I will recount a divine vision of a saintly man ; and

* In translating the quotations from Dionysius, I have exercised much freedom in dealing with his cumbrous and involved style. A literal rendering would be intolerable in English.

smile not at it, for it is a true story. Once upon a time when I visited Crete, I was entertained by the holy Carpus. He was a man qualified beyond all others by the purity of his soul for the vision of God. . . . An unbeliever, so he told me, had once grieved him by leading a Christian astray to godlessness, while the days of rejoicing over his baptism were still being celebrated.* And so when he ought to have prayed for both in sincere charity, that by God's help he might convert the one and overcome the other, . . . though he had never been so affected before, he allowed rancorous enmity and bitterness to sink into his heart. In this evil state he fell asleep, for it was evening, and at midnight, when it was his habit to awake to recite the divine hymns, he rose from troubled and broken slumbers, and even in the midst of his very communion with God was agitated by unholy sorrow and indignation, as he pleaded that it was not right that ungodly men should live, perverting the straight paths of the Lord. And so saying he prayed God to slay both the offenders, without pity, by a bolt from heaven. As soon as the prayer was uttered, he said that he thought that the house in which he stood was suddenly shaken with great violence and cloven in twain from the roof, and that a line of fire, exceeding bright, streamed down from heaven to the place where he was; and that heaven itself was opened, and that upon its edge was Jesus, with innumerable angels in human shape standing beside him. This was what he saw above, and as he looked on it he marvelled. But when he bent downwards he said that he saw the earth rent asunder with a dark and yawning chasm, and the men whom he cursed standing before him at the edge of the chasm, trembling and piteous, and their footing was so unsteady that by reason of that alone they were on the point of falling into it; moreover snakes crawled up from the gulf below and gliding about their feet . . . sought by every kind of terror and fascination . . . to cast them into the pit. There were men also among the snakes who at the same time assailed the two guilty ones with violent shakings and thrusts and blows; and it seemed that they were about to fall half willingly, half unwillingly, as they were gradually constrained or seduced by their evil circumstances. And Carpus said that he was delighted to look down, and forgot what was above; nay, that he was indignant and dissatisfied that they had not already fallen, and vexed that his repeated efforts to this end had failed of success; and that he cursed them still. And having with difficulty lifted his eyes upward he saw heaven again, as he had seen it before, and Jesus in pity rise from His throne and descend to the wretched men and reach to them a loving hand, and the angels helping Him and supporting the men on all sides. And he thought that Jesus said to him, when his hand was now stretched out to smite, 'Smite me, if you will; for I am ready to suffer again to save men anew; yea, I would gladly endure this to rescue others from sin. But see if it be well for thee to make thy abode with snakes in the pit rather than with God and the good angels to whom men are dear!'

"This is what I heard, and I believe that it is true." †

If the style of the dream is not wholly unlike that of Plato, the conception of it is not unworthy of Jean Paul; ‡ and at the same time it reveals the tenderness with which the writer sought to fulfil his

* This seems to be certainly the sense of the passage. The term *Hilaria* is simply transferred to a Christian use.

† Ep. viii. 6.

‡ The double action of the power of sense to constrain and attract will remind some of Goethe's exquisite lines in *The Fisherman*, which must have the same meaning:—

"Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm;
Da war's um ihm geschehn:
Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr gesehn."

Christian mission. He had been trained, as it seems, in some heathen school, probably that of Proclus, and in leaving that teaching for a nobler faith, he had not cast aside his old love. Like Justin, he wears the robe of the philosopher when he expounds the mysteries of the Gospel. His object, as he explains it elsewhere, was not to destroy, but to construct; or rather to destroy by construction; to conquer error by the full presentment of truth.* His method was sound even where his applications were false. Very much in his system, as will be seen, was faulty and defective, and yet his power of sympathy made him the fitting medium through whom the last results of Greek speculation should pass into the treasury of the Church.

II.

The earliest mention of the Dionysian writings occurs in the record of the conference between the Severians (a Monophysite sect) and the orthodox at Constantinople, in A.D. 533. The Severians quoted them in defence of their views; but their adversaries rejected the evidence as of more than doubtful authenticity. "These so-called works of the Arcopagite," they said, "were unknown to Cyril and Athanasius, and if no one of the ancients quoted them, how can you establish their truth?" But though their first appearance was thus suspicious and suspected, they soon won their way to popular favour. In the next century they found a zealous champion in the saintly Maximus († 662), who illustrated them by short notes. Yet even then they were not universally admitted as genuine. The first book noticed by Photius in his "*Bibliotheca*" (c. 845) is an essay by Theodorus, a presbyter, in defence of the "genuineness of the volume (*βιβλος*) of Saint Dionysius." The controversy was therefore probably active at that time, and Photius' note seems to indicate that he considered Theodorus' arguments not so weighty as the objections which he endeavoured to meet. The objections were fourfold, and they may be quoted here, for they sum up excellently the proof of the late origin of the treatises. Firstly, then, it is said that they are not quoted by the earlier Fathers; next, that they are not mentioned in the catalogues of writings in Eusebius; thirdly, that the growth of the Church customs was slow, and that it is "against all likelihood, or rather a mere forgery, to represent Dionysius as discussing results which were reached a long time after his death;" lastly, that he quotes an epistle of Ignatius, which was written on his way to martyrdom, in the time of Trajan, a manifest anachronism. "These four difficulties, Photius adds, Theodorus strives earnestly to solve, and so to establish (as far as in him lies) the genuineness of the volume." But in the eighth and ninth centuries criticism was of

* See particularly the short letter, Ep. vi.

little avail against possession, and the Dionysian writings were accepted as the real works of the Areopagite by the greatest writers of the Greek Church, from the end of the century in which they were first brought forward, by Leontius of Byzantium (c. 590), by Sophronius of Jerusalem (c. 638), by John of Damascus (c. 730), by Simeon Metaphrastes (c. 901), and by Euthymius Zigabenus (c. 1116).

In the west the Dionysian writings were first referred to on hearsay by Gregory the Great (c. 600), and afterwards distinctly quoted by Adrian I. in a letter to Charles the Great. But the beginning of their real influence was somewhat later and more romantic. In the year 827 Michael the Stammerer sent a copy of the books to Lewis I., the son of Charles. They were received in the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, by the Abbot Hilduin. The Areopagite and Bishop of Athens was identified with the Apostle of France, who was supposed to be buried there. The arrival of the gift was marked by signal miracles. It came on the very vigil of the Feast of Dionysius, and was attended by such divine grace, "that on the same night nineteen cures were wrought on well known persons in the neighbourhood of the monastery sick of various maladies." Such marvels could not but stimulate the pious curiosity of the king, and Hilduin appears to have attempted to prepare a version of the Greek text. Probably his knowledge of Greek failed him in the task, as well it might do, and what he accomplished was soon lost. Charles the Bald, the son of Louis, was more successful in finding a scholar to execute the work. His zeal for sacred literature was rewarded by the services of Johannes Scotus, who was well versed in the Greek Fathers, and even ventured on original Greek composition. This scholar cannot have been long at the Court of Charles before he received the command to translate into Latin the works of Dionysius. His treatise "On Predestination," published about 851, is entirely built out of Dionysian teaching; but the first definite notice of his version is a letter from Pope Nicholas I. to Charles (A.D. 861), in which he complains that the work had not been sent to him, "according to the custom of the Church," to receive the sanction of his judgment. Nothing seems to have followed from the implied censure, and some years later (c. 865) Anastasius, the Librarian of the Roman See, writing also to Charles, commends the wonderful work of "the barbarian placed in the ends of the world," with generous warmth. "The man wrought through the operation of the Spirit," he says, "who quickened in him at once the fire of love and the fire of eloquence."

This praise was hardly merited by the translation itself, which is a simple rendering of words, and not of thoughts, so that "the inter-

pretation almost always needed an interpreter;" but obscurity was not likely to deter men who believed that they had before them the doctrine of an apostolic teacher, "venerable," as Scotus says, alike "for his antiquity, for the sublimity of the heavenly mysteries with which he dealt," and for "the singular graces" which were bestowed upon him; and on this point there was unanimous consent. Scotus never expresses a doubt of the genuineness of the books, and M. Delrio is probably to be trusted when he says that Thomas de Vio alone of the Schoolmen expressed the least hesitation as to their authorship.

When the text was once accessible, numerous commentaries followed; as that of Hugo of St. Victor on "The Heavenly Hierarchy" (c. 1120), of Robert Grosseteste on all the books (c. 1235), of Thomas Aquinas on "The Divine Names" (c. 1255), of Albertus Magnus (c. 1260), of Dionysius Carthusianus (c. 1450); and in almost every mediæval writing on theology the authority of the Areopagite is quoted as decisive. And so it was that two other new versions were made; one by Johannes Sarraacinus in the twelfth century, and another by Ambrosius Camaldulensis in the fifteenth.

At the revival of learning the reputation of the Dionysian treatises suffered rude shocks. Scholars like Theodorus Gaza and Laurentius Valla, critical theologians like Erasmus and Cardinal Cajetan, felt the absolute certainty of their late origin. From that time the final judgment was not doubtful. The ingenious labours of Delrio and Halloix in defence of the Dionysian authorship are now only instructive monuments of misplaced learning. "The scanty handful of skirmishers," to use the image of the former writer, has conquered in the judgment of all "the serried phalanx of the East and West." Every writer, I believe, of every school now admits that the title of the books is a pseudonym.

It seems equally certain, and generally admitted, that the books cannot have been written before the fifth century. Beyond this all is conjectural. But from the remarkable coincidence of thought which the Dionysian writings shew with those of Proclus,* who was said by some enthusiastic apologists to have pillaged the thoughts of the Areopagite, it may be reasonably concluded that they were written late in the century; and their general character suggests Syria, or the far East, as their birthplace. The position which they occupy with regard to the great controversies on the Person of Christ points distinctly to this conclusion. Without being formally Monophysite, they yet exhibit most clearly the working of those influences which

* The coincidences with Damascius, the second in succession from Proclus and the last Platonic teacher at Athens, are even more remarkable. It is worthy of notice that Damascius was of Syrian origin. ..

gave rise to Monophysitism, and which, even after the condemnation of the doctrine at Chalcedon (A.D. 451), still exercised a powerful charm over the speculations of the monks of Egypt and Syria. It was, as we have seen, by Monophysites that they were first brought forward, and in later times they found among them numerous translators and commentators. It is, perhaps, possible to advance yet further towards a solution of the question of their date. The pseudo-Dionysius quotes Hierotheus as an elder contemporary and teacher; and it appears that, at the end of the fifth century, an abbot of a monastery at Edessa, Bar Sadaili, either wrote a book under that name, or found one there bearing it, by the help of which he supported his own mystic doctrines. Thus the name Hierotheus at least came into notice then. In itself the coincidence is perhaps slight, but it falls in with every other indication of place and date which the Dionysian writings contain; and the error cannot be great if it be conjectured that they were composed A.D. 480-520, either at Edessa or under the influence of the Edessene school.

But though the writings are pseudonymous, there is no reason to consider them a forgery. The historic dress is of the most meagre texture, and the writer rests his conclusions on Scripture and tradition and reason, and not on his individual authority. The references to his connexion with the apostles are most superficial, and chiefly confined to the superscriptions of his books. His Essays are addressed to "his fellow-presbyter Timotheus." Among his letters is one to "Polycarp, Bishop" [of Smyrna]; another to "Titus, Bishop" [of Crete]; and another to "John the Divine, Apostle and Evangelist, exiled in the island of Patmos." But there is no endeavour to give any appearance of naturalness to the writings by the introduction of circumstantial allusions or personal reminiscences. Two indeed occur, and they are very significant; but they are introduced for special purposes, and appear to refer to late but wide-spread legends. In recounting the praises of Hierotheus, the writer says that when they went with "James, the brother of the Lord (*ἀδελφός* *θεοῦ*), and Peter the chief and noblest head of the inspired apostles (*ἡ κορυφαία καὶ πρεσβυτάτη τῶν θεολόγων ἀπόστολης*), to gaze upon the (dead) body of her who was the beginning of life and the recipient of God," Hierotheus surpassed all, after the apostles, in the ecstatic hymns to which he then gave utterance.* And, again, he charges Polycarp to remind Apollophanes, a philosopher who was a vehement adversary of Christianity, of what had once happened to him when they were fellow-students at Heliopolis: how they had seen the sun eclipsed by the passage of the moon from opposition to conjunction, moving from east to west; and then, after the total darkness, returning from west to east, at the time, as it appeared afterwards, of the Passion. So

* De div. Nom., iii. 2.

that, when he saw this, Apollophanes said, "It is a crisis in the affairs of heaven;" and Dionysius replied, "Either the God of Nature suffers, or the fabric of the world is broken up."* On the other hand, nothing was more natural than that a later writer, himself deeply influenced by Greek philosophy, should adopt the one name in the New Testament which combined Greek culture with Christian faith. If Dionysius† was originally a student in the Athenian school of Proclus, the selection of the name had yet another recommendation. There was a real meaning even in the fiction by which an Athenian Christian was made to claim for the Faith some of the results which it had suggested to heathen teachers in his own city. The first bishop was, in a true sense, the intellectual ancestor of the last philosopher. But however this may be, the title was significant, and its adoption was not abhorrent from the literary instinct of the age. In this respect the Dionysian writings may be compared with the Clementines. The names under which both appear were representative names. They describe the spirit and object of the writers, and are not in themselves signs of wilful dishonesty.

III.

The writings which remain are but a portion of the whole collection, if any truth can be placed in the references which the author makes to his other works; but these form a tolerably complete whole, and no trace of the missing books is left beyond their titles.‡ The order in which they are commonly arranged gives their proper sequence:—1. *On the Heavenly Hierarchy*; 2. *On the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*; 3. *On the Divine Names*; 4. *On Mystical Theology*. To these are added ten *Letters* of not less interest than the integral treatises. Between (2) and (3) the writer places his missing essay *On Theological Outlines*; and between (3) and (4) that *On Symbolical Theology*. Besides these he refers to essays *On the Soul*, *On the Just Judgment of God*, *On the Objects of Intellect and Sense*, *On Divine Hymns*; § of which the first three suggest topics with which the extant writings deal very unsatisfactorily. Indeed, it may be said that they mark the weak points where the Dionysian system breaks down as a complete theory of Being.

* Ep. vii. 2.

† For the sake of convenience I shall call the unknown writer by the name which he assumed.

‡ The Abbé Migne's reprint of the edition of Corderius (Paris, 1857), with some additions, contains everything which a student needs for the elucidation of the text. The notes of Corderius illustrate most fully the connexion of Thomas Aquinas with Dionysius.

§ Two other books are sometimes ascribed to him *On the Attributes and Ranks of Angels*, and *On Legal Theology*. The former title probably refers to the *Divine Hierarchy*; and the latter title is obtained only by a false interpretation of the text in which it is supposed to be named.

For it is nothing less than this that Dionysius claims to give. His books taken together are a Philosophy of Being. He starts from the Absolute, and passing through the successions of its descending manifestations rises again to the Absolute in the ecstasy of a mystic union of man with God. The grandeur of the problem gives a solemn dignity to the earnest effort to solve it; and popular speculations of our own time give even a present interest to the first Christian solution, however imperfect it may be, of what remains the last human mystery.

The word "Hierarchy," which expresses the Divine law of the subordination and mutual dependence of the different ranks of beings, is one of the key-words to the whole scheme. Step by step there is, according to Dionysius, a measured rise from the lowest being to the highest. Thus at each point a passage is possible to a superior level; and by a slow and progressive revelation the faithful worshipper attains a truer conception of the one supreme Being, and a closer fellowship with Him. Everything finite is a help towards the apprehension of the infinite; everything complex is a stage in the ascent to the One. The framework is necessary for human infirmity; and man himself is but one link in a magnificent whole. At the same time our view of the Divine order is necessarily a human view, and we refer its several parts to ourselves. It is to meet this infirmity that the revelation of the Divine economy is given. For us the simple is made manifold. The material discipline of earthly ordinances is the prelude to a purer knowledge. Each sight and sound, the processes of reason and the perceptions of sense, have something of a sacramental value. And this not by any afterthought, so to speak, or special grace, but by their own inherent nature and the primal law of things. Thus all was ordered from the first; and—

"It is impossible that the beams of the Divine source can shine upon us unless they are shrouded in the manifold texture of sacred veils, so as to prepare our powers for a fuller vision, and adapted by a paternal providence through an appropriate and peculiar dispensation to the circumstances of our life."*

The other key-word is "Unity." This characterizes the origin and end of things, as "Hierarchy" describes the economy by which the interval between the production of all from the One, and the union of all with the One, is filled up. Even in the present state of transition the participation in the One, however imperfect, is the universal condition of being.

"That which is manifold in its parts is one in the whole; that which is manifold in its accidents is one in the subject; that which is manifold in number or powers is one in species; that which is manifold in species is one in genus; that which is manifold in its processions is one in its source; and

* De Div. Hier. i 2, 3.

there is no object in the range of being which does not in some way partake in the one, which from the first embraced in one single existence everything and every whole, even opposites, in the unity which permeates all things."^{*}

The writings, therefore, fall into two groups, those which deal mainly with the revelation of the Divine Order, and those which guide the believer to the deeper mysteries of the revelation of the Divine Being. To the former belong the *Divine* and *Ecclesiastical Hierarchies*; to the latter the essays on *The Divine Names* and *Mystical Theology*. The letters have no specially distinctive character. But though this division holds generally, there is very much common to the two groups. Both are based on the fundamental propositions that all knowledge is relative; that all human knowledge is relative to the special circumstances of man; and that none the less there is a power in him by which, through the help of the Divine guidance, he may rise, not indeed to a *knowledge* of the Absolute, but to a *fellowship* with it. Yet so it is that for the present he will remain imperfect. However swiftly he may advance, to use an old image, he will never outstrip his shadow.

Corresponding in some degree with these two objects of speculation—the Divine Order and the Divine Being—are two methods of theology, the affirmative and the negative.[†] The correspondence, indeed, lies rather in the spirit of the methods than in their application; but still they are characteristic of the lines of thought which diverged in these two directions. According to the one everything which *is* may be affirmed of God, because so far as it is, it exists in Him. According to the other, everything, so far as we are cognizant of it, may be denied of God, because our conception introduces the element of limitation which cannot be applied to Him. Thus on the one hand He is Wisdom, and Love, and Truth, and Light because the absolute ideas belonging to these words are included in His Being; and on the other hand He is *not* Wisdom, *not* Love, *not* Truth, *not* Light, because He is raised infinitely above the notions with which the words are necessarily connected by men. The latter statements are in themselves more true, but the former are better suited to the common discipline of life. And here Dionysius acutely adds that those positive affirmations are to be preferred which, while they convey a partial truth, yet convey it in such a form as to avoid any semblance of expressing a complete truth. Thus there is little danger in describing the angels under the similitude of beasts and birds, because no one could suppose that the likeness extended beyond the single point of comparison, while many may be deceived by the

* De Div. Nom., xiii. 2.

† *Kαταφατική* and *ἀποφατική*: or more definitely, *κατὰ θεῖον* and *κατ' ἀφαιρεσιν*.—Myst. Theol., 2, 3.

nobler imagery which describes "the beings of heaven as creatures of light in human form, of dazzling brightness, and exquisite beauty, arrayed in glittering robes, and flashing forth the radiance of innocuous fire." Moreover, by the use of humbler types, we are not only forced to rise above the illustration, but also reminded of another truth. For "there is not one being in the universe which is wholly deprived of participation in the good (τὸ καλόν), if it be the case, as the infallible oracles say, that *all things are very good* (καλά)."*. Thus we may use the meanest material forms to represent heavenly objects, for "matter, as it received its original existence from the absolutely good, retains throughout the whole of its material disposition traces of its ideal (νοερός) beauty."†

IV.

Having laid down these introductory principles, Dionysius proceeds to develop his view of the heavenly hierarchy. "A Hierarchy is," he says, according to his use, "a sacred order, and science, and activity (ἐνέργεια), assimilated as far as possible to the godlike, and elevated to the imitation of God proportionately to the Divine illuminations conceded to it." Its scope is "the assimilation to and union with God." He is "the guide of all holy science and activity." His "loveliness is imaged in the ranks of beings" whom He has appointed. And each true member of His holy band becomes "a most clear and stainless mirror to receive the beams of the primal and sovereign light, and to reflect it in turn without stint "on all around according to the Divine ordinances." Thus it is that each becomes in his turn "a fellow-worker with God," purifying, illuminating, perfecting, according to his proper function.‡

The origin of this complex order is to be found in the Divine goodness. It is the characteristic of "the super-essential and all-efficient Godhead" to call all things "to fellowship with itself according to their proper nature." Even "things inanimate partake of this: for the being of all is the Godhead which is above being." But above all others the angels enjoy most, and most often, this Divine communion; and it was by them God wrought under the Old Covenant, and specially in the revelation of the mystery of the Incarnation.§

From this ministering office the name "angel" has been commonly applied to all the orders of the heavenly host, though properly it belongs only to the lowest of the three ranks into which they are divided. In Scripture nine titles are given to them, and these fall into three equal groups. First are those beings which are ever about

* De Cael. Hier., ii. 3.

† Id., ii. 4.

‡ Id., iii. 1. 2.

§ Id., iv.

God, and most closely united with Him, the Thrones, and the many-eyed Cherubim and Seraphim. Next stand Authorities, Dominations, Powers; and last, Angels, Archangels, and Princedoms.* Each rank has its peculiar work, and each subordinate division contributes to the completeness with which it is accomplished. But the difference of work consists in its mode and measure, but not its object, which is always threefold and always the same, "the reception and impartment of complete purification, and Divine light, and perfecting knowledge;"† and to this end there is one only way—participation in the relative knowledge of God.

The first rank of the heavenly hierarchy enjoy this immediately, remaining always in the Divine presence, and drawing from that the direct revelation of His nature. Thus the Seraphim are filled with a holy and inextinguishable fire by which every meaner thought in them is consumed. Thus the Cherubim gain a power of contemplating and knowing God without the admixture of any material symbols. Thus the Thrones are established in a calm and immovable supremacy over all lower desires, and lie open to every Divine impression. And what they severally receive they administer in turn to the rank below them, purifying, illuminating, and perfecting them in due measure as they have themselves been purified, illuminated, and perfected by God.‡ Hence the Dominations, with the spirit of generous freedom, strive towards a likeness to the true dominion, regardless of all vain attractions: the Powers with masculine and unshaken courage seek to carry out every Divine motion: the Authorities, with clear and well-ordered sway, to bring everything into right subjection to the source of all authority. From these the Divine revelation passes to the third rank of Princedoms, Archangels, Angels, by whose intervention in the affairs of men, as guiding the destinies of nations, or bearing the messages of God, or ministering to the wants of individuals, the powers of heaven are brought into connexion with the beings of earth.§

It is needless to follow Dionysius in his interpretation of passages of Scripture which deal with the operations of angels, and unfold their nature under material imagery. There are, however, two points in which these discussions of detail illustrate his general views. Though the angels are so much mightier than men, and endowed with an inheritance of transcendent light, yet their action does not overpower the human will, which may by perseverance and obstinacy resist their benevolent influences.

"For our life is not swayed by necessity, nor, again, are the Divine lights of our providential illumination in themselves darkened through the absolute freedom of the acts which are foreseen; but the want of affinity in our intel-

* De Cæl. Hier., vi. 2.

† Id., vii. 2.

‡ Id., viii. 1. ;

§ Id., ix.

lectual powers of vision, either wholly hinders our reception of the overflowing light-gift of the paternal goodness, and so checks its distribution in virtue of their resistance, or modifies the fashion of our participation, making it small or great, obscure or bright, while the fountal basis in which we share is one and simple, ever the same, and universally diffused."*

And it is in this law, which preserves the fulness of human freedom, that the differences of national, no less than individual, fortune find their explanation. The Jews alone preserved in old time the pure knowledge of the true God; but it was not that they alone were the objects of His care. Michael was their prince, but "the Most High set the borders of the nations according to the number of the angels of God."† The Gentiles were not given over to the dominion of strange gods.

"There was one sovereignty over all, and it was to this that the angels presiding over each nation according to the Divine order led those who followed them. . . . The one Providence of the Most High extended equally to all, and, with a view to their salvation, assigned all men to the elevating guidance of their proper angels, but Israel almost alone, above all, turned to the light-gift and knowledge of the true Lord."‡

Thus the first circle of the Divine Revelation is completed, and in that is seen the image of the whole. No one being is perfect in himself, or absolutely independent, except the One. All are bound together by the offices of mutual ministration: are quickened to unceasing activity by the contemplation of a purity infinitely holier, a light infinitely fuller, a perfection infinitely more complete than that to which they have attained. And as these heavenly hosts surpass all our conceptions in the energy of their service and the glory of their nature, so they exceed in multitude all the feeble and contracted powers of our material numeration.§ They are in the sight of God, and we upon earth; but yet we know that we are not uncared for by Him. We know that that Divine Being is—

"A unity of the Three Persons, who makes his loving providence to penetrate to all things, from super-celestial essences to the last things of earth, as being the beginning and cause of all beings, beyond all beginning, and enfolding all things transcendently in His infinite embrace."||

v.

The heavenly Hierarchy is the type of the earthly *Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*. Both have the same scope and the same essential laws of action. It is the one object of every member of every hierarchy to become god-like; to impart to those below him, according to their due, the results of his divine assimilation; to follow at once and to

* De Cael. Hier., ix. 3. † Id., ix. 2. Comp. Dan. x. 13 ff. ‡ Id., ix. 3.

§ Id., xiv. || Id., vii. 4.

lead ; to strive upwards under the guidance of superior natures ; to raise inferior natures to loftier heights. But there is a great difference in form between the Hierarchy of Heaven and the Hierarchy of Earth.

"The beings and ranks above us are incorporeal ; their Hierarchy is intellectual (*νοητή*) and supramundane ; but ours, in due relation to ourselves, is furnished with a manifold array of sensible symbols, by which, according to the divine order, after the right measure of our powers, we are raised to God and divine virtue, that we may be made like Him in the one way. They, as minds, perceive truth as is allowed them ; we, by sensible images, are raised, as we can be raised, to divine contemplation."*

But none the less this lower Hierarchy is of Divine institution. Its origin is the fountain of life, the "essence of goodness, the one cause of all things, the Trinity, from which comes being and well-being to all things that are." And that through the goodness of the God, whose "will is the rational salvation of beings on earth and above us." And salvation can only be attained by those who are saved being made divine. The thought has often occurred before, but the expression of it in this place, when it becomes practical, is singularly striking.

"To be made divine (*ἡ θεώσις*) is to be made like God, as far as may be, and to be made one with Him. This is the common end of every hierarchy, the continuous devotion of love to God and the things of God, wrought by sacred means in a godly and single fashion ; and as a preliminary to this, the complete and unhesitating abandonment of all that is contrary to it, the recognition of things as they are, the sight and knowledge of sacred truth, the godly participation in the one mode of perfecting, participation in the One Himself, as far as may be, the feast of the beatific vision which nourishes intellectually and makes divine every one who strains aloft to behold it."†

Such being the glorious aim and origin of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, "the God-given oracles are its essence," partly written, and partly oral, transferred in this latter case "from mind to mind, by the medium of speech, bodily, it is true, but yet in a less material mode than is commonly the case." For us this veil of words and symbols is necessary. We can rise only from the sensible to the intellectual. And that which is a veil of love to those who seek to pierce beneath it, is a veil of mercy to those who care not for the mysteries which it preserves. For it is so ordered by the Divine Providence that the emblems which reveal truth to the holy hide it from the profane.‡

Having thus laid down the necessity of symbolic acts for the divine training of *men*, Dionysius examines in successive chapters the symbolic acts of Christianity, Baptism (*φύσισμα*, *illumination*), Communion (*συναξίς*, *gathering*), the Consecration and Use of the Chrism,

* De eccles. Hier., i. 2.

† Id., i. 3.

‡ Id., i. 4, 5.

Holy Orders, the Consecration of Monks, the Rites of Burial. The three first stand on a different footing from the others, and include in themselves the triple idea which characterizes the divine assimilation of man. Baptism—

“Is proved from the oracles to be a purification and illuminating revelation ; communion and the consecration (*τελετή*) of the chrism a perfecting recognition and knowledge of the divine actions, whereby in a sacred manner the unifying elevation to the Supreme Being and most blessed fellowship with Him is completed.”*

Each chapter contains a description of the ceremonies observed in the particular rite, and a “contemplation” in which they are spiritually explained. The elaborateness of the ritual which is developed is in itself a complete proof of the lateness of the writings ; for though some observances are not supported by any other authority, the pictures of the Christian services doubtless contain, on the whole, a fair representation of their general form in the sixth century. A single illustration will be sufficient to characterize this part of the Dionysian books.

The order of Baptism then is as follows. The sacred minister (*ιεράρχης*, i.e. bishop) proclaims to all the Gospel that God Himself deigned to come to us through His love, and to make like to Himself whatever is united with Him. Hereupon whoever is enamoured of this Divine fellowship finds some Christian to take him to the minister, who receives them joyfully with a mental thanksgiving and bodily prostration to the source of all good. Then he summons all the sacred body to the holy place, and after chanting a Psalm with them, and saluting the holy Table, he goes forward and asks the candidate, what he desires ? According to the instruction of his sponsor he asks to “obtain by his mediation God and the things of God.” And having promised to live according to the rules of Christian citizenship, he receives imposition of hands from the bishop, who seals him, and charges the priests to enrol his name with the name of his sponsor. A prayer follows, in which the whole congregation join, and afterwards the deacons unfasten the sandals of the candidate, and unclothe him. He is then turned to the west, and with gestures of abhorrence he thrice renounces Satan in a set form of words. Next he is led to the east, and instructed to declare thrice his allegiance to Christ, with eyes and hands upraised to heaven. A blessing and imposition of hands follow. Then the deacons complete the unrobing, and the priests bring the holy oil. The bishop begins the unction by a triple cross, and leaving the priests to complete it, goes “to the mother of adoption” (the font), and consecrates the water with prayers and three cross-formed affusions of the holy chrism, and bids the candidate be brought

* De eccles. Hier., v. 3.



to him. His name is then called out with the name of his sponsor, and he is brought to the bishop. Again the priests declare his name with a loud voice, and the bishop thrice dips him, invoking at each immersion the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Then he is consigned to his sponsor, and being reclathed in a white robe, is brought back to the bishop, who seals him with the sacred chrism, and pronounces him capable of being admitted to the Eucharist.

It is impossible to quote in detail the corresponding descriptions of the other divine rites. Some few passages from the "Contemplation" on Holy Communion—"the rite of rites," "the gathering together of our divided lives into one uniform assimilation to God,"*—will illustrate the method of interpretation which Dionysius follows, and the general aspect under which he regards external observances. The central idea of the sacrament is placed in unity realized in multitude, in the—

"Most divine and common peaceful impartment of the one and the same bread and cup, which enjoins on the partakers, as reared in the same family, a godly harmony of character, and brings them to a holy remembrance of the most divine Supper, the primal type of the mysteries celebrated."†

Thus all the ceremonies which are gathered round the rite contribute to enforce this truth: an "array of riddles in which it is expressively enwrapped," beneath which "the intellectual vision pierces when filled with single and unveiled light."‡ Even the combination of lessons from the Old and New Testaments indicates the mystic unity by which the whole counsel of God is marked.

"The accomplishment which the one records assures us of the truth of the promises of the other; the divine working (*Θεουργία*) is the consummation of the divine teaching (*Θεολογία*)."§

Taken in connexion with the work of Christianity, the Communion is the remembrance of the Incarnation and not only of the Passion, for by this—

"Having been made one with our lowly state while yet retaining His proper nature wholly without confusion or injury, Christ gave us freely henceforth fellowship with that, as being of the same race with Him. . . . to be effected by our sacred assimilation with it according to our power. How, then (Dionysius asks), could the imitation of God be produced within us otherwise than by the renewing of the continual remembrance of the most sacred divine acts, by the sacred teaching and acts according to the holy order?"

So it is that the priest, when he has taken the likeness of Christ at the Last Supper,—

"Uncovers the bread, which was before covered and undivided, and having divided it into many, and having shared among all the oneness of the cup,

* De eccles. Hier., iii. 1.

‡ Id., iii. 3, 2.

† Id., iii. 3, 1.

§ Id., iii. 3, 5.

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under a symbol multiplies and distributes unity. For that which was one and simple and hidden in Jesus, the primal Divine Word, by His incarnation among us came to the compound and visible, unchanged, through His goodness and love for man, and wrought out by His beneficent working a unifying fellowship between us and Himself, having supremely united our lowly nature with His most divine nature, if so be we are fitted with Him as members to a body, in the identity of a spotless and divine life. . . . For we must, if we desire fellowship with Him, look upwards to His most divine life in the flesh, and by assimilation to it, ascend to the god-like and spotless habit of sacred sinlessness. . . . This is what the bishop teaches by the sacred acts which he performs, bringing out the hidden gifts to the light, and dividing their unity into many parts, and by the supreme union of the elements distributed with those who receive them, making those who partake truly partners in them."

In a word, the elements thus united and shared are a figure of Christ, our spiritual (*νοητή*) life, who comes forth from the darkness of God, and by His incarnation, without change proceeds from His natural unity to our divided nature,—

"Calling the race of man to participation in Himself and His proper blessings, if so be we are united to His most divine life, by assimilation to it according to our power; and in this way we shall truly have fellowship with God, and that which is of God."*

The same estimate of the predominantly subjective value of the Divine ordinances prevails everywhere in the "Contemplations" on the several rites, and it is superfluous to quote additional passages. It appears in a somewhat different shape in Dionysius' scheme of the sacred ministry. The three orders mark an advancing personal relationship of the minister to God, as in the heavenly hierarchy; and the Christian hierarchy as a whole occupies a mid place between the legal hierarchy of the Old Covenant and the Divine hierarchy of the spiritual world. To the deacons (*λειτουργοί*) belongs the function of purification; to the priests (*ιερείς*) of illumination; to the Bishops (*ιεράρχαι*) of perfecting;† and the various ceremonies by which they are ordained are shewn to have a direct bearing upon their several duties and characters. One quotation will suffice, which explains the representation of their common ministerial character:—

"Bishops, priests, and deacons at their ordination are alike led to the Divine altar, and bow the knee before it, and receive the imposition of the bishop's hand and the sign of the cross. . . . The two first mark their absolute subjection of their proper life to God, and the offering to him of their whole spiritual nature . . . the imposition of hands, the Divine shelter . . . the sign of the cross the mortifying of all fleshly desires."‡

But it is in his view of the ranks of the "initiated" that Dionysius exhibits most clearly his judgment on the subjective apprehen-

* De eccles. Hier., iii. 3, 12, 13.

† Id., v. 1, 3—7

‡ Id., v. 3, 2—4.

sion of Christianity. These fall into three groups, those who are being purified, those who are being illuminated, those who are being perfected. The first includes all those who are under preparation by the deacons for the participation in the sacraments from which they are as yet excluded. The second consists of "the holy people" who have been admitted "to complete purification and the vision of, and fellowship in, the most glorious rites." These are committed to the priests, and led by them to the habit and power of contemplation; and as they partake "in the most Divine symbols. . . they are furnished by their elevating powers, as it were, with wings to soar to the Divine desire of true knowledge of them." But the third and highest rank is that of the monks who are committed to the loftiest instruction of the bishops. These, having passed through the stages of purification and illumination, are absorbed in the "pure service and devotion to God, in an undivided and single life, which brings them to an absolute god-like unity and perfection by the sacred combination of the elements of their nature primarily separated and distinct."*

The difference which is thus established upon earth is supposed to survive death.

"If any one has lived here a godly and most holy life, so far as man can attain to the imitation of God, he will enjoy in the world to come a godly and blessed lot; if he has fallen short of this supreme ideal, and yet lived a holy life, he will receive a holy recompense proportioned to his state."†

Thus the law of the Divine ascent is fulfilled. The sacred ordinances on earth are themselves progressive, and minister to progress. What we see is but a part of a vast scheme, a result at once, and a preparation. There is, so to speak, a natural connexion between the visible and the invisible life, however different may be the conditions under which the two are realized. How different they are according to Dionysius is seen from the second group of his writings, in which he endeavours to rise to a clearer vision of the Divine Nature, as in those which have been just reviewed he traced the downward passage of the Divine Revelation to man, "who originally fell in his folly from the possession of godly blessings."‡

VI.

The treatise *On the Divine Names* is the longest and most important of the Dionysian writings. Its general scope is to gather what we may learn positively, according to our present powers, of Him who is at once Nameless and Many-named, from the titles under

* De eccles. Hier., vi. 1—3. Comp. vi. 3, 5.

† Id., vii. 3, 1.

‡ Id., iii. 3, 11.

which He is described in Holy Scripture. In the course of this inquiry, several vast questions arise, as those of the distinctness of the Divine Persons, of the nature of evil, of the connexion of partial being with absolute being, of the relation of time and eternity to God. To do more than glance very summarily at the treatment of these topics is obviously impossible here; but the most meagre exhibition of the Dionysian thoughts will shew what a profound influence they exercised upon mediæval speculation, and how strangely they anticipate difficulties which we are tempted to believe are peculiar to our own days.

The work was, if we may believe the writer, a sequel to his "Theological Outlines." By emphasizing this arrangement, he probably means to bring out clearly that the philosophical discussion presupposes the doctrinal one; and at the same time he is freed from the necessity of adjusting his positions with the popular creed, as this is supposed to have been done already. The basis of the investigation is laid in the fundamental limitation that we cannot know God as He is, but only obtain a partial revelation of God according to our powers. One passage in which this idea is enunciated may stand for many :—

"Just as the objects of thought are incomprehensible by the power of sense so the super-essential infinitude transcends all beings; the unity which is beyond mind transcends all minds; the one which is beyond understanding cannot be understood by any understanding; the good which is beyond word cannot be expressed by any word; for it is in fact a unit which gives unity to every unit, essence above essence, mind inconceivable, word unutterable; or rather the negation of word, and mind, and name, existing after the form of no special existence; the cause of being in all, and itself without being, as lying above being, and comprehensible only as it may please to declare of itself authoritatively, and according to our faculties of knowledge."*

Since this is so, we look to the rays of the divine oracles, and, guided by their beams, rise to the contemplation of the light given by them proportionately to our knowledge; and celebrate God as—

"The life of all things that live, the being of all things that exist, the beginning and cause of all life and all being, through His goodness, whereby He calls into being the things which are, and sustains them while they are."†

Thus for us the manifestation of the nature of God is a glorious "hymn," in which we celebrate His love which "multiplies and variously moulds His simplicity, transcending nature and unconfined to form, by the manifold use of distinct symbols."‡ Yet even so our souls rise, as they may, beyond the symbols to the contem-

* De div. Nom., i. 1.

† Id., i. 3. The whole passage is very noble and in the writer's best style, but it is too long to quote.

‡ Id., i. 4.

plation of the higher truth which they veil. If they cannot apprehend the One, they can see with devout faith the convergence of all lines of being towards it.

At the very outset we are met by this mystery of the one and the many. Some of the terms applied to the Divine Being in Scripture are "conjunctive," and belong to the whole Godhead; others are "disjunctive," and belong to the separate Persons as they are revealed to us. The former belong to the ineffable and unintelligible essence of God, as abiding in hidden and unbroken rest (as "being," "goodness," &c.); the latter to His loving processions and manifestations (as Father, Son, &c.). Yet it must be observed that both sets of terms are equally relative to us, and not mutually exclusive. In our fellowship with God, the fellowship is with the whole Godhead, and not with a part of it; and—

"All that pertains to God, and all that has been revealed to us, is known by our participations only; but the essences themselves, and their actual nature, as they are originally and abide in themselves, transcend mind, and being, and knowledge."*

So it is also with the combination of the human and Divine natures in Christ. We can apprehend partially the distinction, but not the absolute union. So it is with the manifold impartment of the Holy Spirit to believers. Hence—

"There seems to be a division and multiplication of the One God, but none the less God, as He is transcendentally from the beginning, is One God, undivided in the divided, united in Himself, unconfounded and unmultiplied in the many."†

Of all the attributes of God, goodness is that which is most characteristic. Just as the sun, because it is the sun, shines on all; so the love of God, because He is God, reaches to all, and called all things into being.‡ "In a word, everything which *is* is from the fair and good, and is in the fair and good, and turns to the fair and good." Nay, we do not shrink from saying that "He who is the cause of all, through excess of goodness, loves all things, works all things, accomplishes all things, sustains all things, turns all things to Himself."§

But it may be objected, if this be so, how is it that evil exists? whence did it spring? in what does it find its being? how can it be an object of desire? The answers to these time-long questions sound like echoes from some modern essay, and yet they are but adaptations of Neo-Platonism. Evil as such, Dionysius replies, does not exist:—

"All things that exist, so far as they exist, are good and spring from the good; so far as they are deprived of the good, they are neither good nor existent."||

* De div. Nom., ii. 7.

† Id., ii. 11.

‡ Id., iii. 1.

§ Id., iv. 10.

|| Id., iv. 20.

That which we call evil exists not as evil, but as partaking in some measure in the good; and it is sought in virtue of this participation. It is equally clear that evil is neither in God nor from God, either simply or in time;* nor is it in spirit or in man as evil, but as a deficiency and want of the completeness of their proper good.† Nor, again, can it find a place in brutes, or in nature generally, or in bodies, or in matter. If this were so, we should be forced to admit two original principles, which is absurd, because a first source must be one. Evil, then, is a negation relative to the peculiar character of the object in which it is said to exist,—

“A deficiency, a weakness, a want of harmony, a failure; bereft of aim, of beauty, of life, of mind, of reason, of end, of basis, of cause; without limit, issue, effect, strength, order, symmetry; infinite, dark, and essenceless; by itself, having nowhere and in no case any existence.”‡

Being such, it springs from many and partial defects, as free beings fail to realize their true ends. But “God knows the evil as it is good, and in His sight the causes of evil are powers which work good.”§ For, as has been already seen, nothing which exists is wholly bereft of good, and Divine providence extends to all things which exist, and nothing which exists is removed from its action. So then “Providence uses those who prove evil for a good purpose, either for their own profit or for that of others, either specially or generally.” For this reason it does not force us to be good against our will, “for it is foreign to it to destroy nature; and so as Providence preserves the nature of each being, it acts on free agents as such,” and dispenses to each its gift of goodness according to the nature of the recipient.

If then evil is weakness, it may be asked how it can be visited with Divine punishment? To this objection Dionysius replies that as the power was given in the first instance, then the neglect to use it was culpable. This subject, he adds, he has dealt with in his treatise “On the Just Judgment of God.” The answer as it stands is obviously incomplete, but it shews a real appreciation of the difficulty, and indicates the direction where the practical solution must be found, since personal responsibility is claimed as an intuitive truth.

Evil having been thus deprived of all absolute essence, and reduced to a negative accident consequent upon the limited freedom of finite beings, it is easy to bring all else into harmony with God and

* De div. Nom., iv. 21.

† Id., iv. 24.

‡ Id., iv. 32. Mr. Browning's Abt Vogler expresses this idea perfectly:—

“There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before.

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.”

§ Id., iv. 30.

immediate dependence upon Him. Whatever *is*, is only by the inherence of His presence: whatever *becomes*, becomes by the communication of His presence. No partial existence of whatever kind is independent or absolute. There is one cause above every cause, one essence above every essence, in virtue of which all things become and are, which none the less remains in itself immutable and uncircumscribed. Everything partakes in its presence, and yet it is necessarily incommunicable. The idea and the individual realization of the idea both exist from and in the one Supreme Being.

"Absolute beauty, and the effluence which produces the idea; universal beauty and partial beauty; objects beautiful as wholes, and beautiful in part; and everything else that has been and will be similarly defined, exhibit manifestations of providence and goodness shared by those things which exist, proceeding from God who is incommunicable, through His bounteous dispensation, that He who is the cause of all may be beyond all, and that that which transcends essence and nature may be above everything which exists according to the laws of any essence or nature soever." *

For God does not exist in any special way, but

"Absolutely and infinitely, as embracing and anticipating in Himself universal being; wherefore He is called also King of the Ages, as though all being existed and subsisted in Him and around Him; and He neither was nor will be, nor becomes nor will become, nay, rather not even is; but is Himself the being in things that are; and not things themselves only, but the absolute being of things proceeded from Him who is before all ages." †

Thus it is that every form of life is, as it were, a more or less distant "echo of the one life." And "when this is withdrawn all life fails, and to this also those objects which have failed by lack of strength to participate in it, return, and again become living beings." ‡ Nor this only, but the Divine wisdom is the source and cause and end of our wisdom and mind and reason: nay, even of "the mind of devils so far as that is mind." § But when we say this we must remember that God does not know things as they exist from their existence, but as existing originally in Him. He has not—

"A knowledge of Himself, and a separate knowledge, which embraces all things that are; for it is not possible that the Cause of all things, if He knows Himself, should not know those things which proceed from Him, of which He is the cause." ||

And conversely it is only through this subordinate order that we can know Him, inasmuch as it has been arranged by Him, and contains "certain images and likenesses of the Divine patterns." For it is the Divine wisdom which—

* De div. Nom., xi. 5.

† Id., v. 4.

‡ Id., vi. 1.

§ Id., vii. 2.

|| Id., l. c.

"Creates all things and ever fits all things together, and is the cause of the indissoluble connexion and arrangement of all things, and unites the ends of one series of phenomena with the beginnings of the subsequent series, and happily works out the one harmony and concord of the universe." *

Following out this idea of the Divine significance of all the subjects of human knowledge, Dionysius investigates the revelation of God which is given in Scripture by the terms which are applied to Him, as Power, and Righteousness, or Great and Small, or King of kings, and Ancient of Days, and the like. The criticism is always ingenious, and at times powerful. In one place, when discussing the usage of the words time (*χρόνος*) and eternity (*αἰών*), he deals with a difference which quite lately seemed to have been forgotten :—

"Time is applied in Scripture (he says) to that which is subject to beginning, and decay, and change; and so theology teaches that we who are here bounded by the laws of time shall be partakers of eternity (*αἰών*) when we reach the age (*αἰών*) which is incorruptible and ever unchanged. Sometimes, it is true, eternity in Scripture is represented as temporal, and time as eternal, yet we know that more frequently and more properly things that *are* are described and expressed by eternity, and things which *become* by time." †

But of all the titles of God the *One* is that in which alone we can rest. Towards this all thought and speculation tend. This is the idea which finally results from faithfully interpreting the lessons of the many;‡ the centre in which all the radii of the vast circle of life converge.§ To strive after this is the noblest work of man; and just as in universal nature the separate characteristics of each individual nature are absolutely harmonized: just as the different powers which act through our bodies are united in the one soul; so there is a unity which infinitely transcends these faint images by which it is provisionally typified to us. And starting from these it is "reasonable that we should ascend to the cause of all, and with supra-mundane vision contemplate all in the Cause of all, even things contrary to one another, reconciled in one supreme concord." ||

VII.

The nearer contemplation of this sublime unity is the purpose of the *Mystic Theology*, which professes to present the esoteric teaching of Christianity. For the revelations and workings of God, even in the most glorious form under which they are shewn to us, are but steps by which the devout worshipper rises to higher things. At the most, he sees in these not God, but, like Moses, the place where God is. In other words, the highest and most divine manifestations which are made through sense or thought simply suggest ideas which

* De div. Nom., vii. 3.

† Id., x. 3.

‡ Id., xiii. 3.

§ Id., v. 6.

|| Id., v. 7.

(so to speak) underlie Him who transcends all ideas, through which His presence is indicated visiting the spiritual heights of His holiest place. And then the truly initiated is—

“Released from the objects and the powers of sight, and penetrates into the darkness of un-knowledge (*ἀγνοσία*), which is truly mystic, and lays aside all conceptions of knowledge and is absorbed in the intangible and invisible, wholly given up to that which is beyond all things, and belonging no longer to himself nor to any other finite being, but in virtue of some nobler faculty is united with that which is wholly unknowable by the absolute inoperation of all limited knowledge, and knows in a manner beyond mind by knowing nothing.”*

This description gives a fair notion of the object and of the method of “Mystic Theology.” The object is to rise above the world of sense and thought defined by sense; the method is to lay aside everything which gives speciality to conceptions, since every distinct limitation springs out of the transitory conditions of our present state. Consequently in “Mystic Theology” the negative process is more valid than the affirmative, but yet the affirmations are not opposed to the negations, since both are applied to being which is far above both in its transcendental nature.† But it is only by the removal of each definite attribute, so far as it is definite, that man can arrive at any conception of the infinite. The exact knowledge of a finite being can reach only to that which is finite; and if he would rise beyond it, it must be by avoiding the definiteness which belongs to the imperfections of his nature. In this sense, unknowledge transcends knowledge, because it is the negation of limit: and gloom underlies light, because for us light is only a reflection from objects in themselves bounded.‡

Thus the final result is that man can have no absolute conception of God as the subject of thought, though he can be united with Him by the devotion of love. The mind can exercise itself upon its proper objects, but it cannot pass beyond them. The power by which the soul is brought into fellowship with that which transcends it, is of a loftier nature.

“This power, then, we are bound to follow in our thoughts of Divine things, and not ourselves; we must wholly divest ourselves of ourselves, and give ourselves wholly to God; for it is better to belong to God than to ourselves; and so the things of God will be given to those who are united with Him.”§

VIII.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the points of resemblance which the Dionysian system offers to that of the later Neo-Platonists. The progressive revelation of the infinite, the hierarchic triads, the

* *Myst. Theol.*, i. 3.

† *Id.*, i. 2.

‡ *Id.*, ii.

§ *De div. Nom.*, vii. 1.

conception of evil as a negation and a defect, the striving towards union with the One, the resolution of all that is partial into being which transcends all special definition, are common to both, and it is not difficult to see that Dionysius so far borrows ideas which had their source elsewhere than in the Christian Church. But while this is conceded most fully, his treatment of them nevertheless claims the merit of originality. However devotedly he may have studied Proclus or Damascius, he studied them as a Christian. He starts always from the Bible,* and not from Plato. He endeavours to obey his own lesson, and welcomes truth wherever he finds it, but revelation is his touchstone of truth. He is, so to speak, the extreme result of the speculative school of Greek Theology; and in this aspect his writings, strangely incomplete, one-sided, even dangerous as they may appear to us, are of deep interest at a crisis when it is impossible not to see the brightest hope for Christendom in a living appreciation of the spirit of the great Greek Fathers; for it is not too much to say that a work remains for Greek divinity in the nineteenth century hardly less pregnant with results than that wrought by the Greek classics in the fifteenth.

Many, perhaps, will be surprised that such a scheme of Christianity as Dionysius has sketched should even be reckoned Christian at all. Several of the cardinal dogmas of the Western Churches are either unnoticed in it, or fall into a secondary rank in the whole economy of redemption. The conception of grace is, at the least, very defective. The idea of the Atonement, where it is noticed most distinctly, is represented as the delivery of being from the negative influences of disorder and weakness and failure.† The characteristic doctrine of evil when it was made the groundwork of a special treatise by Johannes Erigena was at once condemned by Gallican councils. But in spite of these and other faults, which are brought out clearly by their antagonism with Latin developments or exhibitions of truth, the writings of "the divine Dionysius" have always maintained their place among the orthodox treasures of the East. Nay, more; though parts of their teaching were rejected in the West when removed from the shelter of the apostolic name, they have found even to late times apologists who have forced them into harmony with the Tridentine decrees.

Such a method of interpretation deprives them of their intellectual and historical significance. It must be frankly admitted that they bear the impress not only of a particular age and school, but also of a particular man, which is not wholly of a Christian type. They present the thoughts of one who lived in an age of transition, and

* De cæl. Hier., vi. 2.

† De div. Nom., viii. 9.

strove to save from the wreck of ancient philosophy truths which he seemed to find coherent with the Christian faith. Indeed, under the treatment of the new teacher, many of the fancies of Neo-Platonism gain a solid consistency, which they wanted before, by being brought into connexion with a historic creed. A doctrine of an original fall, consequent upon man's free action, gives a certain standing-point for the contemplation of life as it is chequered with good and evil.* Holy rites, distinctly springing out of accredited facts, take the place of theurgic celebrations. An ecclesiastical organization, definite and popular, furnishes the basis for a complete hierarchical view of the universe. The mystery of the Incarnation contains the pledge of the believer's union with the One, while the Resurrection vindicates the proper unity of his whole nature and the completeness of his future hope.†

This harmonization of Christianity and Platonism was not effected without a sacrifice. It is impossible not to feel in Dionysius, in spite of his pure and generous and apostolic aspirations, the lack of something which is required for the completeness of his own views. He fails indeed by neglecting to take in the whole breadth of the Gospel. The central source of his dogmatic errors lies where at first it might be least looked for. The whole view of life which he offers is essentially individual and personal and subjective; the one man is the supreme object in whose progress his interest is engaged. Though he gives a magnificent view of the mutual coherence of all the parts of the moral and physical worlds, yet he turns with the deepest satisfaction to the solitary monk, isolated and self-absorbed, as the highest type of Christian energy. Though he dwells upon the Divine order of the Sacraments, and traces the spiritual significance of each detail in their celebration, yet he looks upon them as occasions for instruction and blessing, suggested by appointed forms, and not supplied by a Divine gift. He stops short of that profounder faith which sees the unity of worlds in the harmonious and yet independent action of derivative forces; one indeed in their source, and yet regarded as separate in their operation. He is still so far overpowered by Platonism that he cannot, in speculation as well as in confession, consistently treat man's bodily powers as belonging to the perfection of his nature. The end of the discipline of life is, in his view, to help the believer to cast aside all things that belong to earth, and not to find in them gifts which may by consecration to God become hereafter the beginning of a nobler activity. And so it is that he is unable to see in their full beauty and strength those instincts and faculties of man, by which he is impelled towards social combination,

* De eccles. Hier., iii. 3, 11.

† De div. Nom., vi. 2.

and the divine institutions by which these instincts and faculties are sanctioned and supported.

The ecclesiastical and civil disorders of the fifth century may well have obscured the highest glories of the Church and the Empire. It was not unnatural that devout men should in such times seek repose in their cells, and the triumph of Mohammedanism was the penalty of their despair. But yet the writings of Dionysius are a witness to the higher conceptions of the Divine order which lingered among the immediate successors of Cyril. Even now they take their place among the speculations of to-day, and though in a dialect partially antiquated, record the judgment which ancient thinkers passed upon problems which, at each time of their recurrence, seem to offer a new and strange trial to faith. No reasoner can argue more resolutely than Dionysius for the Divine Presence in all things which are, and yet no one can be further removed from identifying the Divine Being with the manifestations of Him in creation. It would be impossible to affirm more distinctly than he does the absolute incapacity of man to have knowledge of anything beyond phenomena, and yet at the same time he recognises that there is a sphere beyond knowledge, to which he must look up with devout and patient adoration. Above his pantheism there is the intense belief in one God, above his positivism there is the trustful aspiration of faith.

One passage, in which he deals with the mystery of prayer, will illustrate what has been just said, and is not unworthy of consideration in itself :—

“The glorious Trinity, the source of all good, is present to all things, but all things are not present to It. But, then, when we invoke It with holy prayers, and unsullied soul, and that frame of mind which is adapted for divine union, then are we also present to It; for It has no local presence so that It can be anywhere absent, or pass from place to place.”

Thus the action of prayer is as though there were—

“A chain of light let down from the heights of heaven and reaching to earth, and as we grasp it, first with the one hand and then with the other, we seem to draw it to us, while really we are raised by it to the loftier splendours of the light. Or as though we were on shipboard and strained at a rope fastened to a rock and thrown out to help us; we do not draw the rock to ourselves, but ourselves and the ship to the rock. And, conversely, if one stands on the vessel and thrusts the rock from him, the rock will remain firm and unmoved, but he will separate himself from it, and the distance between them will be proportioned to his effort. And so before everything, and especially in theology, we must make a solemn beginning to all acts with prayer, not as drawing to us the power which is present at once everywhere and nowhere, but as placing ourselves in His hands, and uniting ourselves with Him by remembering Him, and calling upon His name.”*

The words are old words, but yet new, and though they do not

* De div. Nom., iii. 1.

express more than half the truth, they will bear comparison with the splendid passage in which a living poet has expressed kindred, and yet converse, thoughts strangely in the spirit of Dionysius :—

“ It seemed, it was certain, to match man’s birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I ;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky :
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star ;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.”

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.



THE CONNEXION BETWEEN HISTORY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THERE is a peculiar pleasure and gain when we can bring to bear upon each other two pieces of knowledge which we have perhaps long possessed, but have regarded as completely unconnected. Each subject becomes doubly interesting and instructive when it is viewed in the light reflected from the other.

Obvious as this truth and its bearings on the teacher's work are, it seemed to have been almost forgotten by the teachers alike of history and of geography until very lately. And it was mainly perhaps for this reason that whatever knowledge of either subject was gained was held loosely, and regarded with a very languid interest. Our common books of history, forty years since, scarcely gave a hint of any connection between the history of a country and its geography. Hume hardly notices a single fact with regard to the physical geography of England between the Roman Invasion and the Revolution of 1688. Russell's *Modern Europe*, or Goldsmith's *Rome and Greece*, might have been read almost as profitably and pleasantly without a map as with one; or if ever one found a map required, one of those featureless pieces of party-coloured patchwork, which were to be found in the school atlases of the time, would meet all the historian's purposes completely. He would never have led his readers to suspect the share which a chain of mountains or a river, the conformation of a coast, or the structure and exposure of a valley,

had had in determining the occupations and the character of a people. The only case in which any natural feature of a country was noticed was when it happened to have given some favourite hero a strong position to attack or defend in war, or some favourite statesman a frontier or a valuable province to secure by negotiation. The history of almost all save military events might have been read almost without a wish for a map.

Neither, on the other hand, until recently did our common treatises on geography, or our usually accessible maps, give us much chance of finding out what were the really important natural features of the countries which they attempted to depict. Geography books, forty years since, were filled with dry lists of political divisions, and latitudes and longitudes of large towns; maps scarcely expressed even the most important mountain chains by anything but a conventional symbol placed almost at random.

Much happily is changed now in this as in other matters connected with education. Historians have come to perceive that the real value of history lies rather in its tracing the internal development of nations, physical, moral, and social, than in its chronicling the intrigues or strifes of diplomacy or war; and consequently, that nothing which has influenced the national life can be left out of the historian's consideration. Geographers, too, have come to feel that the true meaning or value of their own science lies rather in its picture of the natural features of the earth than in its almost arbitrary political divisions, and the connexion of the two sciences has been almost forced upon the notice of the world. A few students both of history and geography (like Dr. Arnold, first in this as in so many other lines of thought) have pointed out in general terms the bearing of either study on the other. Race and soil and physical advantages seem likely, from the course of recent history, to bear a larger part than ever in determining the fortunes of empires. Witness Denmark, Prussia, the Austrian empire at the present moment.

The present essay is an endeavour to trace with some distinctness, and to illustrate in some detail, the connexion (far closer, I believe, than is even yet generally supposed) between the natural features of a country, and the history of its inhabitants. Were there no other hindrance, the limits of a few pages are far too narrow to allow the fulness of illustration which might give its full and living interest to the subject. A very wide and deep knowledge both of history and geography, with their kindred sciences of ethnology, language, and geology, would be necessary to qualify the writer to treat the subject as it deserves. I can scarcely hope to do more than suggest to some of my readers a line of thought which may possibly be new to them, and which I have found as full of interest as of instruction.

The form in which the subject of this article is stated assumes, what might seem at first sight to need proof, that *there is some connexion between the natural features of a country and its history*. Those who are accustomed to use the terms "History" and "Geography" in the full breadth of meaning in which I employ them, will not think the assumption unwarranted. It will, however, be well to explain and vindicate the sense in which I shall use them.

I understand, then, by the term "natural features of a country," every circumstance with regard to the configuration and material of its surface, and its position on the globe, both absolutely and with reference to other portions of the earth's surface. Or, in other and plainer though less exact language, we might say that the natural features of a country are all those which would remain, if we could see it for a moment cleared of all the works of man—buildings, roads, boundary fences, artificial crops, alterations of surface-soil and mineral productions by cultivation or manufacture, and the like—and if we could put out of our thoughts all its merely arbitrary or conventional subdivisions.

We include, then, under the name of natural features, first of all, the surface of the country varied by hill and plain; its mountains or hills and river systems, dependent as they are upon each other; its soil, as naturally fit or unfit for the growth of this or that useful plant; its climate, considered with regard to the temperature, the moisture or dryness of the air, the prevailing winds, if any; its *exposure*, i.e., its slope northward or southward, to or from the rays of the sun; the variations of the seasons, whether great or small; the mineral productions of the soil; the situation, whether inland or on the coast of a sea or of the ocean; and, if either of the latter, then the length of the line of coast as compared with the superficial area of the country, and the facilities which the coast and its adjoining waters afford for safe and profitable navigation. In all these points we have to examine any country which may be in question, first by itself, then in comparison with its neighbours, and in reference to the remaining land and water of the globe.

Dealing in like manner with the other member of the proposition which we have to unfold, we define the history of a country as being not merely or chiefly the biography of its rulers, nor yet the record of the relations between the governing power and the body of the people, or between it and the rulers of other countries; but rather *the story of the collective life of the nation*, in the most comprehensive meaning which that word will bear. Every nation, that is, every people which has risen above the condition of a horde, a mere multiplication of the human atom, has such a life, more or less complex in its development and significance. The history of the national life will be the

record of the origin, the growth, the maturity, and (if so be) the decline, of the consciousness of its existence as a separate family, having its appointed centres of organic union, and its definite limit and sphere of action on the earth ; its various forms of material and mental industry and production ; its dealings collectively and severally with other similar communities ; its special ambitions, difficulties, triumphs, and failures ; contributing or failing (as the case may be) to contribute its own proper share to the advancement of the whole family of nations, within or without the circle of Christendom,—if within, giving to Christianity and its visible embodiments its own special form and colouring ; living, in short, over and above the individual life of its several citizens, that corporate and organic life, in all its departments, material and mental, which it is so difficult to define, and yet which it is the province of the true historian to trace ; and which no historian can ever attempt to trace correctly unless he has first become familiar with the individual and social life, from the combination of which it results, and by the nature of which its nature is determined. Evidently then the history of a nation must depend in a great measure upon, and be in a thousand ways affected by the outward circumstances in which its citizens are placed, the scene and sphere which Providence has assigned for their activity. This may seem now almost a truism ; nevertheless, it is a truth of which historians until lately seemed forgetful.

No one who consents to give this meaning to history and to geography will be inclined to dispute their close mutual connexion. Our object is to point out in what way the surrounding geographical circumstances act upon, and within what limits they determine, the character of the national life. We shall try to illustrate the progress of our investigation by a sufficient number of instances to exemplify the process to be employed, and substantiate a few of its principal results.

As a preliminary to further investigation let my reader give substance to the terms I have used by a rapid survey of the history and geography of that part of our own country which he knows most familiarly, whichever that may happen to be. Let him observe how very much the employments, habits, and ways of thinking of his own neighbourhood are affected, in many points even determined, by the fitness of the soil for some particular kind of cultivation, by the nearness or remoteness of coal, of good stone for building, of the sea, of streams having sufficient fall and force to turn mill-wheels, of navigable rivers or artificial canals, most recently of railroads ; these last again being to a considerable extent determined as to their course by the physical conformation of the country. Certain districts never could have been the seat of manufactories but for railroads, and even with rail-

roads can with difficulty become so. Others, having at hand the coal, the ironstone, and the limestone, are the natural seats of the furnace and the factory. Others must always be occupied by a mining population. Others are almost necessarily the seats of the cotton manufacture, because they touch on one side the estuary which most easily receives the raw material from India or America, and on the other side, the coal-fields, and the rivers fed by the abundant rains of Blackstone Edge, which are needed to convert the raw material into the finished product of manufacture. Cheap coal and abundant water are necessary now to every extensive organization of labour for manufacturing purposes, and will attract even those trades which might be carried on upon any soil. Perhaps in some few instances the special industry of a district seems to continue in its old track from the force of habit, and even to have received its first impulse from accident. It is difficult, for instance, to see why lace might not have been made as well anywhere else as in Bedfordshire, or stockings as in Leicestershire. Yet this conclusion must not be drawn too hastily. Sometimes there has been a real cause, which the superficial observer does not perceive. The straw-plait manufacture probably established itself in certain districts of Hertfordshire and Essex because the silica contained in the chalk of the subsoil gave peculiar strength to the wheat grown upon their surface. And the moister and warmer atmosphere of Gloucestershire, and parts of Wiltshire, has enabled the West of England dyed cloths to keep their place in the market of the world against the larger capital and more energetic but rougher industry of the smoky coal-fields of Yorkshire.

One fact illustrates remarkably the connection between physical situation and the employment and character of the several portions of England. Draw a line on the map of England from Whitby to Leicester, and from Leicester to Axmouth. This line will coincide very nearly with the outcrop of the lias. On one side of it will lie all the coal, all the igneous rock, and nearly all the mineral wealth and manufacturing industry of England. On the other side will lie the comparatively level surface which furnishes the rich corn and pasture lands of the southern, and the south-midland, and eastern counties, with its quiet villages, and lordly parks, and ancient churches, its quiet country life, its old-world ways, its representation, in short, of the *permanence*, as contrasted with the *progression* of England. Can any man deny that physical causes have greatly influenced even the mental tendencies and habits of either half of our country? The very exceptions to the truth of this remark really confirm it. London owed its greatness at first to the magnificence of its position, on the uplands adjoining the estuary of England's greatest navigable river ;

near enough to the French dominions of English kings to be at once a natural seat of the imperial Government, and (what it was much earlier) a great sea-port for continental trade. All else has followed from this. The hardy boatmen and sailors of our eastern and southern coast have been formed first by a discipline received by their forefathers on the shores of the Baltic or the North Sea, and continued to themselves on a coast abounding with fish, and adjoining the great highway of the waters between the coal-fields of the northern coast, and the sea-ports which were to receive the supplies of coal for the east and south of England. These hints may suffice for our present purpose. It is time to pursue our argument.

The natural features of a country influence its inhabitants and their history mainly, it would seem, in four ways. They determine, in a great measure, (1) its climate and natural productions, and through their influence the physical development, the employments, and the habits of its people; (2) the facilities of communication between its several parts, and with other countries; (3) its advantages for military and naval defence and aggression; and (4), *but to a smaller extent*, the intellectual tendencies of its inhabitants.

Climate affects the bodily development of a people. Man can bear greater changes and diversities of climate than any other animal; but he cannot thrive to the full either in body or mind under the extremes of heat and cold. The people of the torrid zone have no history. If any, like India (of which, however, only a small part is tropical), seems to have one, it is only *exotic*, a history of conquerors from more temperate regions.

Again, within the limits where history is *possible*, that is, where man can not only live, but thrive, and be energetic through the year, climate (in its widest sense) determines the vegetable and animal life of a country, and so, in a great measure, the employments of its people; its attractiveness as a prize for would-be conquerors; its power to procure in barter the productions of other countries. And climate will depend (as I have hinted) not on mere latitude, but on the nearness or distance of the ocean, that great moistener and softening equalizer of the atmosphere; on the presence or absence of mountain masses, which shall condense and precipitate the moisture in rain or snow; upon the situation of those masses with regard to the prevailing winds; upon the general aspect and exposure of the country; its average height above the sea, and the way in which its high land does or does not form a shelter for its plains.

Siberia, for instance, must always be a wilderness, because it slopes to the north, is cut off by the wall of the Altai Mountains, its southern boundary, from all genial southern breezes, and has all its great rivers

running northward, choked up in their lower course by ice, long after the thawed waters from the upper country toward the south have begun to seek an outlet. The plains of Siberia are therefore deeply frozen for one half the year, and overspread with ice-cold water for half the remainder. It need not be a prison always, but a dreary waste it can scarcely ever cease to be.

On the other hand, the mountains of America run north and south, and so break the course and tame the violence of the giant winds, which otherwise might sweep round three-fourths of the globe unchecked and riot in destruction. The gentle slope of the country lies southward in Southern North America, northward in Northern South America, tempering extremes of heat and cold. The Ural Mountains make the same sort of sheltering wall from the eastward for great part of Northern Russia; while to the south, where no screen is interposed, the rigour of winter may be far more severely felt.

Every one knows how much colder is the eastern side of England in the spring, when the east wind reigns, than the western, which is sheltered by the high lands of the backbone, the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors and mountains. In autumn, when the west wind has its day, the case is reversed. More snow falls east of the backbone than west, far more rain westward. The south, which has no backbone, and, except in parts, has no mountains or lofty hills, gets a scantier share of rain than falls in the northern, and midland, and western counties, and cannot rival the deep and rich green pastures of the north and northern midland; only in the far west, where the Atlantic gives perpetual moisture in the air, and there are hills to detain and precipitate it, is the rainfall sufficient, or distributed evenly enough through the year, to make pasture abundant. Evidently the southern and eastern half of England was meant to be (as it is) the great corn-growing country; the west, the pasture for herds; the south, with its chalk downs, for sheep.

There is a striking passage in Sir John Herschel's *Astronomy* upon the connexion between the commercial and manufacturing greatness of England and its position on the globe, in the very centre of "*the hemisphere of land*," and yet in contact with the ocean just southward of that point where it ceases to be open for navigation throughout the year. Alter any one of these circumstances, and the whole history and present state of England must have been altogether different.

Think, again, of the change which must have been made in the history both of the Old World and of the New, had the great mountain chains of North and South America been placed as near the eastern shores of these continents as they are in fact to the western. Where could the Spanish conquerors of the south, or the pilgrim fathers of

the north, have found access to the scenes of their destined greatness, if, instead of the spreading plains of the eastern side of America (such as it actually is), with its innumerable harbours, its cultivated soil, its noble rivers opening eastward as the highway of communication with the interior, they had come into contact at once in the infancy of their existence with the giant peaks of the Andes, rising as they do at once out of the iron-bound Pacific coast, or with the bleak and dreary barrenness of the Rocky Mountains and the salt lakes? How different must the history of either continent have been if the New World had by its very form and physical structure repelled and driven back upon itself, instead of inviting to its bosom, the exuberant energy of the Old. No Brazilian empire, no teeming Spanish republics, could then have existed in the south. This, we may perhaps think, would have been little loss to the world. But neither could there have been in the north that great power of which the influence, for good or evil (far more largely for good than for evil), upon English and European commerce, politics, religion, and literature, has already been so great; and must in all probability in future days become greater than it has ever yet been.

It must be remembered that the mineral treasures of the soil often determine even the form of the surface. Any practised eye can tell from the form of the hills, and the vegetation which covers them, whether their material belongs to the chalk, or to the coal measures, or to the carboniferous limestone, or the older sedimentary, or the igneous rocks; while on the same circumstances will also depend the character of the population as mining, manufacturing, agricultural, or pastoral.

How employment, again, affects the habits of mind, and the political, religious, and social feelings and action of a people, we are all aware. A pastoral or agricultural people will generally be in a simple and tranquil social state, disinclined to change. A mining population will be rougher and fiercer when roused; needing much to move or to subdue them; but capable of the deepest feeling and the most energetic action. A manufacturing people will usually be quicker to understand and to feel, readier for change, more susceptible of quick and vehement impression.

There is another aspect in which the natural features of a country must be regarded as influencing most materially the course of its history. They may be such as to resist or to favour an invader; they may be such as to facilitate or to discourage attempts by its inhabitants to make foreign conquests. I need not remark on the advantage of our insular position in both respects. Once moderately strong at sea, England was almost secure from invasion, at least from permanent conquest. Even while Scotland was independent and hostile, the

extent of land-ward frontier needing to be defended was very small, and scarcely vulnerable, except on two plainly marked lines of advance; each near the coast, and easily made impassable by the English fleet.

It is equally evident that our insular situation has greatly diminished the temptation to aggressive war against our neighbours on the mainland of Europe. If English kings have attempted it and succeeded in it, they have happily never been able to hold their continental conquests long. How far steam navigation may diminish the effects of these circumstances on our future history remains to be seen.

In all these respects France offers a remarkable contrast to England. It is almost wholly destitute of coal. It cannot therefore easily or naturally, in these days of steam power, become a manufacturing country, on any great scale. It can grow silk to some extent; and its drier and sunnier climate, with the delicate touch and keen perceptive faculties which that climate helps to form, enables its people to excel in some of the finer and more artist-like operations of manufacture. It can grow the vine in the south, and even on the high ground of its eastern frontier provinces, where the air is drier than towards the Atlantic. It can grow other fruits in perfection where the vine cannot be grown with profit. It can grow corn abundantly on its sea-like plains. We can well understand how in the ages of *hand* labour in manufactures, France might lead the Western world. We all know that we in England have to thank the infatuated tyranny of Louis XIV. for driving the silk manufacture into England: even as Philip II. a century earlier had driven the woollen manufacture from Flanders. But had the edict of Nantes never been revoked, France could never have held her own, without coal and with scanty water-power, against England, after once the power-loom had been introduced.

Then again, look at the jagged and deeply indented coast-line of Britain, with its almost innumerable tide-rivers, greater or smaller, and so shaped, and so on every side embraced by its ocean mother, that scarcely a spot can be found in Scotland more than fourteen miles from the sea, or in England more than fourteen miles from some navigable river or canal. Contrast with this the comparatively straight coast of France; its few tide-rivers; its long eastern frontier, sending its rivers to the sea mostly through jealous foreign countries; and you cannot doubt which of the two must be the great naval, manufacturing, and trading country, and which the (mainly) agricultural and military.

Observe again the peculiar advantages and disadvantages, in a military view, of the situation and frontier of France, as illustrating and determining the general character of its external history. Ob-

serve its peculiarly compact form and central position. Spain on one side, Germany on another, Italy on a third, all lie open to attack by a power which will always be able to move against them on an *inner* line. Observe its natural fortifications; the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Jura, the Vosges. None of them will avail to prevent invasion from without by an enemy at once powerful, bold, and skilful. But they give enormous advantages for *aggression* upon neighbours; secure the country (so far as they extend) from the annoyance and indignity of petty attacks; give a rallying line in case of failure, and a semblance of strength, even when the reality is wanting. From its central fortress France can go out against Europe, secure, at least, to inflict more loss than she can well suffer. Even as a naval power, in the restricted sense of a military power acting by sea, she has great advantages; they would be enormous if the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean were united by a great ship canal, or if her harbours on the Bay of Biscay were more numerous and better than they are. As it is, she has one hand upon the Mediterranean, the other on the Channel and the Atlantic; her head and heart between the two, ready to strike either way. But for defence her advantages are far less than for attack. Neither her mountain walls in the south and south-east, nor the barrier fortresses by which she has tried to supply the want of one in the north, can really *stop*, however they may *hinder*, the advance of invading armies, superior in numbers and well led, when once Europe has been roused to combine against and drive home the aggressor. And when her outer lines of natural fortification have been forced, no great inner line of defence remains; while to an invader from the north-east Paris itself is near and exposed. Hence the history of modern Europe gives us, twice over, the record of great conquests made by France in aggressive war; and twice over of the outraged nations turning at last to bay, outnumbering and destroying the armies of France, and then speedily either dictating peace to its government or marching successfully upon the capital. From 1670 to 1700 France was the terror and the scourge of Europe. In 1711 the Treaty of Utrecht (unsatisfactory as it was thought by the allies) sufficiently expressed the exhaustion and humiliation from which she suffered. Between 1800 and 1812 French armies entered every continental capital in triumph. By 1815 Paris had twice been compelled to surrender at discretion to enemies at her own gates.

Let us turn to Spain. It would be difficult to find a country of which the physical geography forms so complete a contrast with that of either France or England; or one of which the natural features more remarkably illustrate the history. But its features are badly laid down upon most of our common maps. These would lead us to

suppose it a country full of deep rich valleys, separated from each other by steep and narrow mountain ridges, and each traversed and fertilized by some great navigable river. The truth is, that the surface of Spain consists, first and chiefly, of a great central table-land, the highest in Europe, surrounded for the most part (except on the west, where its river valleys open towards the Atlantic) by an embattled parapet of mountains, and intersected here and there by broad and shapeless mountain ridges; and then, secondly, of a narrow border of more fruitful plain, lying between the foot of the bounding wall of this table-land and the shores of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. One fertile valley, watered by one noble river, Spain has—and it may almost be said one only—Andalusia, the valley of the Guadalquivir, so long the seat of the Moorish dominion; lying between the Sierra Morena, the southern wall of the great table-land, upon the north, and the noble chain of the Sierra Nevada (said to be the finest mountain line in Europe after the very best parts of the Alps) in the south.

Now observe the bearing of these facts upon the physical and economical development of the Spaniard. The character of the country will be determined essentially by that of the great central plateau, which occupies perhaps three-fourths of the surface. The climate of the plateau is the driest in Europe. There are parts of it on which it is said that only ten inches of rain fall in the year. The heat of summer and the cold of winter are extreme. Vegetation must be scanty; tillage almost impossible, or unproductive. The rivers, which collect and carry off the rain which the thirsty soil has not absorbed, flow in deep depressions, and with scanty streams, scarcely anywhere navigable. Large flocks of sheep find pasture. These are almost the only wealth of central Spain. There is neither food nor employment for a large population; and that of Spain is more thinly scattered than of almost any other European country. Land communication must take place across rough and dreary ranges of hills.

Yet, on the other hand, the healthy climate and free mountain air of the table-land favour the development of the human animal. The Spaniards, physically regarded, are probably some of the very finest men in Europe. During those ages, therefore, in which the power of a nation depended much upon the actual nerve and bone of its men-at-arms, Spain held a high place in Europe. Even when Germany and Flanders were lost, the Spanish king, three centuries ago, could show the best infantry of Europe, and some of its best sailors. The wealth of America furnished for awhile the one thing wanting to give the country that disposable strength which its physical circumstances have usually denied to it. For it is easy to

see that Spain wants all which can favour the accumulation of capital; all, then, which makes the organization of labour on a large scale easy or indeed possible. Independently, then, of any other cause of decline, Spain (we may almost say) must needs have gone down in the scale of nations rapidly when once the available strength of countries should come to depend mainly upon the combined and economized action of their inhabitants. No doubt the government of Spain, ecclesiastical and civil, has done all that could be done to hasten its fall. But neither the despotism of the crown nor that of the Inquisition could have done what it has done, or have been what it has been, had the sturdy strength of the Spanish people, taken individually, been allowed by the climate and the soil to combine for purposes of national enterprise, and so to become conscious of its inherent power. Railroads may give Spain a chance of combined development in the future, but it is a doubtful one. The physical difficulties in the way of the resuscitation of the country seem to me almost as great as the moral and political hindrances.

On the other hand, the natural features of Spain do as much to give a sturdy tenacity of existence to the nation, as they do to prevent its becoming rich or powerful or happy. First observe how it is fenced off by the sea and the Pyrenees; shut up to develop, unassisted and unimpeded by free contact with kindred nations, any peculiar feature in the national character, and yet touching other countries just enough to secure that its people shall become conscious and proud of their unlikeness: the Moor on the south, the Gaul on the north, the Portuguese on the west. These last are naturally, it might be said, a part of themselves; but they are a part peculiarly placed and educated, by physical as well as political circumstances; with a moister climate, and two great river channels, and the Atlantic everywhere near. Such a country as Spain, it might be thought, could never be open to an invader; but this is a mistaken impression. Its natural defences are sure to foster self-confidence and a false security. We have something of this in our island home. The indolent and secluded Spaniard feels it much more. Spain may be taken at unawares. Behind the northern mountain barrier an ambitious military power may collect its forces unseen, and if but one of several passes through or on the flanks of the Pyrenees be left feebly guarded, the invader may break through like a flood, and then no natural barrier remains which is likely to delay a strong assailant. There is no inner line of defence to invite a protracted resistance. Spain has no Thermopylæ; or if it has, it is one which, like its Grecian namesake of old, can easily be turned when it cannot be forced.

But, on the other hand, the national character (formed, as we have seen, in a great measure by the natural features of the country)

explains how it is that Spain, though easily overrun, has ever been found most difficult to an invader to conquer and hold permanently. Once spread over the face of the country, as Napoleon's force was in 1808, all its difficulties of internal communication and supply become *his* difficulties and the insurgent Spaniard's advantages. The peasants of the table-land and the mountains are the best possible material for irregular warfare, and their country the very one in which such warfare can best be carried on, a warfare which *alone* can never perhaps decide a country's fate, but which may have a most important influence upon the decision of its fate by regular armies.

Knowing the country itself, and the national character formed by it, we understand the Peninsular struggle and its issue. When we are told that Wellington, with an army never, until his last decisive advance, exceeding 60,000 (of whom scarcely one-half were British troops), baffled and finally expelled from Spain excellent French troops, amounting sometimes to nearly 250,000, led by Napoleon's ablest lieutenants, the story sounds like fable. But when we recollect those elements in the problem which we have just noticed, his solution of it becomes (as he himself always said that this and all his other exploits were) simply a piece of "common sense;" only, of common sense applied with that rare adaptation to uncommon circumstances which, in all practical matters, is the true meaning of genius. Firmly establishing himself, first upon the western sea, and so on England—since Trafalgar its undisputed mistress—then on Portugal (thoroughly re-organized by himself for military purposes), he knew that he could bide his time amongst its natural and artificial fastnesses; secure, with such troops and such a country, from complete failure; and able always, as occasion served, to strike right or left against enemies who, he well knew, could not subsist in a country like Spain if they united their forces, and could be defeated in detail if they kept them apart. Meanwhile, the assailants were ever made to feel the truth of that saying of their own Henry IV. ;—that if you enter Spain with a small army, you are defeated; if with a large one, you are starved. Of either fate they had ample experience until 1813, when, gathering himself up for a final effort, and conscious of his strength, he was able to sweep them into the valley of Vittoria, and drive them thence, shattered and exhausted, within and beyond the mountain barrier of France.

I must be content with a very far more rapid notice of one or two other illustrations which European geography and history afford of the principle for which I am contending.

Observe the influence which the absence of mountain masses from a country, or their position within it, may exercise upon the course of the national history.

England and Scotland could scarcely have become as purely Teutonic in their general development as they have been, had their earlier Celtic inhabitants found a mountain refuge and fortress in the centre of either,—not, as in Wales and the mountain highlands, at its extremities. Compare Ireland, at this point, with Great Britain. The whole centre of Ireland is one open plain; fertile here, there a mere peat bog; but either way furnishing no natural stronghold for resistance to an invader. All the Irish mountain country lies on its sea coast. Its midland plain has made the conquest of the island easy. The refuge of the conquered lay in half-a-score of scattered mountain knots in north and west and south, separated completely from each other, and with the strong grasp of their enemy firmly laid upon the great central space between them all. What wonder that the conquest was easy and effectual? Scotland, on the contrary, had a twofold advantage in its mountains. Time was when an English king could always enter and overrun southern Scotland; but he was always stopped, pretty much where Agricola stopped before him, by the first roots of the Grampians. The great battle-field of Scotland has been the northern edge of the central plain, pretty nearly where the Celtic highlander's native fastnesses come down upon the open valley of the Forth. There was fought Falkirk, Bannockburn, Kilsyth, Killiecrankie. But whatever the fortunes of the battle, the result of the campaign in each case was the safety of the Highlands.

Look, again, to the southern highlands of Scotland, the mountain mass, south of the great central plain, in which the Clyde, the Nith, and the Tweed have their sources. Observe the effect upon an English invading army of that great natural fortress. The invader can with ease (if strong enough) make his way northward along or near either coast, especially if he commands the sea. But it will be strange if he succeeds in dislodging the sturdy lowland Scots from that rugged and impracticable country which lies for many a mile between the two roads, one of which he must choose. He may pass northward, and (if strong enough) may defy a flank attack. But he must leave behind him an enemy who can at any moment come down upon his line of communication with England, intercept his supplies, and (in case of disaster in the north) cut off his retreat and destroy him. This made the English occupation of Scotland always incomplete, insecure, and of short duration. This made the defeat of Bannockburn decisive.

We turn again to the continent of Europe. Who can doubt that the history of Hungary has been fearfully influenced by its want of any western barrier or line of defence? It lies wholly open to Vienna. Any position occupied by a Hungarian army for the defence

of the country can be *turned* by descending the Danube, if one or two great artificial fortresses have been retained or can first be reduced. The national weakness of Poland was aggravated, and made at least more speedily fatal, by its featureless surface, giving no strong natural line or point of resistance, and its difficulties of internal communication, making concentration almost impossible. On the other hand, observe the natural strength of the eastern frontier of Hungary, regarded, not as the seat of an independent nation, but as a part of a great Austrian empire. This is the clue to much of the history of the last great war between Turkey and Russia. While Russia thought she could reckon securely upon the connivance or inactivity of Austria, she could advance boldly against Turkey. But look at Transylvania, that great bastion flung out from the Austrian citadel upon the Russian line of advance. See how behind the Carpathians an unseen force may be accumulated, which may at any moment rush down through those eastern passes on the Russian communications, and you understand at once why Russia withdrew from her offensive movement the moment Austria even *seemed* to be about to move against her. Yet look northward. In the shameful partition of Poland, Austria stretched her frontier far northward of the Carpathians where they bend westward, in order to gain Galicia and Lodomeria for herself. She pays the penalty now : she cannot lie safely behind her mountain wall ; those provinces slope evenly towards Russia, and have (on that side) no natural line of defence. Russia has her Polish advanced bastion close upon them. She can strike, if she pleases, long before Austria can be ready to defend them. Hence, in part, came Austria's miserable vacillation in every stage of the Crimean war, when once the object in which she had the most urgent interest was attained by the recall of the invading army from the Danube.

What has been said is enough to show that physical circumstances have exercised a most important influence on the course of human affairs. But an objection may occur to us. It may be said, if their influence is so important, how comes it that the same countries which were once first in civilization and in power, are often now the feeblest and last? Greece, for instance, once the instructress of the world, was as full of political and commercial as of intellectual activity ; Italy, once the mistress of the civilized earth. Yet Greece, now utterly effete, exists only in a kind of living death ; and Italy has been re-awakened indeed to the sense of national unity, but with nearly all which constitutes national life and strength yet to be gained or learned. The difficulty is a real one ; it may, however, be fairly met and removed. But it must be observed that I am as far as possible from asserting that the physical aspect of a country is the

only, or need be even the chief, determining cause of its social and political history, far less of its history when considered in its moral and religious bearings. I only claim for it a place amongst many determining causes; which, like the various forces attracting a planet, give it by their joint action a path often very different from that which any one of them alone would have prescribed.

To meet the difficulty then with regard to Greece. It must be remembered that the civil life of ancient Greece was pre-eminently *a city life*. The natural features of the country favoured this. It is a mountain country, inclosing here and there little sunny or shady valleys diversified with rocky hills and knolls, and each fenced off by mountain walls from its neighbours either way. Interior communication was necessarily difficult. Each valley anciently had its sovereign city, with its little plot of cultivated territory, its tiny seaport, its dependent villages. On this type of republican city life all the habits of Grecian thought and activity were formed. Free intercourse with neighbours in time of peace, a common language, great national gatherings for religious festivals, in one early age a common enemy to be resisted, kept Greece, continental and insular, European and Asiatic, from breaking up into a mere aggregate of mutually repelling atoms. But on the independent and free existence of each little state, all that was brave and true and happy in Greece depended. When the age was past for this form of life, the part of Greece in history was played out; save that it would furnish the language and form the habits of thought which were to be God's instrument for carrying on the moral and spiritual education of the human race. Greece was alive no more. With Macedon, and afterwards with Rome, came the age of a world-wide dominion, the age of political action upon a scale so completely disproportioned to the size of Grecian states in their best days, that it is hard to conceive how Greece, had it still lived its old life, could have been influential on the history of mankind. Greece seems to me to lack every physical qualification for becoming by itself a great country in modern times. And to become *part* of a great country she must cease to be Greece at all. Her language, and the results of her intellectual and artistic activity, have been the heritage of the world since Alexander. In accumulating these treasures first, and then diffusing them over the world, the work of Greece was done. Rome was then in her turn to subdue and organize the world, in preparation for the coming of the Desire of all nations and the diffusion of His Gospel of peace.

Again, as to Italy. Its ancient empire was that of one great city, first over its neighbour cities, then, through them and with them, over the world. To this sort of empire its physical circumstances opposed no hindrance and rather gave every advantage. Placed

near the shore of the great midland sea, whose basin comprehended then the whole civilized world, with the Alps as a wall shutting out usually the barbarism of the North, and all within the Alps open to its attack without any intervening barrier, Rome had every advantage of position, as well as of climate and soil, so long as wealth continued to be mainly pastoral and agricultural. Nor is there in the physical circumstances of Italy, as there is in those of Spain and Greece, any perceptible reason why Rome should not again be, as she aims and hopes to be, the seat of a great Italian kingdom. The inability is not physical, but moral and religious, and thence also social and political. The material means of national greatness are there; but the national life, and the individual character which in its result determines the national life, have until very lately seemed wanting, and are only now struggling for existence. Nor can any merely political or ecclesiastical revolution supply them. The regeneration of a people as of an individual must come from above and be wrought within. Outward circumstances and political organization may help or hinder, but they cannot effect it. All eyes are fixed on Italy, now that the great outward hindrances have been removed, or seem likely to be speedily removed; watching, with mingled hope and anxiety, for the signs of that far deeper internal change, without which all that has hitherto been done to free Italy from foreign dominion and give her political being will have been done almost in vain.

The time is scarcely yet come at which the real history of the two most recent struggles of our own day can be sufficiently traced, to enable us to understand exactly how far their decision has been affected by the physical circumstances of the contending parties. Yet it is easy to see, first, that the details of the military struggle between Austria and Prussia in 1866 were determined necessarily very much by the physical features of Bohemia and Moravia, and that if Austria had been able in time to make better use of the Bohemian mountains for aggression or defence, the issue of the struggle might have been different. And, secondly, that the political difficulties of Austria at the present moment, and for years past and to come, are mainly due to those conflicting national feelings and interests which themselves originate very much in diversities of race and of geographical position. And when we turn to the United States, it is equally plain that the physical differences between North and South had much to do with the feelings of mutual alienation out of which the conflict grew; with the system of slavery, which rendered it inevitable, gave it immediate occasion, and embittered its progress; with the military advantages which, skilfully used, enabled the South to maintain the unavailing struggle for independence so long;

with the failure of numerical and pecuniary strength which produced the final collapse of the South ; and (alas that it should need to be added !) with the unrelenting hatred which seems to make the reunion of the combatants impossible, even now that the battle has been lost and won apparently for ever.

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder."

One point remains. We have established the reality and importance of the influence in question ; we have now to recognise the limits within which its power is confined.

The natural features of a country are one, but only one, of the elements which combine to educate its people. We are to remember that even what we call "race" (that individuality resulting from many indefinite peculiarities—physical, moral, and intellectual—which discriminates one portion of mankind from another) is itself in great measure the result of the action of climate and situation upon a portion of the human family, in ages far back, and in countries perhaps very far off, and very unlike their present seats. We give, then, a wide scope to the agency which we have been tracing. We shall have a very mistaken view of human development if we leave it out of consideration. But we shall be equally mistaken if we make it everything.

In fact, outward nature acts first and most directly upon the body of man ; then, secondly, and mainly through the body, upon the mind and active powers, so entering into and modifying his susceptibility of various emotions, and his capacity for energetic labour and endurance ; least of all upon that side of man's being by which he is in immediate contact with the spiritual and eternal world. External nature alone can never make an individual, or a nation, good, wise, or pious. But it may make him more or less susceptible of religious impression and emotion. It may tinge the colour, and mould the form in which his religious sentiments shall express themselves. More it can scarcely do in this highest province of man's nature. But the fact that the boundary line between the Teutonic and the non-Teutonic population of Europe coincides (speaking broadly) with that which separates Protestant from non-Protestant Christendom, and either line again separates the luxuriant and romantic south from the stern-featured north—would lead us to suppose that there is *some* connexion between the outward face of nature and the garb in which piety will array itself. There is evidently a certain congeniality between the warmer temperament fostered by southern skies, and the more imaginative and sensuous forms of devotion ; between the colder and busier north, and a more intellectual piety.

In pagan times the mythology of the north and the south showed their tendency on either hand without restraint. Wordsworth has traced in a noble passage of the "Excursion" the different aspect given to pagan belief and worship by the different aspect of external nature in the Babylonian plain and among the mountain valleys of Greece:—

"Chaldean shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea in boundless solitude,
Looked on the Polar star, as on a Guide
And Guardian of their course, that never closed
His steadfast eye. The Planetary Five
With a submissive reverence they beheld;
Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,
Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
And, by their aspects, signifying works
Of dim futurity, to man revealed.
—The imaginative faculty was lord
Of observations natural; and, thus
Led on, those shepherds made reports of Stars
In set rotation passing to and fro,
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
And its invisible counterpart, adorned
With answering Constellations, under earth,
Removed from all approach of living sight,
But present to the Dead; who, so they deemed,
Like those celestial messengers beheld
All accidents, and judges were of all.

"The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,
Under a cope of variegated sky,
Could find commodious place for every God,
Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
From the surrounding Countries—at the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, did his hand bestow
On fluent Operations a fixed shape;
Metal or Stone, idolatrously served.
And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of Art, this palpable array of Sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling Schools—a spirit hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy Towns and Farms,
Statues and Temples, and memorial Tombs;
And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt

As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed
And armed Warrior; and in every grove,
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed."

We thus are naturally led to notice in conclusion the influence which external nature exercised on the course of that one history which nevertheless more plainly than any other bears witness that man is not meant to be, nor is (except when he forgets his Maker and himself) the mere creature of impressions from without. No history teaches us so plainly as that of ancient Israel how much there is in man's true development which nothing either in himself or in the world around him can effect. Yet those who have studied the natural features of the country, in which the infancy, and the childhood, and the adult age of Israel was spent, can tell us how plainly the traces of their influence are written upon the surface of the sacred story. They can show us first the wisdom which led the people, enervated by a long sojourn in the steaming pastures of Goshen, or the brickfields of the Thebaid, to spend forty years of camp-life in the bracing air of the wilderness of Sinai, far from the flesh-pots of Egypt, and in converse with the two voices of the sea and of the ancient mountains, which speak so much of freedom and of God. They can show us the mountain pastures of the three eastern tribes, the outpost of the nation on the side of the Arabian or Syrian desert, the meet nursery of the stern wild man, "an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins;" Elijah the Tishbite, the first and greatest of the line of the prophets. We mark next the nation's inner line of defence, the deep valley of the Jordan, the most remarkable in the whole world for its depression below the natural surface of the earth. We mark the wild mountain frontier of Judah to the south, Lebanon to the north, the Mediterranean westward, fencing off the chosen people from all other nations. We have then the central line of mountain forming the backbone of Palestine west of the Jordan;—the broad, almost flat-topped ridge, furrowed by many deep, rough valleys, opening eastward with rapid descent to the Jordan; westward, less steeply, to the Mediterranean plain;—that mountain platform, with its free and bracing air, its terraces of soil, fruitful in wine and oil and honey while an industrious people cultivated them, burnt up and almost barren when left to mere nature;—its western view of the sparkling Mediterranean, its fixed eastward prospect of the mountains of Moab, veiled in dark purple haze, below which, deep and still and dead, lies the valley of the Jordan and the Salt Sea. This was the home of Judah and Ephraim;—this the scene of nearly every great event in the religious and civil history of the nation. There the Israelitish warriors, trained in the wilderness, could esta-

blish themselves, fearless of the iron chariots which swept the plains; fearless, usually, of Philistia on the one hand, or of the children of the East on the other. There the tabernacle found its safe resting-place, and the temple its sure foundation. There the capital of the country grew up in strength and pride. There David fed his flocks, and Amos "was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamine fruit." There, in that country so full of the simple elements of beauty and sublimity, yet so bare of all which could stimulate the fancy to any unhealthy or excessive activity, were the treasures of the "national poetry, the whole world's religious poetry," accumulated and set in order. There, in that home, so separated from the rest of the world, yet not secluded from it;—within its sight, in contact with it, but even visibly *not of it*;—beside the great highway of nations, yet not liable to be trodden out by conflicting empires until its work was done;—the nation grew up to manhood, and the moral and spiritual education of mankind was carried forward by man's Maker and Redeemer.

North of this central mountain land lay the wide grassy plain of Esdraelon, Israel's one point of easier contact with the outward world; its great battle-field, for victory or defeat, with foreign invaders, whom the steep sides of the mountain platform repelled. The possession of that fastness, commanding his line of advance against Egypt, gave Israel an importance in the eyes of Sennacherib as disastrous as it was disproportioned to the real strength of the nation. Northward, again, lay the high ground of Galilee, severed from the stirring scenes of Jewish history;—a land of frank and simple peasants, ingenuous and docile; sloping eastward to the lake of Gennesaret, with its toiling and busy trading population—the manufacturing and commercial region of Palestine. Yet further north, bounding all, rose the sublime mountain mass of Lebanon.

There, between the quiet homes of that peasantry, and the haunts of that industrious race of artisans and merchants, a large part of the three years of our Lord's public teaching was spent. How often the form and imagery of that teaching were suggested by the aspect of external nature;—how wonderfully that form and imagery were selected so as to reach the mind and heart of all who have an ear to hear, in all times and countries; those need not be told who have read Dean Stanley's volumes, so delightful in themselves, so invaluable to those who will use them rightly, as suggesting thought, rather than as prescribing its results. In that master-hand this portion of our subject may best be left. Those whom this article leads to look over the Dean's "*Sinai and Palestine*" with this object in view, will learn far more than any words of mine could tell them.

EDWARD T. VAUGHAN.



LEIBNITZ' LETTERS ON REUNION.

(FIRST PAPER.)

Œuvres de Leibnitz, publiées pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits originaux, avec notes et introductions par A. FOUCHER DE CAREIL. Paris, Librairie de Firmin Didot frères. 1859.

FEW contemporary facts press more immediately upon the attention, and in the coming years are more likely to excite it, than the fervent desire, the almost passionate longing which possesses many minds for the reunion of Christendom. If the desire were confined to a few Utopists of one school or party in the Church, or of one sect outside it, it would have less significance. Or if it were simply inspiring two parties in the Church with animosity against a third, and advising that union or "in dimicatione consensus," which Zwingli was the first to advocate, in order effectually to exclude the third, it would deserve no sympathy. Allowing for the truth of much which may be brought against the one-sidedness, insubordination, childish love of novelty which characterise too many of those who affect the name of Unionists, the fact cannot be gainsayed that a strong desire has been awakened in the hearts of Christians of every Church to remove the barriers which keep their Churches apart, to create for Christendom sufficient unanimity for united action, or to restore, at least, the blessings of intercommunion. Nor can it be denied that real Christian conviction is at the bottom of this desire. It is one, therefore, of which the future Church historian will have to take account, to which, if we would discern the signs of the times, we must perforce give attention.

It is a fact which, like every other of real worth, connects the pre-

sent with the past, and on which the past can throw much light. For the desire for union is no new thing. Ever since that terrible necessity of the sixteenth century which split western Christendom into fragments, it has been the aim and endeavour of the noblest and wisest of Christian thinkers. Such movements date from the very time of division. Justified by necessity as that division was, the best men have felt it a thing grievous in itself—a reproach to the Church of Christ—the causes of which it is a first duty to remove. No theories of progression by antagonism, or of the advantages of separate independent action; no glosses to weaken or explain away the words of the Divine Master, have been effectual to erase altogether from the conscience of Christendom the prayer “that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.”

Now it is very significant that the evils of a disunited Christendom appear to have weighed most heavily on the minds of those who are not always professed theologians. There will be found since the Reformation a succession of thoughtful men of every profession, lawyers, statesmen, scholars, and not divines only, who, profoundly believing the truths of Christianity, have sought to reconcile the differences which divided Christians, and have laboured for peace. The names of Erasmus, Cassander, Grotius, Duræus, Hall, Davenant, G. Calixtus, are among the most honoured in Church history down to the middle of the seventeenth century. These men were convinced that peace between Christians, and therefore between Churches, was possible, and their schemes to promote it were no school exercises or ingenious Utopias, but forced from a real consciousness of the necessity and the duty. To quote the words of one who stands foremost in this goodly fellowship: “Summa nostræ religionis pax est et unanimitas. Ea vix constare poterit, nisi de paucissimis definiamus, et in multis liberum relinquamus suum cuique judicium: propterea quod ingens sit rerum plurimarum obscuritas, et hoc morbi fere innatum sit hominum ingeniis, ut cedere nesciant simul atque res in contentionem vocata est, quæ postquam incaluit, hoc cuique videtur verissimum, quod tenere tuendum suscepit. Imo hoc demum est eruditionis theologicæ, nihil ultra quam sacris literis proditum est definire, verum id quod proditum est bona fide dispensare. Multa problemata nunc reficiuntur ad synodum *οικουμενικὴν*: multo magis conveniebat quæstiones ejusmodi in illud rejicere tempus, cum sublato speculo et ænigmate videbimus Deum de facie.”*

The schemes of these men failed because, though nobly planned, they had the incompleteness which belongs to every single human

* Erasmus' Letters, lib. xxviii. ep. 8. Quoted by Gieseler, “Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte,” dritten bandes, zweite abth. P. 450, n. 2.

effort; because the time for their accomplishment had not yet come, the heaven of peace and goodwill had not sufficiently worked in the mass of Christians; because of the animosity which theological disputants bear to one another; perhaps, most of all, because of the suspicion of the ruling powers.

The latter half of the seventeenth century produced a movement towards reunion which stands pre-eminent above every other before or since. It was no single movement of one Church or party, or of one thinker: it was urged on by strong political necessity, and no less inspired by a true, fervent, and enlightened piety. The most gifted mind in Germany of the time, perhaps of any time, the most famous divine and orator which France, the land of great orators, has known, princes and princesses of Germany, with their ambassadors and statesmen, "the great king," as Frenchmen still like to call him, and two successive popes, took a side for or against it. Such a movement is well worth our study, not because of the favour which it won from these great personages, or because of the success which it once promised to reach. It is cause enough that Leibnitz was the soul of it, and that his correspondence with Bossuet traverses the whole debateable ground, and discusses with incomparable power the questions at issue between the Churches. Much also will be found in it to illustrate present tendencies. Men were then, as now, fatigued with long controversy, and longed to bring the theories in debate to some intelligible practical end. But it is for its own intrinsic value that Leibnitz' correspondence with Bossuet and others of his contemporaries claims attention. It is strange that it has hitherto attracted no notice in England. Even late writers on union have passed it by, or deferred the consideration of it. We do not remember any review of the valuable edition of the letters of Leibnitz from the original (and in many instances unedited) MSS. by M. A. Foucher de Careil: before the publication of which edition some of the principal letters were either altogether unknown, or imperfectly given to the world.

In a future paper we shall present an analysis of Leibnitz' plans for facilitating the reunion of the Churches of Germany with Rome, and the subject matter of his correspondence with Bossuet and others which those plans drew forth; in the present we shall confine ourselves to the history of the movement, the political and personal influences which guided it, and the causes of its failure. Our report will be drawn from the contemporary letters which M. A. Foucher de Careil has published. We shall freely use the information which he has collected in his Introduction, without committing ourselves to his opinions, or exclusively following his lead.

There were strong political motives which urged the princes and

statesmen of Germany to attempt the religious union of their peoples in the second half of the seventeenth century. The horrors of the Thirty Years' War were fresh in memory. Their country was still suffering from the exhaustion which followed it. Gustav Freitag, a pictorial but not less an accurate writer, quotes figures to prove that in the last 200 years a large part of Germany has only recovered its former population, industry, and produce.*

The peace of Westphalia (1648) established in European politics the new principle of the balance of power, and gave civil toleration, but it failed to bring about religious union. Henceforth the followers of the Augsburg Confession were permitted the unrestricted exercise of their worship in the Roman Catholic States, and thus far might appeal to that treaty as the charter of their religious liberty. But toleration is not the same as equality: rather it implies inferiority. In the Emperor's hereditary dominions not even toleration was conceded, and the Papal court from the first protested against freedom of worship, secularisation of ecclesiastical property, the recognition of individual Protestant rights, which its own policy had not a little assisted the Protestant princes to win.† Germany was thus made aware of the evils flowing from political and religious disunion, and had cause to fear the further evils which might be impending. The words of M. A. F. de Careil sound exaggerated, and yet appear borne out by contemporary documents.

"To tell the truth, there was no longer a Germany, but Catholic States and Protestant States without unity of laws and beliefs, each one being exclusively bent upon self-aggrandisement at the expense of the other, equally enfeebled by common ignorance and misery."‡ Her statesmen saw the danger of such a position. In the (hitherto unpublished) State paper which Leibnitz wrote for the Imperial court, he says, with reference to the peace concluded at Munster and Osnabruck: "The two parties began (after the peace) to calm themselves a little, and to give some hope at least of toleration; but it was soon observed that in the main this peace was like a truce which had sprung out of common weariness: a fact which created

* *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit*, von Gustav Freitag. Zweiter Theil, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 219—226. "We are then justified in drawing the conclusion, that at least for this portion of Germany (Thuringia and Franconia) two hundred years were necessary to restore to its earlier condition, the population and productive strength of the country." (s. 223.)

† Read the Bull *Zelo domus Dei*, d. 26 Nov. 1648; quoted by Gieseler, *Lehrbuch*, d. K. G. iii. Bd. i. 431:—"Sane cum intimo doloris sensu accepimus, quod per plures pacis Osnabrugie, necnon alterius pacis Monasterii, initarum articulos gravissima Religioni catholice illata fuerunt præjudicia. Etenim pactionibus . . . hæreticis Augustanæ ut vocant, confessionis liberum sive hæreses exercitium in plerisque locis permittitur et locorum pro ædificandis ad hunc effectum templis assignatio promittitur."

‡ Tome i. xxx.

the fear lest the fire lurking beneath the ashes would one day recover its full strength. . . . God knows what will happen, and we must commit ourselves to His divine providence, after having done all we can for ourselves. It belongs to those to whom he has given power or opportunity ; above all, to the chief rulers, and the emperor, who is secular head and advocate of the universal Church, to take thought for the remedies of such great evil " * . . . as the fresh outbreak of a religious war, the prevalence of religious discord.

Besides, there was a power near at hand which was daily becoming an " exorbitant power," and threatening to absorb whatever national life still lived in Germany. France, wielded by the cunning hand of Richelieu, and in the person of the young king asserting the most arrogant pretensions, turned the internal civil and religious disunion of the German States to her own ends : assumed the protectorate of the minor German princes, and stealthily insinuated her fashions and language in place of the ruder traditions and speech of the Fatherland. Leibnitz, to his honour, for his sympathies were as cosmopolitan as his science was encyclopædic, withstood as statesman and publicist this withering, overshadowing influence of the French monarchy. He thought, and so did the princes whom he served, that religious union was indispensable to the national union ; that unless religious peace could be effected between the followers of the chief confessions, unless Protestants and Catholics could agree, with however various rites and beliefs, to live and act together as members of one spiritual, no less than of one civil society, Germany would never be secure or at one.

The same fear of France, the same necessity for combined action against her encroachments may have been the political motives which inclined Pope Innocent XI. favourably towards plans of reunion. There is no reason to doubt the good faith with which this Pope sought to conciliate Protestant Germany. Of the bishops of Rome many have been abler ; men of greater governing powers, who have left their name and place in history ; but few, if any, have equalled Innocent XI. in firmness and integrity of purpose, in the justice and honesty of his politics. He obtains honourable mention in the pages of the impartial Ranke ; and it may be added, that we Englishmen are greatly his debtors, for he headed the European coalition against Louis XIV., and contributed much, consciously or unconsciously, by his alliance with William of Orange, to accomplish our deliverance from the Stuarts.

If strong political motives counselled the princes of Germany to attempt the reunion of Churches, it is no less true that a profound religious feeling was active at the time which looked much more to the

* Tome i. p. 3, sec. 7, 9.

interests of all Christendom. A learned and tolerant school of theology had risen up in Germany, which prepared the way in many minds by giving attention to the essential articles of belief which Christians of every communion held in common, rather than to the less essential, though not unimportant, doctrines in which they differed. It will be necessary to go back a few years, in order to trace the rise of this new school.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the University of Helmstadt was distinguished among the universities of Germany for its devotion to ancient literature, the "humanistic studies," and to the philosophy of Aristotle, and for its strong leaning to the larger and more accommodating theology of Melancthon. It had refused to accept the strict formularies of Lutheran doctrine. In the first half of the century George Calixtus flourished, who gave new life and thought to this university. "After his academical studies were completed, he travelled through England, Holland, Italy, and France, made acquaintance with the different Churches of those countries, and with many of their leading men, and gained from them, as from a thorough study of the different periods of the Church, a far wider and more varied view of Christendom than was at that time usual in the Lutheran Church." When Calixtus returned to Helmstadt, he was appointed professor of theology (A.D. 1614). The larger experience and knowledge which he acquired from men as well as from books did not make him a less faithful Lutheran. He neither affected the traditions and ceremonies of the countries through which he had travelled, nor wished to change those of his own Church and people. But he sought throughout his life to infuse into religious discussion the calm, generous, and free spirit which his own intercourse with many men had taught him; and he tried his best to reconcile those who really meant the same thing, though in the expression and form of their belief they were at variance. The learning and good temper of his writings went to moderate the severe dogmatism of the Lutheran Churches, which at that time alienated many from their communion.* He enlarged the borders of theological study, by drawing attention off from the

* He insisted on that invaluable distinction to the neglect of which so much of the uncharitableness of religious controversy is due: "Est autem ingens discrimen inter ista: ego hanc sententiam non existimo esse veram: ego hanc sententiam vero hæreticam judico, et omnes ei addictos a divinâ gratiâ et celesti regno exclusos." "Desiderium et Studium Concordiæ Ecclesiasticæ," 1650. § 6, quoted largely by Gieseler, "*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*," dritten bandes, zweite abtheilung, § 62. s. 474., from whose history this account is chiefly drawn.

For the intolerance of the Reformed Churches as the cause of the defection of many, cf. "Hallam's Literary History," Part III., ch. ii. s. 11. For the same writer's coldly impartial, and yet for him kindly, notice of Calixtus, see Pt. III., ch. ii. s. 18, vol. ii. 1855.

subtleties of doctrines which were beyond men's grasp, on which they could never hope to come to an understanding, to the simpler and nobler standards of the early Church. Like Erasmus and Cassander, Calixtus and the school which looked to him as its founder believed that there was a possibility of union between the Reformed and Roman Churches, and that it lay in a mutual return to the early symbols of the Church, to the principle embodied in the canon of Vincentius, and to the consent of the fathers of the first five centuries ("consensus quinque secularis"). He believed that the differences between the Reformed Churches were more easily capable of reconciliation; were, as Leibnitz afterwards characterised them, "*minimè fondamentales*." Ulrich Calixtus, the son of George, and his successor at Helmstadt, and Gerhard, better known as Molanus, Abbot of Loccum, continued the work; the latter became afterwards the coadjutor of Leibnitz, and the chief theological writer on the Protestant side of the negotiations for union.

But no divine, philosopher, or university was to be the centre of this movement. Whatever political interests swayed other reigning houses of Germany, at least in the Palatine there were higher motives at work to promote religious union. Few reigning families have possessed members gifted with such excellent qualities of heart and mind as those which then distinguished the princes and princesses of the house of Brunswick and Hanover. This family presented an epitome of the religious history of the time. Tendencies then active towards submission to absolute authority, or towards denial of any authority except that which reason claimed, appear prominent in the sons and daughters of this house. It is no less significant that while some became ardent converts to Rome, and others remained firmly attached to Protestantism, the family was not disunited, or the ties of mutual affection rent asunder. It consisted of five brothers and three sisters. Each one of the sisters, Elisabeth, Louise Hollandine, and Sophia,* was remarkable for intellectual gifts. All of them felt the influence of a woman of still stronger mind, perhaps of more brilliant qualities and ardent faith than themselves. This was Anne Gonzaga of Mantua, daughter of Charles, Duke of Nevers, whom their brother Edward, Count Palatine, had married. This princess effected the conversion of her husband, and of her sister-in-law Louise, who became the Abbess of Maubuisson. She strove further to win over Sophia, and found a ready helper in the secretary of Louise, Madame de Burion. In strenuous devotion to the cause in hand, and in love

* The Duchess Sophia and her daughter, Sophia Charlotte, afterwards Queen of Prussia, read Leibnitz' correspondence with deep interest, and asked questions which showed no less intelligence. "*L'austère théologie n'avait point d'aridité pour ces princesses philosophes*," says M. de Careil, i. *Introd.* lxxviii.

of power, this woman was not unlike Madame de Maintenon. She became the constant correspondent of Leibnitz, who possessed the confidence of the Princess Sophia. There is an enthusiasm in her letters which commands respect. The admiring disciple of Bossuet, she gives him no rest till he has actually taken a part; nor will she let him forget that he has done so. Her iteration of the one idea which possesses her, and her constant appeal to the words and thoughts of the great orator, become, it must be owned, somewhat fatiguing; but what she says is written with such earnestness of purpose, with such sincerity and fervour, as to prove that Madame de Burion was no ordinary devotee. Leibnitz writes to her freely, with evident regard, with even an occasional effusion of heart which is unusual in him; and he does not hesitate to employ her as mediatrix.

There was another actor on the Roman side who claims chief notice, without whom this business would never perhaps have been set on foot, who was its instigator and prime mover all his days. This was Royas de Spinola, Bishop of Teria, in Croatia, afterwards of Neustadt, near Vienna. As far back as 1661 he had been appointed plenipotentiary of the Emperor to treat with the princes of Germany concerning religious union. It is not always easy to distinguish between his action as accredited agent of Emperor and Pope, and that which was strictly his own, and for which he had no authority. In every way his life was remarkable, and deserves the utmost sympathy which we can give to the most unwearied self-denying devotion. Born in Holland of Spanish descent, he early won the favour of Philip IV., and afterwards rose high at the court of the Emperor Leopold, of whose first wife he was the confessor. He was made a cardinal of the Roman Church; but refused the Archbishopric of Malines that he might unreservedly give himself to the work of religious union. His days were spent in continual travel, in journeying from court to court, in negotiating and corresponding with the princes, statesmen, and divines of Germany. Six times he visited Rome, five times Hanover, nor did he rest even when suffering severe excruciating pain. In the brief summary of the negotiations which he drew up, which Leibnitz copied and preserved, and which is one main source of our information, there is no comment on his toil, suffering, disappointment. He writes down the simple facts which belong to history; but among them is one which tells its own tale: "*Ipse (Spinola) ex sciaticâ pertinaci lecto affixus non nisi lateri sinistro innixus ad reliquas aulas in sellâ manibus portari voluit.*"* No wonder that Leibnitz treasured up the papers of such a man, and purposed to write his life. The unpublished "*varia ad biographiam Spinola spectantia*" are still to be found in the Library at Hanover.

* *Narratio 1668—1683; Œuvres de Leibnitz, i. cxxix.*

The blessing of the peacemakers rest with him. The spirit which animated Spinola, and in which he negotiated, was in harmony with that of Molanus, and the divines of the University of Helmstadt, with the tolerant philosophic temper of Leibnitz. His conviction of the possibility of reunion was strong enough to encourage his efforts, and is expressed in the words of the "*plein pouvoir*" which he received from the Emperor. "It appears to many, and is found in fact to be the case, that differences of sentiment on principal points (of belief) arise from want of mutual charity, and of necessary patience thoroughly to understand, and sincerely to explain the true sense of each one of the different meanings given to the words employed."* And again, in his own words in a letter to Leibnitz dated 12 Decemb. 1688: "*Inter Romanam et protestantium ecclesiam non in fundamento salutis, sed in solis additamentis intercedere distantiam.*"†

There can be no question that Spinola hoped that ultimately the German Protestants would submit to the decrees of Trent; without such hope he would hardly have been loyal to his Church. But he met the wishes of many Lutherans by negotiating on the basis of a peace previous to submission to those decrees,‡ on the principle of present mutual toleration of the beliefs of both Churches, "*sauf les principes des deux partys,*" and on the understanding that the doctrines in dispute should be referred to the judgment of an œcumenical council. In 1677 he sought the sanction of Rome for his schemes, and presented to the Pope twenty-five propositions, which he had drawn up with great moderation, setting forth the views of the leading Protestant divines on some chief subjects of controversy, the justification, confession, and absolution of the sinner. "*Propositiones novellorum discretiorum et præcipuorum.*" These propositions were well weighed, considered, and "*post gravissimas consultationes*" sanctioned by the Pope (Innocent XI.) and cardinals. When Leibnitz visited Spinola at Neustadt he obtained the authentic documents which prove, he writes, that "the Pope, the cardinals, the general of the Jesuits, le maistre du sacré palais, and others who were fully informed of his negotiations and plans, approved them."§ M. Foucher de Careil observes that he does not believe there is one mention of this remarkable fact in the history of the Church.|| It seemed as though the unwearied zeal of Spinola would have its reward. The Papal court disposed almost for the first time to make concessions, the Emperor with all his power supporting the scheme

* Œuvres, i. 167.

† i. 51.

‡ Cf. tome i. *Introd.* cviii. "Letters of Leibnitz to Madame de Burion," xliii. i. p. 166; xlix. i. 177—185.

§ Œuvres, i. lv.

|| i. xl.

of his agent, fourteen princes of Germany, with the assent of many, and those the most learned theologians, desirous of reunion in the interests of their country's welfare.

Such was the state of the negotiations between the memorable years 1682—1685. But during the twenty years that Spinola had laboured, he seems to have taken no account of the possible intervention of France. From that quarter came the frustration of all his cherished plans. There were other adverse circumstances, but the opposition of France was the real cause of failure. The Turkish war, the death of his trusted and powerful friend Cardinal Albritius, his own severe sickness, happened inopportunistically, but it was the politics of Louis XIV. which thwarted the good counsels of Innocent XI. The Pope no longer ventured openly to countenance negotiations for the religious union of Germany, nor to recognise Spinola as envoy. The latter says in his confidential narratio, "*Iterum Romam itum, quod sparsissent malevoli (factio gallica) protestantibus indebita promitti. Producta sunt originalia, ex quibus apparebat omnia protestantium nomine acta. Albritius jam obierat. Pontifex per epistolam oralem de quibusdam gratiis concedendis assecuravit; præcepit tamen ut interrim quasi proprio zelo ageret, factionis gallicæ causa.*"*

"A cause des passions regnantes" is Leibnitz' explanation of the failure.† Four years afterwards (1690) Spinola was again empowered by the Emperor to negotiate, and entered into correspondence with Molanus. He died at the task in 1695. But the burden of discussion, if not of advocacy, on the Roman side, had passed from him to the more renowned, though not more successful Bossuet.

Before we speak of Bossuet's part in the movement, some account is due of one who, with the same earnestness as Madame de Burion, urged him to it. This was Pellisson, a convert to the religion of the court of Louis XIV., who, it was said, in consequence had risen high in that king's favour. He had for some time corresponded with Leibnitz on subjects not exclusively theological. During a five years' detention in the Bastille he had studied Aristotle as well as patristic literature, and was no unfit disciple of Leibnitz' philosophy. "Madame de Burion," he writes, "finds great fault with me on your account. She says, and I believe she is right, that we think of nothing else but your dynamics, and not at all of your conversion, which is the one object of her desire as of mine."‡ The subject matter of these letters, as far as they relate to the reunion of the Churches, will be afterwards considered. They are written with admirable temper, and exhibit much acuteness and learning. They seem to be very models of the way in which the most serious religious differences should be discussed. Pellisson had not laid aside,

* i. cxxx.

† i. lxxxv.

‡ i. lxxviii.

with his Huguenot faith, either charity or considerateness for his old brethren in it. "Leibnitz maintained in his letters to Pellisson the principles of genuine tolerance, far removed from the culpable indifference with which Protestants were reproached . . . and Pellisson was tolerant; he was so by inclination, he was so because he had shared the errors of his old religionists; he was so by reason of that perfect politeness and courtier-like temper which would have made him think it bad taste to affect a too eager proselytising spirit." * Pellisson appears to have been one of the most industrious agents of Louis XIV. for establishing by force or persuasion religious unity in France. He may be safely acquitted, as also Madame de Maintenon, of any share in those cruel measures for the suppression of Protestantism which other counsellors of Louis approved, and the king himself permitted. His own part, however, in that bad business was, to say the least, not creditable, not such as a high-minded statesman should have accepted. He was dispenser of a fund for the support or reward of converts. †

As far back as 1683 Bossuet had been informed of Spinola's negotiations, and had received the papers which passed between Spinola and the Hanoverian theologians. But he had not concerned himself with them. Eight years later, when he is urged to consider the question which had become the religious question of the time, when as recognised leader of the French clergy he is forced to intervene, he avows that he had allowed the subject to drop out of mind: "comme cette affaire ne me parut pas avoir de suite." ‡ After reading Molanus' "*Cogitationes Privatae*" on reunion, he wrote "*Reflexions de M. l'Evêque de Meaux sur l'écrit de M. l'Abbé Molanus.*"

This book overturned the negotiations of Spinola. It was as much a refutation of Spinola as of Molanus. § Bossuet knows nothing of "*media compositionis.*" The unity which he understood was that which could be imposed with authority from without, such as her sovereign was then forcing on the consciences of French Protestants. All previous conditions which Spinola had so zealously prepared, all political considerations, the good will of the Emperor and the

* i. lxvii.

† Lavallée, "*Histoire des Français.*" Tome troisième, p. 305. Paris, Charpentier, 1858.

"Une caisse pour les conversions fut établie, dont Pélisson, réformé converti, eut la direction; on marchandait les consciences, on payait un acte de foi; intendants, gouverneurs, magistrats, rivalisaient de zèle: avec une conversion on était sûr de plaire au roi." Madame de Maintenon might well write, "M. Pélisson fait des prodiges; M. Bossuet est plus savant, mais lui est plus persuasif. On n'aurait jamais osé espérer que toutes ces conversions fussent si aisées."—(*Lettre de Madame de Maintenon, du 13 Novembre, 1683*).

‡ Bossuet à Madame de Burion, i. 173.

§ i. cvii.

princes of Germany, all concessions from the Roman court, and overtures of Protestant divines, are quietly ignored. Bossuet speaks magisterially, as a bishop of ancient times might have spoken. Submission to Rome is the first demand; that being complied with, perhaps some diversity of rites and discipline may be tolerated. If Protestants wish for a reunion, they must go to Rome; Rome can take no step towards them. The decisions of Trent are the last authoritative standards, and without unfeigned assent to them union is impossible. "On vient à nous, qu'on accepte nos dogmes, ou bien alors pourquoi vient on?" was the short question of the Gallican. Bossuet seems to have little faith in the mighty power of truth to create conviction in the conscience; belief with him is rather the acceptance of dogma which authority demands and claims to enforce. "Such does Bossuet appear from the beginning," says M. de Careil, a jealous defender of Bossuet's literary reputation, and a no less fair exponent of the history, "holding with one hand the book of the '*Exposition de la Foi Catholique*,' and with the other leaning on the immortal '*Histoire des Variations*.'" It is not surprising then that Bossuet began the correspondence with less zeal than Spinola and Pellisson. From his own standing ground he could anticipate no success. The enthusiastic converts, his ardent disciples and friends, in their reliance on his marvellous power of reasoning and persuading, might urge him on. But from the first it must have seemed to him a hopeless undertaking. Bossuet's intellectual greatness is well written in the epithet which Frenchmen still proudly attach to his name, "The Eagle of Meaux," and it could not escape that penetrating glance, which saw through the weak side of every argument, and exposed it with cruel "scorn of consequence," that here at least was a disputant equal to himself, one who, however much he might be willing to concede in the cause of Catholic union, was rooted and grounded in the great principle of the Reformation, who stood firm to the one condition "*salvis principiis*." When Bossuet writes to Leibnitz, the whole character of the correspondence changes. It is no longer a negotiation as with Spinola, or an interchange of sentiment as with Pellisson and Madame de Burion; but a controversy, and soon a warm debate. Leibnitz asked Bossuet for a full and unreserved exposition of his views on the proposals made by the Hanoverian divines, which the Papal envoy had not rejected, and for a statement how far he was prepared to meet the advance of the Lutherans. In the memoir which Leibnitz drew up for the Duke Anton Ulrich, he complains that Bossuet did not comply with his request. "He (Bossuet) sent us a paper of much thought and learning, which might even prove useful for the end in view, but with regard to the main question he avoided explaining himself with the clearness

which is his wont, and in a manner threw us off the scent, 'nous donna le change en quelque façon.' "•

The correspondence between the two ceased for seven years; it is only Madame de Burion who will not let the subject drop; but for four years, 1694-1699, Bossuet has no word to say on it. The death of Pellisson and the Prince of Condé, both of whom had been deeply interested in it, was one chief cause. Bossuet alleges the war which broke out in 1695, and it is but fair to add that the Quietist controversy in France must at that time have engaged his attention.

It is evident that Leibnitz was much discouraged at the failure of the schemes of Spinola and Molanus, and of the ill success of his intercourse with Bossuet. In a letter to Fabricius, dated 1697, he writes, "I too have worked hard to settle religious controversies, but I soon discovered that reconciling doctrines was a vain work. Then I planned a kind of truce of God; *inducias tantum sacras excogitare volui*; and I brought in the idea of toleration which had been already suggested in the Treaty of Westphalia."† If he could do nothing to effect the reunion of the Churches, at least something would be gained if the two parties could be brought to know and understand one another and to allow mutual toleration. Accordingly, his efforts were now turned to this end. The time had become little favourable to schemes of union. Louis XIV. changed many of his political views, urged by the necessity of his position; but to one he was ever constant, and in it well-nigh succeeded: in the endeavour, namely, to uproot Protestantism from the soil of France, to reduce French religious thought to one level, and to silence every dissident, whether on the side of Rome or of Geneva. German Protestants, knowing this, could not but take alarm at the 4th article of the Treaty of Ryswick (1697): "Que la religion catholique serait maintenue dans tous les pays cédés à l'empereur et qui fermaient une partie de l'Alsace, de la forêt Noire et du Brisgau; et qu'elle y resterait sur le pied qu'elle se trouvait alors." This they regarded as a kind of revocation of the edict of Nantes, "à l'extérieur," and they feared it the more because "the treaty recalls and renews in case of need, the penalties proclaimed against the Protestants by the Act of revocation."‡ If religious union was impossible, the need of mutual respect and toleration was only the more pressing. At this time, then, Leibnitz (the resolute opponent of French influence in Germany) attempted a fresh negotiation, and through the mediation of his friend Anton Ulrich, of the elder branch of the House of Brunswick, Duke of Wolfenbüttel, and the ally of France, made proposals directly to the French court. It was impossible to ignore the vast powers for good

• Œuvres, ii. 206. Cf. ii. 94.

† ii. xc.

‡ ii. xlvii., xlviii.

or evil resting in the hands of the French king. If we would interpret Leibnitz' acts and words in this business fairly, we must divest ourselves of the prepossessions of constitutional government and of a secured freedom of conscience. It was no more than the truth that the happiness or misery of men seemed to depend upon the will of one man. This man "*fait lui seul le destin de son siècle*;" words of Leibnitz which are often quoted against him in proof of sycophancy, because without the note of explanation, "*il en peut causer le bien et le mal*."

When Leibnitz wrote to Bossuet "*Humanum paucis vivit genus*," he stated, in no adulatory spirit, what seemed to him an actual though portentous fact. "In ten years such power as the King of France wields could effect more for the welfare of mankind, in virtue, in the arts and sciences, than, without such aid, the slow progress of as many centuries could effect." There was a further reason for his appeal. Leibnitz imagined that France itself—with its Gallican jealousy of the Papacy, with its strong national sentiment midway between the excesses of Romanism and the negations of extreme Protestantism—might be no unfit territory on which to propose and secure a lasting religious peace and the undisturbed rights of conscience. He did not imagine that this would be possible as long as Bossuet directed the religious counsels of the king, and ecclesiastics urged on public opinion to acquiesce in such measures of intolerance and persecution as the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His present plan was to transfer the negotiation from the hands of Bossuet to those of laymen, or failing that, to associate laymen with him. Thus he writes to the Duke Ulrich, "That the business may progress with greater justice and agreement and be less liable to failure, I think it ought not to pass through the hands of the clergy (*messieurs les ecclésiastiques*), who have their own special views, which sometimes are more allied to their own prejudices and passions than to the good of the Church; not that this is the case from any evil intent on their part, but from a kind of necessary consequence. Reason advises us to seek to remedy this defect by associating persons whose views are different, and if this is carefully planned it will give a character likely to ensure success to the enterprise. We have been taught in Germany by experience, that as long as theologians only were at the head of these affairs, we could take no step in advance, but when the princes took up the matter and joined to themselves statesmen full of piety and intelligence, we made at times considerable progress;—witness some of the conferences of the last century.* Laymen," he adds, "are less liable to bias than ecclesiastics, provided," he naively remarks, "these lay persons are not expecting ecclesiastical preferment

* ii. 207.

for themselves or their families, a circumstance which may compromise their disinterestedness."

It is not surprising that Leibnitz, hopeless of any practical result from the debate carried on by theologians, should have turned to those in power, and made an appeal to them in the cause of religious union and toleration. There might seem to him much in France to justify such an appeal. Great lawyers and statesmen had never been wanting,—men of the class which De Thou, Pithou, Du Puits, Rigout, have made illustrious, who, though sincere believers in the Catholic faith, had resolutely withstood Roman encroachments, and that not only in matters of discipline. Leibnitz believed that the Gallicanism of such men was more akin to the Protestant principle than to the Ultramontane; that it was something very different from that of Bossuet and the majority of the clergy, who, in all points of doctrine, inclined Romeward. Not that Leibnitz underrated the many gifts of his correspondent, or denied the aid which the clear penetrating genius of Bossuet might bring to such a negotiation, "*s'il est animé de plus haut.*" But what he felt was, that the chances of success in the matter of Christian union and toleration rested with laymen, and that the lay element must predominate in any council which should take that cause in hand. In Leibnitz's view the Council of Trent had narrowed Christian unity, and its decrees were still fatal to it. Whatever opposition had been raised against the council in France, had been on the side of the parliaments and not of the clergy. That opposition Leibnitz wished to revive. He writes severely of "that band of petty Italian bishops, courtiers, and nurse-lings of Rome, who in one corner of the Alps, in a way highly disapproved by the gravest men of the time, had fabricated decisions which were to bind the whole Church."* In a letter to Madame de Burion, dated 1691, he had referred to the opposition of the French nation to the authority of Trent as being, in any true sense, an œcumenical council; in the same letter he employed a word, as it seems here used for the first time, which has since become world-current, to express the danger which threatened national independence from beyond the Alps:—"We are debtors to France for having preserved the liberty of the Church against the infallibility of the popes; if it had not been so, I believe that the largest part of the West would have already submitted to the yoke; but it must continue to oblige the Church by remaining in that necessary firmness *contre les surprises ultramontaines* which it formerly showed by opposing the reception of the Council of Trent; an opposition which it had not yet withdrawn, nor has anything happened since why it should."†

But Leibnitz was altogether deceived in his estimate of the reli-

* ii. liii.

† Œuvres, i. 165.

gious temper of the French people. The lay power whose aid he solicited was as little disposed as the clerical to tolerance, or to any union other than on the terms of submission. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was no single arbitrary act of the king, forced from him by the pressure of ecclesiastics, or by the persuasion of Madame de Maintenon. Lawyers and statesmen, parliaments, corporate bodies, all who in any sense represented public opinion in France, urged it on, supported, and approved it. So atrocious an edict, fraught with such terrible consequences to thousands of unoffending citizens, and to the wealth, industry, and strength of France, could never have been enforced had it not coincided with the prevailing sentiment of the French nation. The king's counsellors to that act, not so many years before, may have been the intelligent Catholics, the strenuous Gallicans which Leibnitz supposed them to be: they may have possessed the sound learning and right judgment for which he gave them credit, but they were not the men to promote a scheme of reconciliation with German Protestants or with their own Huguenot fellow-citizens. Indeed, had they been ever so well disposed, it was too late. The persecutions had done their work, and the memory of them was too fresh; those cruel acts were too visible, and the 4th article of the Treaty of Ryswick too threatening, to allow any real confidence between the Protestants of France and Germany and the court and advisers of Louis XIV. But it was none the less an honourable effort on the part of Leibnitz, undeserving the censure of his editor. He should not be blamed for an unavoidable ignorance of the temper of the French people.

The proposal of Leibnitz made directly to the French court through the intervention of Duke Ulrich, led to a second and voluminous correspondence with Bossuet, which is well worth study. Pope Clement XI. had asked Bossuet for some account of his own, and by writings, of the Lutheran divines. Bossuet wrote in answer, "*De professoribus confessionis Augustanæ ad repetendam veritatem disponendis*," which M. de Careil describes as "the most polished and exact as regards doctrine, of all his works." However favourably inclined Clement might be to give the cause a hearing, his own circumstances did not permit him to interfere with success in any negotiations which were connected with secular politics. Estimable in private character, his government was unfortunate, and his voice was feebly heard in the councils of Europe. He took part in the war of the Spanish succession, and on the reverses of France lost all freedom of action. When he was compelled to acknowledge Charles III. as Catholic King, "the French ambassador left Rome, declaring that it was no longer the seat of the Church."*

* Ranko's "*History of the Popes*," ii. 430, and Appendix iii. No. 155 (Bohn's translation).

And just as the circumstances of France and the Papal court were adverse to any scheme of religious union, so also were the politics of the house of Hanover, which had once been the centre of negotiation. Its Elector was called to the throne of England, and any peace with Rome in the then temper of the English people, would have been fatal to his succession.

This second scheme, then, in which Leibnitz had put his trust in princes to effect that for which his own age was not ready, failed. Till French interference, the first scheme of Spinola and Molanus appeared not impossible to realise. Rome, at least, was cordial, and for a time Innocent XI. seemed to be swayed by counsels like those which Gaspar Contarini, Marino Giustiniano, Reginald Pope, and the brethren of the Oratory of Divine Love, had in the seventeenth century urged on Pius III. with a view to heal dissensions. The scheme had come from the Roman side, it fell in with the urgent political necessities of Germany, with the aims of Emperor and princes, it met the previous studies and sympathies of the most reasonable and learned school of German theology, and it found the advocacy and devotion of the first thinker and disputant of the age. The second scheme was different. It aimed rather at toleration than at agreement, it sought its end by means less directly religious than secular. Of this Leibnitz was the promoter, as indeed he was the laborious worker for both.

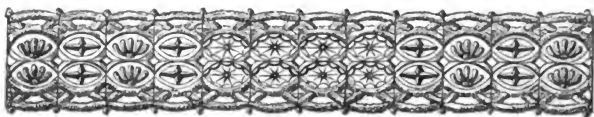
The causes of the failure have been well summed up in the words of M. Foucher de Careil. "The union failed through the fault of men and things. It failed because, like a river diverted from its natural course and forced to flow in another channel, from being religious it became political, especially in the minds of Protestants. It failed because the party of civil toleration which Leibnitz represented never forgave Louis XIV. the political motives which dictated the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It failed because the Treaty of Ryswick, which undid the work of the peace of Munster and awoke the jealousies of the Protestant party, choked the seeds of it in all German hearts, revolted, as they were, by the immense power of Louis XIV., and disquieted by his plans of universal monarchy. It failed because the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of England for ever turned aside from it that house which at first had been much in its favour. It failed because with Louis XIV. for judge of the political destinies of Europe, with Bossuet for chief minister of religious pacification, with the treaties of Ryswick and Utrecht for new bases of European public law, it could not succeed. It failed because Rome, which desired it under Innocent XI., desired it no longer under Clement XI., and preferred partial unconditional reunions to the great reunion of Churches. It failed because, eager as the minds of men were for

unity in the seventeenth century, they were as eager for freedom in the century following, and still at the present day the desire of perfect freedom of conscience, of worship, of churches, has prevailed, and will long prevail over that of unity.”*

But though Leibnitz' scheme and labour of many years failed, though he could not moderate the claims of Roman controversialists, or subdue the jealousies and passions of rulers, those who study his letters to Pellisson, de Burion, and Bossuet, and the *irenical* papers which he wrote, and trace in them the germ of many great thoughts, which have since borne fruit in Christendom, will find that he did not altogether labour in vain.

S. STEAD.

* Œuvres, Introd. ii. c. iv.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON THE REIGN OF LAW.

The Reign of Law. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL. Second Edition. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

WHAT is there more delightful, what is there more engrossing to any thoughtful mind, than the discovery of law and order where at first there seemed but discord and confusion? Is there any other reward so universally appreciated by all scientific minds, of whatever tone and complexion, for their long and weary labours? Is there any nobler aim to sustain years of toil and disappointment? There is a charm in harmony and unity, detected in variety and complexity, which none of us can avoid feeling, though none of us can analyze it into any simpler elements. It is therefore impossible to refuse our sympathy and our deepest interest to the speculations of any thinker who can contribute to the satisfying of this desire, to the promoting of this pure and subtle joy. We feel in the great Realm of Nature like men groping about by the light of a candle among the rich details of a great Gothic cathedral, who hail with thankfulness and delight even the flare of a torch which may disclose to them something of plan and scope amidst irregularities. Such are our feelings towards those inquirers into each special science who enlarge our knowledge of Law and of order among phenomena. Still more attractive are those who endeavour to embrace within a more comprehensive grasp the relation of various sciences one to another, and point out the hidden analogies which subsist between them. They do not weary us with details, but presenting us with

conclusions which have already been attained, they classify them under general views, under large harmonies. It is with difficulty that we pause to reflect on special facts, and see whether they agree with the theory; we feel ourselves performing an unpleasant task, not only towards the author, but towards ourselves, towards our own feeling of contentment in harmony and order, when we force ourselves to attend to objections. Yet nothing is so valuable, especially in the philosophy of the sciences, as to ascertain clearly the limitations and exceptions to general laws, and to estimate their weight calmly. Nothing is more likely to save a wholesome truth from undue depreciation. In this spirit we address ourselves to our task.

The very thoughtful volume which suggests this essay, consists of a number of papers on subjects widely different, and most of them written at considerable intervals. And yet there is in these various chapters a "uniformity of thought and design which will always be found in the writings of the same person when he writes with simplicity and in earnest." This reflection of Bishop Butler upon his own discourses is eminently applicable to the Duke of Argyll's meditations.

He has endeavoured to discover a definition or description of Law which will extend to all possible cases; not merely to the ordinary operations of Nature, but to its extraordinary manifestations; not merely to men in masses, but to men as individual free agents. The facts of Nature and the mind of men, the history not only of the world's preservation, but of its creation, is embraced in the writer's views, and forms part of his theme.

What, then, is his conception of Law, and how can he find any description of it so universally applicable? Surely the ordinary course of nature, the Christian miracles, and the free will of man, cannot be comprised under the effects of Law in any one definite sense. Perhaps not; and yet whenever we submit ourselves passively to the author's argument, he guides us so dextrously along the smooth surface of his graceful and lucid style, and displays upon all sides such novel and interesting facts, that we are almost beguiled into believing that we have turned no sharp corners in our voyage, or incurred risk from collisions with our best-established beliefs. Factory girls and humming birds, woodcocks and orchids, albatrosses and balloons, a thousand curious facts and fancies, attest the author's large information and wide sympathies. And it is this very quality which cannot be adequately treated in a review. The book itself must be consulted for the many details of beauty with which it abounds. We must here concern ourselves with the argument; we must, so to speak, examine the foundation and supports of the fair structure before us. And the objections we shall make to the author's

arguments will not prevent us from acknowledging fully the earnestness and piety of his mind, and the nobleness of his project. But it would seem as if the desire to make his idea of Law applicable everywhere had misled him into questionable views, both as to man's free will and as to the special miracles attested at the origin of Christianity.

In the chapter on the definition of Law (which we should consider first, though it stands second in order in the book), we have an enumeration of the various senses of the word, especially in its non-political acceptation. And if we endeavour to bring the details together, and illumine them by the views expressed in the other chapters, it will be found that by Law the Duke of Argyll means—*Order produced by Contrivance for a Purpose by Will*. Evidently such a definition must be maintained everywhere by controversy. "How will you explain the Christian miracles by contrivance?" exclaims the theologian? or, "How can you reduce to order the eccentricities of free will?" adds the metaphysician. "Show us clear proof of Purpose in the apparent waste of ingenuity in Nature? And how do you know that it required a Will to originate species on this globe?" inquires the naturalist. These are the principal questions discussed in the volume, and discussed with fairness and honesty.

At the very outset the Scottish atmosphere which the Duke breathes leads him to approach the question of the Supernatural, and its relation to Law. He complains that theologians have increased the difficulties of Christianity by not insisting everywhere on the possibility of miracles being, after all, cases, not of disorder, but of order. Why should a miracle differ *generically* from a human act?

"Beyond the immediate purposes of benevolence—the only other purpose which is ever assigned to them is an *evidential* purpose, that is, a purpose that they might serve as signs of the presence of superhuman knowledge, and of the working of superhuman power."

And again:—

"Extraordinary manifestations of His Will—signs and wonders—may be wrought, for aught we know, by similar instrumentality (that is, by the choice and use of natural means), only by the selection and use of laws of which man knows and can know nothing, and which, if he did know, he could not employ."

In fact, the supernatural is only the *superhuman*. Locke had seen long ago that a miracle cannot be defined except by its relation to the knowledge of the spectator. The spectator must judge the event to be contrary to his own notion of the laws of nature. The Duke of Argyll suggests that Locke omitted to mention the relation to the *power* of the spectator. For a miracle is the result produced

not only by superhuman knowledge, but also by superhuman power. Even if we knew the necessary conditions, "yet a work performed by the bringing about of conditions which are out of human reach, would certainly be a work attesting superhuman power."

If this view be correct, we are led to conclude that when Christ wrought a miracle, He used some contrivance or adjustment of natural means, which those about Him did not understand, or if they did, could not accomplish, and that they from hence judged Him to be not man, but God. When He walked upon the water, it was by some natural agent, known to His superhuman wisdom, that He enabled His body to resist the force of gravity. When He raised Lazarus from the dead, it was by the use of some natural remedy unknown, and never since discovered by man, that He manifested His Divine power.

Is this a satisfactory account of Christ's miracles? Does it not in this respect contradict our historical documents, that Christ nowhere pretended to use any means except in a very few cases where they were obviously insufficient? or else, it must needs imply that He concealed His means of action. For He always professed to cure the ills of man by a simple act of will. The preface, "I will," is generally the only means which He uses. If then the result was brought about by natural antecedents, either Christ deliberately misled His audience to believe that no other means were employed, or shall we say that a series of adjustments of natural agents had been previously so combined and arranged, that the miraculous result must ensue naturally, and that Christ at the time only foresaw the exact moment of the result, and adjusted His expression of will to the critical moment? Surely nothing can be farther from the truth, if we are to trust historical evidence. The very point in which Christ's miracles differ from those of any other wonder-worker is this, that such men have always made an ostentation of occult means, they have not professed to dispense with natural assistants, they have only claimed a knowledge of causes more advanced than their fellows, and in that sense superhuman. We may add accordingly that miracles, consisting of such use of means as is beyond that of the age, are not in any sense a proof of *Divinity*. They are a proof of extraordinary sagacity, of special illumination by the Divine wisdom, and nothing more. It is the alteration of some fixed physical Law by the simple exercise of will, that is indeed beyond the knowledge and power which man can ever hope to attain. If Christ's miracles be not such, we may some day hope to discover the means of performing them, and if we do, it will immediately be said that Christ was not God, but some extraordinarily endowed man, who anticipated his age by centuries. And if at the present time

any worker of miracles should arise, and endeavour to persuade us of his divinity by apparently contradicting the laws of nature, we should not for one moment concede his claim, if we suspected him of using any means which we did not understand or perceive. The only possible proof which we should now concede would be a demonstration that he could violate the usual order of things by a simple exercise of Will. That we should now obtain such a proof is almost inconceivable, and hence it is, in the providential arrangement of the history of Christianity, that we are not now called upon to believe on the evidence of such miracles. As already quoted, the author shows that miracles may either be such that we can perceive no antecedent cause, or they may be such that we can understand very well the combination of natural agents, but are totally unable to effect it ourselves from want of power. They may transcend both our knowledge and our power, or our power only. Now at the origin of Christianity the former description were more useful. Men had not the idea of Law so ingrained into their mental texture as they have now. They lacked the knowledge and grasp of mind which we now have, to understand the extraordinary manifestations of the Divine power in history and in physical science. Hence none of the miracles of Christ are of the latter description. On the contrary, the miracles which carry most weight now-a-days in favour of Christianity, are those great historical anomalies which have been accomplished through the adjustment of natural agents by the Divine power.

These latter have chiefly occupied the attention of our author, and it appears that he rashly extended his analysis of these wonders to the supernatural in general. His reflections on this special class of miracles are true and highly interesting, and afford him excellent examples wherewith to illustrate his favourite idea of *adjustment*.

"It is not surprising that the preservation of the Jews, partly from the relation in which it stands to the apparent fulfilment of prophecy, and partly from the extraordinary nature of the fact itself, is tacitly assumed by many persons to come strictly within the category of miraculous events. Yet in itself it is nothing more than a striking illustration how a departure from the 'ordinary course of nature' may be effected through the instrumentality of means which are natural and comprehensible. An extraordinary resisting power has been given to the Jewish people against those dissolving and disintegrating forces which have caused the disappearance of every other race placed under similar conditions. They have been torn from home and country, and removed, not in a body, but in scattered fragments, over the world. Yet they are as distinct from every other people now as they were in the days of Solomon. Nevertheless, this resisting power, wonderful though it be, is the result of special laws, overruling those in ordinary operation. It has been effected by the use of means. Those means have been superhuman; they have been beyond human contrivance and arrangement. But they belong to the Natural. They belong to it not the less, but all the more, because in their

concatenation they seem to indicate the purpose of a living Will seeking and effecting the fulfilment of its designs."

All this is very true, and the author has done well in calling attention to this sort of miracle, a miracle which to thoughtful minds is of great weight, but which is often overlooked by objectors to the supernatural in Christianity. Yet even here our author applies it indiscriminately to such cases as that just quoted, and to creation. Now adjustment from pre-existing forces and matter is not creation, and when the author points to the scriptural account of the Creation "out of the dust of the ground," does he hold the eternity of matter, or if he believes that it ever came into existence, surely its creation cannot come under his conception of Law?

These strictures upon the author's theology are not made from any desire to lay down narrow limits of orthodoxy, to which we desire to adhere without discussion, but rather to show more clearly than is expressed in the volume, or than the author seems to feel, the inconsistency of this theory with the ordinary plain view of the Supernatural. And above all, theories must be confronted with historical facts. The facts in the particular case of Christ's miracles all tend to show that He meant His followers to believe that the result was preceded by no antecedent save a pure act of His Divine will, not working by natural means. We thus revert to the old notion of the evidences of Christianity, as twofold—Miracles and Prophecy. Miracles depend on the power of the Divine will to suspend, either with or without using natural means, the ordinary course of nature. Prophecy, on the contrary, is based on the superhuman knowledge and power of the Deity, in so adjusting and contriving, by natural means, as to produce exceptional results, and to foretell them as being the necessary consequences of His own pre-arrangement. The author's attempt to reduce these two to one principle, is, we think, not successful.

We turn with pleasure from this abstruse subject to the author's most interesting and beautiful meditations on the reign of Law in ordinary nature. The scope of his argument will be seen by recurring to his definition of Law, already stated—Order produced by Contrivance for a Purpose by a Will. In the case of the supernatural, the action of Will and the purpose are plain, order and contrivance were the points of doubt and difficulty. In the course of nature, on the contrary, order is confessed by all, contrivance cannot be denied; but are they produced for a purpose, and does this purpose imply a Will? These are the points upon which the Duke of Argyll is bound to meet his adversaries. But with great good sense he paves the way for his side of the controversy by enforcing on his readers' minds the just and proper appreciation of order and of contrivance.

Law and order, he constantly tells us, do not exclude variety and multiplicity. On the contrary, the very certainty of each natural agent causing its own proper effect, the very fixity of Law in nature, makes contrivance a necessity, for it is by modifying, or even counteracting these agencies, that it produces that wonderful multiplicity and variety of structure and function, which at first sight almost blinds us to the stern character of the Laws which are its real causes.

"Nothing is more certain than that the whole order of nature is one vast system of contrivance. And what is contrivance but that kind of arrangement by which the unchangeable demands of Law are met and satisfied?"

The analogy of this method to the action of the human will is unmistakable. Hence—

"Every instance of contrivance which we can thoroughly follow and understand has an intense interest, as casting light upon this method of Divine government, and upon the analogy between the operations of our own minds and the operations of the Creator. And those instances will strike us most which stand in some near comparison with our own human efforts of ingenuity and contrivance."

He accordingly proceeds to investigate the machinery by which a great purpose has been accomplished in nature—a purpose which man has never been able to accomplish in art, and that is the navigation of the air. "If we wish to see how material laws are bent to purpose, we shall study this problem." The limits of this paper will not admit even an inadequate sketch of the beautiful and lucid chapter which follows on the subject. The gravity of the bird giving it momentum; the resisting power of the atmosphere, to which its form presents the maximum of resistance vertically, and the minimum horizontally; the elasticity of the air, which reacts against the downward stroke of the wing, supplied as it is with bones, muscles, and feathers, of extraordinary strength, and extraordinary lightness; the arrangement of feathers in the wing, which makes it impervious to air in its downward stroke, while in the upward stroke the same pressure has precisely the opposite effect; the texture and the angle at which the wing is placed, so that a downward stroke produces forward motion—all these, and a dozen other arrangements, are brought together with the greatest clearness, and illustrated with some excellent drawings by Mr. Wolf. More especially the illustration of the kestrel hovering (p. 166) is a model of art in its way. We desire to call attention to this part of the work, not merely as enforcing the author's object, and as affording admirable confirmation of his principle of adjustment in nature, but also as manifesting a love of nature, and an interest in her ordinary operations which are the characteristics of a kindly and sympathizing disposition. There

are stray touches introduced among his description of facts which show that the author is himself an observer, and a thorough lover of the various beauty and the myriad contrivance of nature. And we therefore recommend this and the two following chapters not merely to the philosopher, but to the ordinary practical man, as affording him, without any great mental exertion, illustrations of nature which will edify him in his leisure walks, and throw interest around the most ordinary occurrences. We recommend them also to parents and teachers who have intelligent children under their care. How many a dull walk could be made interesting if men would keep their eyes open, and use even the most commonplace events to such excellent advantage! How often would the dormant taste for study and research be awakened in the minds of children if the first elements of natural science were instilled into their minds as if it were accidentally, and as a part of their recreation! How few educators remember the advice of Aristotle: διὸ τὰς παιδείας εἶναι δεῖ τὰς πολλὰς μιμήσεις τῶν ὑπερὸν σπουδαζομένων. Why can a hawk or a seagull soar, while a duck or a partridge find it impossible? How is it that little birds pursue a sparrowhawk through the air, while they never attempt it with a merlin? Why does the flapping of a hawk's wing when poisoning not urge him forward? What intelligent boy would not seek with curiosity for the answers to such questions?

The succeeding chapters lead to other more curious and interesting observations. And first of all comes the question of colour, as manifested in birds and animals for two opposite purposes, for that of Ornament and that of Concealment. Having illustrated Contrivance at sufficient length, our author proceeds to answer objections against Purpose in Nature, founded on Apparent Exceptions. "How, for example," asks Mr. Darwin, "can we infer in other cases that a peculiar colour is intended for the purpose of Concealment, when we see this idea violated in the case of woodpeckers, many of whom indeed are admirably concealed by their green colour, while others are of the most gaudy hues?" To this our author replies, and with good reason, that there can be adequate causes shown for most of the supposed exceptions; that adaptive colouring is never applied except to animals which are subject to special dangers, and from which they have no other effective means of escape. There is no greater shelter than woods, and this added to their swift, silent, and cunning motion, shows that woodpeckers, at all events, can, according to this rule, lay no claim to adaptive colouring. But the other purpose in nature which has relation to the colouring of birds, is the purpose of variety and beauty, upon which the author everywhere insists. Hence the bright colouring which applies to forest birds in general, and to woodpeckers in particular. On the contrary, all those birds which inhabit open

moors and fens, and are especially exposed to the pursuit of birds of prey, show adaptive colouring. Examples are endless :—

“ In the case of the common grouse, as the ground is nearly uniform in colour throughout the year, the colouring of the bird is constant also. But in the case of the ptarmigan, it changes with the changing seasons. The pearly grays, which in summer match so exactly with the lichens of the mountain peaks, give place in winter to the pure white which matches not less perfectly with wreaths of snow.”

And so the woodcock :—

“ Its colour exactly corresponds with a particular stage in the decay of fallen leaves—I mean that in which the browns and yellows of the autumn rot away into the pale ashy skeletons which lie in thousands under every wood in winter.”

Again, while the upper surface of its tail is of a dull ashy colour, the under surface is decorated with brilliant white and black velvety bars.

But there are other animals where the principle of imitation with a view to concealment is carried further than mere colouring—where it extends to form and structure. The most remarkable instances of this are the leaf-insects, of which he notices two species, the *Mantidæ* and *Phasmidæ*. Many of the *Mantidæ* are made exactly to imitate vegetable growths :—

“ The legs are like leaf-stalks ; the body is elongated, and notched, so as to simulate a twig ; the large wings are exact imitations of a full-blown leaf, with all its veins and skeleton, its colour and texture complete.”

The purpose of the imitation is in this case a purpose of destruction, the *Mantis* being “ a predacious insect, armed with the most terrible weapons, hid under the peaceful forms of vegetable life.” Here the most curious point and the most remarkable proof of Contrivance and adjustment to attain its purpose, is that no new members are given to the *Mantis*.

“ There is no departure from the plan upon which all other insects of the same order are designed. The whole effect is produced by a little flattening here, and a little swelling there ; a little dwarfing of one part, and elongation of another. Even the nervation of the leaf is a mere modification of a structure common to all flying insects—a filmy material stretched upon a stronger framework. This framework is designed in a great variety of patterns, more beautiful than the tracery of Gothic windows. In the *Mantis* this tracery, instead of being a mere pattern, is drawn in imitation of a leaf.”

Still more wonderful and beautiful is the structure of the *Phasmidæ*, which are vegetable feeders, and accordingly can only require it for concealment from danger. In some species not only is the imitation as perfect as in the *Mantidæ*, but they are tinted at different seasons of the year with the varying colours of spring, summer, and autumn. And as if even this were not sufficient, a specimen in the British

Museum, to which our author refers, had its wings covered with marks exactly resembling those bleached and faded spots produced in ordinary leaves by the ravages of minute larvæ. After this we are hardly surprised to hear that the purpose of imitation is carried into effect consistently through all the stages of the creature's metamorphoses. Its eggs are exactly like vegetable seeds. In the larval form it is like a bit of stalk or chip of a leaf.

There is, however, a more important objection to Purpose in the natural world: that from the existence of "silent" members. If there be an intelligent purpose in nature, whence come these aborted, dwarfed, and useless limbs? In answer, our author shows that there is evidence that the bony skeletons of animals have been so combined as to mould them upon one universal plan; and this being established by comparative anatomy, a kindred science shows it to be applicable even to the innumerable creatures which have existed in past ages and are now gone.

"When we have grasped this fact, all the lesser facts in subordination to it assume a new significance. In the first place, a Plan of this kind is itself a Purpose. When carried through so many ages, and such varieties, it is only as an order of Thought that the doctrine of Animal Homologies is at all intelligible. It is a Mental order, and can be only mentally perceived."

And this reference to an ideal standard is an universal instinct in the human mind. Dr. Livingstone found African savages debating to which fingers in man the two toes of the ostrich corresponded. These savages were, indeed, astray, not in being led by the instinct of Homology in Structure, but by not recognising the great co-ordinate principle of Analogy and Variety in Use. The impediments which would naturally be caused by adherence to one type are met by the greatest possible variety in adaptation. Let us remember, for example, the form which in the whale and porpoise has been, so to speak, *put on* round the mammalian skeleton, and which covers organs as separate from those of fishes as those of the hippopotamus or giraffe. The same limbs are converted into paddles, and wings, and legs, and arms. Every conceivable contrivance is resorted to rather than to depart from the one great universal plan.

"When we speak then of use in the economy of nature, we must both include ornament, and we must also include not merely actual, but potential use, or the capacity of being turned to use in creations. Hence we should read aborted and now useless organs, either in the light of History, or in the light of Prophecy. They indicate either what has been, or what will be."

Here, again, we find Law working—not by totally new creations, but by the contrivance and adjustment of pre-existing natural means and forces, arranging them for a purpose. Starting from these premises, it will not be difficult to refute Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of species, so far as that theory tends to deny the exercise of will and

purpose in the creation of new species. It is true, indeed, as a matter of fact, that Creation has had a history, that it has been going on through a long series of years. It is also probable (and maintained by our author) that the orderly gradation of forms discovered to us by Geology has been systematically progressive. It is also true that definite types have been adhered to; but the Duke strongly contests the theory that any known physical cause can be assigned which produced this order and this systematic variety.

"The introduction, indeed, of new species to take the place of those which have passed away, is a work which has been not only so often, but so continuously repeated, that it does suggest the idea of having been brought out by the instrumentality of some natural process. But we may say with confidence that it must have been a process different from any that we know—a process not the same as that, obscure as it is, which produces the lesser modification of organic forms."

Mr. Darwin's celebrated theory of the Origin of species from natural selection, for example, never attempts to account for the appearance of a new form, but only to explain how such an unusual form (when once produced) would maintain its ground and triumph over its neighbours. He speaks of the original variation as the result of chance, meaning by that term to acknowledge plainly our ignorance. This, then, is the first criticism which our author makes in Mr. Darwin's theory. Secondly, the great naturalist takes no account of beauty and variety as a possible final cause of the origin of species, and even denies that any such purpose can be proved to exist in nature. Now this point is one which the whole volume before us tends to refute, and in which every intelligent reader will feel convinced by the Duke of Argyll's reasoning. It was Mr. Darwin's error to set up a law, true in many cases, and accounting for sundry lesser variations within species, as the universal law of their origin, admitting no cause of variation but use in the struggle for life. Not content with the many curious instances of variety for beauty's sake already introduced, our author proceeds to give a conclusive example in the case of the great family of the humming birds. In wondrous beauty, in number of species, in precise and clear distinction of their species, in their limitation to one continent of the globe, and in their myriad variety in that continent, these little birds prove to demonstration that the creating Will did not regard simple use or advantage in the struggle for life. We must here deny ourselves the pleasure of citing particulars, but refer the curious reader to the volume before us, or to Gould's "*Trochilidæ*," which is quoted as an authority. Indeed, we have delayed so long over this, the most entertaining part of the book, that we cannot pause to notice the refutation of the idea that what is called correlation of growth can account for the creation of species. Some known forces, indeed, do operate in this

work of nature, but they are combined with others mysterious and unseen, which man has so far in vain attempted to discover, but which in our ignorance we should never fail to recognise.

We now turn to a more unsatisfactory subject—the Reign of Law in the Realm of Mind. The author confesses that he shrank from the religious aspect of the question ; and yet his doubts have not prevented him from dogmatizing a good deal in what he has said. In an early part of his work he approaches the question of Prayer and its supposed incompatibility with the reign of Law in nature. Even on our author's theory that Law is the result of Will, acting always by the adjusting of natural agents, the objection appears a formidable one. For if the Supreme Will uses none but natural forces, and if even the adjusting of these forces is not produced by miraculous but by natural means, surely to pray to Him to alter some result in nature is to ask Him to have so pre-arranged the collocation of natural causes from eternity, that an exception shall naturally result in answer to our supplication. It is absurd to say that each cause produces a certain fixed effect, but that by miraculous interposition of another cause it may be counteracted, if at the same time the place, condition, and existence of the second cause is naturally determined by its own antecedents ; and this is felt so strongly by men that they give up praying against a result in nature which has been established by a good induction. Accordingly, as the belief in the reign of Law, even in the Duke of Argyll's sense, increases, the objects for which men pray will diminish. No man now thinks of praying to God for the life of a friend whose disease he knows must be fatal ; and if the laws of weather ever come to be better understood and reduced to certainty, men will give up praying for rain and for fair weather. If we heard by telegraph that a fierce storm, travelling upon its eccentric but fixed course, were about to assail our neighbourhood, should we even now use our prayers to attempt to change its course ? Most probably we should pray that God might save us from injury ; yet the truest and proper sense even of this supplication would be, not that the material world around us might be put into an abnormal state of strength, but rather that our minds might be directed to take the best precautions ; for here we hit upon quite a different order of ideas. We believe that men's minds are not determined by fixed laws. It might chance that one man's free will led him abroad, while another's kept him at home ; and while we concede to God a miraculous power of directing this free will, we still believe that it may, and often does, act completely for itself.

But our author differs from the common view altogether, and denies that the human will is free except from compulsion. Beguiled by Mr. Mill's "limpid evasion" of the difficulties of the question, he

thinks he can reconcile his notion of Law with the phenomena of mind by adopting a gentle and attractive form of necessity. He reverts to the old objections against the freedom of the will as asserted by consciousness. He shows that the mind depends necessarily on certain bodily conditions ; he shows that certain mental peculiarities are obtained by inheritance ; he pleads that bystanders often know a man's motives better than he does himself. All this he illustrates with great beauty and force. Hence, he infers, we are deceived when we think we act simply as free agents. The immense complexity of our motives hide the true facts from us. Had we the few and simple motives of the lower animals, we should perceive as plainly in ourselves as we do in them that we must act according to motives, and motives only.

Leibnitz saw all this long ago. Perceiving that the mind was capable of latent modifications, that many states of consciousness were certainly caused by them, he applied the same principles in explaining the phenomena of the will, and concluded that we are not free agents. But he went on logically to pronounce evil only a negation, to declare the world to be arranged on optimist principles, and so necessarily to deny moral responsibility. And this is the point on which all these systems must founder. It is an argument within the reach of any plain man. If we are responsible for our actions, if we are to be rewarded and punished for them, must we not be free? If we are necessarily determined by motives, how can we be punished for yielding to them? You have in your power the selection between conflicting motives, says our author. This statement contradicts the former, except in those rare cases in which the motives are exactly equal, and moral excellence consists not in choosing between two equal motives, but in rejecting what is to most men far the stronger one. Still, says our author, you must be determined by motives, for even in such a case the mind creates a new motive, the sense of right and wrong, and making it the strongest, or excluding the opposed influence, decides the question. For this, he adds, is the

“Secret of that boundless difference which separates Man from the highest of the animals below him. He is exposed, indeed, to the lower motives in common with the beasts. But there are others which never can or do operate upon them, which operate largely on him. Foremost among these are the motives which man has the power of bringing to bear upon himself, arising out of the power of forming abstract ideas, &c., and above all, out of his sense of Right and Wrong. So strong are these motives, that they are able constantly to overpower, and sometimes almost to destroy, the forces which are related to his lower faculties.”

Surely the author has fused together two opposite theories under the ambiguous meaning of *motive*. Is it not an abuse of language to say that the man who resists temptation by creating within his breast a

strong feeling of moral responsibility is determined by motives? We shall end in hopeless confusion except we refuse to use the word motive of the action of the will upon itself. Anything brought to bear upon the will from without itself, even from the intellectual part of the mind, is a motive, but it is absurd to speak of the will being determined by law, when it creates principles of action for itself. What makes the will do this? Is it compelled to do so by some other motive? If so, the will does not *create* the motives. And if it is not, what does the author mean by saying *if* we knew all the external motives, and *if* we knew all the internal motives which the mind evolves out of itself, and *if*, &c., we could predict exactly what the mind would do in any given case? As Mr. Mansel already had told him, all this merely means "that the prevailing motive prevails." Our author can see no answer to this reasoning, and confesses himself dissatisfied even with Mr. Mill's reply. But at all events, he adds in a note, Mr. Mill has refuted Mr. Mansel in some other controversies! A most naïve *ignoratio elenchi*. And what shall we say to the following sentence?—

"Caprice implies not only changeableness, but, so to speak, a double degree of changeableness—one which has no rule or reason in its shiftings. It is a fact that there are human wills of this character, and the mischief they have done in the world arises from the power they possess, in common with all other wills, of changing phenomena after their own unreasonable nature."

In the sequel he goes on to show that even such wills act on phenomena through natural antecedents, and so far by law, but in the mean while he has forgotten that they are not made to act by law, at least that this cannot be proved, and that therefore here his reign of Law suffers exception. Grand as is his conception, mighty as is the idea which he unfolds, it is no bed of Procrustes for which facts must be tortured. As we found exception to his analysis of the supernatural, when applied to the Christian miracles, so we object to his psychology.

Yet within proper limits, and with due exceptions, what can be more important in politics, what in education, than a just appreciation of the sway of motives upon the minds of ordinary men? Statistical tables of suicides, and other such acts of will, as would appear perfectly free, while they show sufficient variation to corroborate this belief, still exhibit so close an approximation in their yearly numbers, as to lead irresistibly to the conclusion that in the great majority of cases the same circumstances will induce the same actions. Hence the great indirect power of legislation.

"Experience and observation teach us, though they teach us very slowly, that direct appeals to the reason or direct appeals to the feelings of men are entirely useless when those faculties have not been placed under conditions favourable to their exercise in a right direction."

The appreciation of this last truth, our author well remarks, is the great point of contrast between ancient and modern legislation. The ancient lawgivers framed their standards of political unity according to abstract notions of their own as to what ought to be, rather than by investigating the actual constitution of human nature. Perhaps the most signal instance is to be found in Plato. And though Aristotle founds the strictness of his system on just observations of nature, these appeals are systematically contradicted and despised in other parts of his own theories. The author shows this by interesting quotations from the *Politics* (in which we must, however, censure the great inaccuracy of the Greek type).

He proceeds to show the origin and development of truer views in modern times, especially since the days of Adam Smith, and illustrates admirably from the history of the principles of Restriction in Trade, and Restriction on Labour. Restriction in trade being found injurious, unrestricted competition was gradually introduced, fighting its way inch by inch against old prejudices. But then again the factory system, which accompanied it, caused frightful moral and physical evil by the tyranny which the desire of gain exercised upon the minds of the lower classes, especially in the employment of children. Then came the great debates in Parliament, as to whether children should be protected from their own parents by positive law. It was urged on the one side, that the parents were free, that having a right over their children's employment, and the best acquaintance with their interests, they should not be interfered with. And the humane opponents of this view were unable to see the rational answer to these fallacies; indeed they confessed it by their *argumenta ad verecundiam et ad misericordiam*. And so the right side triumphed by wrong reasoning. The wan emaciated faces of the little sufferers overcame abstract reasonings about the liberty of parents. But the truth is, as the Duke of Argyll acutely observes, that—

“Some of the finest distinctions in Philosophy were then for the first time emerging on the stage of Politics. The newest debates of Parliament were circling unconsciously round one of the oldest disputations of the Schools. A question of practical legislation had arisen which involved one of the most difficult problems of metaphysical analysis. On the one hand, Freedom was asserted to the Will under conditions and in a sense in which it did not exist. On the other hand, Freedom was denied to the Will in a sense in which the instincts of humanity testified its presence, and the possibility of its being exerted with effect. The true Doctrine of Necessity was exemplified in the conduct of the Employers and Employed—that conduct being determined in a wrong direction by the force of overpowering motives. The false Doctrine of Necessity was exemplified in the argument, that this conduct could not be changed under the force of higher motives asserting themselves through the Will of the Community in the form of Law.”

Many and diverse as have been the topics already discussed, we

cannot avoid applying the sound principles inculcated by our author in this part of his work, to another subject kindred in nature, and of the deepest importance. Are we not all called upon to legislate for our own households? Are there not in particular children entrusted to many of us, whose education, the formation of whose character, devolves upon us with a great and terrible responsibility? And how many of us are there who never think of taking a philosophical view of the matter, and of considering how we should act upon that subtle, delicate wonder, a growing human mind! To speculate beforehand upon these things would, perhaps, even be thought objectionable by many. Marriage, in our society, is supposed to be wholly a matter of sentiment. The highest and holiest bond between husband and wife is placed in sensibility of a certain kind. Marriage is, indeed, looked upon as a solemn and important event to the individuals primarily concerned, but all further consequences are carefully kept out of view. The intellectual and moral wants of their children are often first forced upon parents by the displays of evil temper or depravity in the mismanaged infant. Then arises the question of education. There is no theory, no plan in the minds of the bewildered parents. Acting upon no fixed principles, the coarsest rewards and punishments are administered like bribes, to avoid or obtain particular results. When the unfortunate mother is no longer able to overpower the boys physically, they are sent to school. Schools may instruct, they cannot educate. If every human mind be indeed, as we all know, different from its fellow, if children even of the same household, under the same parents and servants, show themselves from their earliest years radically different in tastes and temper, how can the masters of a great school ever attempt to adapt themselves even to a small fraction of the requirements of their pupils? So much for the boys. The girls are placed under the control of some ill-bred foreigner, ignorant, perhaps, of other principles besides those of education, or under some English lady, whose shattered circumstances and the contempt in which her employers hold educators and the art of educating, have broken her spirits and blunted her intelligence.

Surely, it will be urged, such cases are few and the worst possible. They are neither few nor the worst possible. They are, perhaps, exceptions, but exceptions to a far more melancholy spectacle, that of parents never interfering at all in the matter, and trusting to some occasional prayers and good wishes, along with chance, to keep their children in the right way. In the previous case the parents at least showed anxiety about the result. Odious as are many of the details of Plato's proposed society, he certainly felt most deeply the injuries inflicted upon human nature by the ignorance, negligence, indulgence, and caprice of parents. And hence he proposed that the education of

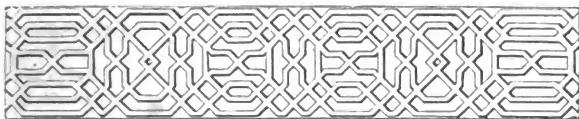
children should be taken wholly out of their hands, and managed by the State. It is difficult to interfere in such a matter by legislation, though, indeed, the German laws, compelling parents of the lower classes to send their children to school, are much to be recommended on the very principles urged by our author in his last chapter. But if the intelligent and educated classes could be induced at least to study and reflect a little upon the nature of human motives, and how auxiliaries to virtue are best provided by natural means, we should, no doubt, soon obtain practical works on the subject, which would lay down practical principles, and stimulate public interest in this all-important topic. The Duke of Argyll's excellent work might very well admit of a chapter on the subject, and we doubt not that his graceful style would recommend his views to many who would be deterred by harder reading. For there is a fascination about his book which makes it hard to lay it aside, even though the reader do not agree with his positions. There is something exalting in his conception of the great order of the universe.

"The Laws of Nature (he concludes) were not appointed by the Great Lawgiver to baffle His creatures in the sphere of conduct, still less to confound them in the region of belief. As part of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, they present, indeed, some difficulties which perplex the intellect, and a few also, it cannot be denied, which wring the heart. But on the whole they stand in harmonious relation with the human spirit. They come visibly from one pervading mind, and express the authority of one enduring kingdom."

It is the privilege of our age to have raised natural laws to the certainty and dignity which of old none but moral laws possessed; of both we may now exclaim what the Greek poet could only feel of the latter—

οὐδὲ νιν
Θνατὰ φύσις ἀνίρων
ἔτιεν, οὐδὲ μὴν λάθρα κατακοιμάσσι
μήγας ἐν τούτοις θεός, οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

J. P. MAHAFFY.



RIGG'S ESSAYS FOR THE TIMES.

Essays for the Times, on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D., author of "Modern Anglican Theology." London. 1866.

FIVE people out of six who take up Dr. Rigg's Essays will at once look for some hints on a point on which he ought to be (for his own sect at any rate) a competent authority—the likelihood of union between the Church and the orthodox Dissenters. Last August the *Churchman's Family Magazine* asked how it is that nobody publishes the real Eirenicon, a treatise in which the Methodists should occupy the same place which the Romanists occupy in Dr. Pusey's work. What chance (we instinctively ask) would such a treatise have of effecting its purpose? The question comes home to us in many ways. There is the longing for unity—never stronger than in what so many delight to call a time of transition; there is the certainty that the friends and acquaintances of many of us are very anxious to join in any general movement Churchwards, which nevertheless they shrink from originating. Now we are not going to estimate the chance of which we have spoken. With regard to Dissenters in general there seems but little encouragement to presume so far on the *entente cordiale* as to think of doing so. Not so long ago, a vicar in the diocese of Norwich, in a well-meant and very frank letter to the *Daily News*, set forth "elevation in Church piety and unquestioned soundness in Church doctrine" as the only possible basis for union. "As soon," he said, "as the Church of Christ can bear unity, no longer needing the stimulus of division and rivalry to keep it from stagnation, so soon will the Head of the Church give unity. . . . Just as true and active spiritual religion fills and extends the Church's borders, so the orthodox Dissenters will, by a secret influence, unite themselves

to it." In fact, the only remark in his letter which seemed capable of giving offence was the trite complaint that dissenting ministers are often burdened by the excessive weight of lay-rule. W. K. of Hackney, however—some of us can form a guess as to the rest of the name—was not content with simply asserting, on the part of Dissenters, that so long as the Church is established, no conceivable changes in her Liturgy and Articles could bring in even the most insignificant minority; he also poured out on the Norfolk vicar's head all the vials of wrath which he was able, in the course of a long letter, to fill and empty. The poor peace-making parson is "offering the vilest and most irritating insult he possibly could to the whole community of Dissenters, and all the time imagining he is conciliatory, not to say flattering." We merely mention this in order to show that we are treading on dangerous ground in presuming on the existence of a longing for unity, which yet we are well assured does exist, even among those who glory in the name of Dissenter. This name, however, Methodists in general, and Dr. Rigg in particular, repudiate; and Dr. Rigg is moreover by no means hostile to establishments and endowments in the abstract: he speaks of the question as one—

"Not of lawfulness, but of good or bad effects, for in certain circumstances endowments are an absolute necessity;"

and he argues very fairly that—

"Even Dr. Vaughan himself must look on a national Church as simply a necessary element in the life and progress of a nation: and that to suppose that a system of congregational voluntarism could by possibility have arisen in the seventh or eighth centuries is to be guilty of an outrageous anachronism. . . . The London Society's missionaries themselves are obliged to accept lands by way of endowment."

From this we might fancy that the Wesleyans would be more tolerant than others are of our aspirations after unity. But no, says Dr. Rigg. He expresses himself (unlike W. K.) with perfect courtesy, but still not in a way at all cheering to the unionists. Our consolation must be that he does not speak for the whole body to which he belongs. Many people's experience will tell them that certainly all Wesleyan laymen do not share his views. He says:—

"It is high time to get rid of delusions about the Methodists and the Church. There is not the remotest possibility of the Wesleyan Church ever being absorbed in the Church of England. . . . Out of all our hundreds of thousands I doubt if there is a score who would not smile with supreme amusement at such a proposal."

He assures us that Methodism has outgrown the traditional "fulsome fashion" of talking of the Church as "the venerable Establishment;" and he does not think this change is for the worse.

"Methodism means close and lively Christian fellowship. . . . No real Methodist could ever find himself at home in the stately but cold clois-

ters of the Anglican Church. Methodists much prefer their own sanctuary, which, though it be less and lowlier, has in it much more of the life and joy and fellowship which befit the communion of saints."

And at the close of a long essay on "The Established Church: Defects and Remedies," he says that even the very extensive reforms proposed by Archdeacon Sandford—

"Would not restore to the Church of England the spiritual supremacy within this nation. . . . Without such a radical reform as shall make effectual provision for true reciprocal fellowship, and for godly discipline among its members, and shall also extricate its polity and administration from the meshes of lay-patronage and of merely political control, the Church of England will still remain a mixed, worldly, and to a large extent, a spiritually ineffectual Church. Its worst abuses are inseparably bound up with its constitution as by law established."

Clearly an Eirenicon for the Methodists would have little effect on one whose mind is so thoroughly made up. Dr. Rigg must think of the Church as he pleases; it is not our business to try to alter his view; though we might point out that in the above sweeping charge he mixes up essentials and mere accidents. Episcopacy, for instance, is certainly no bar to Methodism; for they have Wesleyan bishops in America. Prayer-meetings and class-meetings (which we suppose are "the provisions for true reciprocal fellowship") are not incompatible with High Churchmanship. If we mistake not, the system at Pendeen, in Cornwall, and that of Mr. Baring Gould, near Horbury, embody a good deal of the Wesleyan discipline. The results may be good or they may be bad; but the fact stands that Ritualism and "Methodism" have been found to work well together. Of course the conduct of John Wesley himself is a crux to those who think as Dr. Rigg does; but that he does not look on John Wesley as an infallible being, is proved by the cavalier way in which (in his "ancestry of the Wesleys") he "exercises a wholesome scepticism" as to certain stories which rest on the founder's authority.

Next to the question of possible union, perhaps the most interesting of Dr. Rigg's wide range of subjects is his estimate of the position of the Established Church. He looks at it from various points of view, through the medium of Archdeacon Sandford's Bampton Lectures, and of Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," as well as by a comparison of Professor Kingsley with Dr. J. H. Newman, and of Dr. Pusey with Archbishop Manning. Still, while we are glad of the opportunity of seeing things in a fresh light, and are free to confess that there is much in the picture which our author draws that deserves serious consideration, we can hardly be expected to accept as perfectly clear-sighted the judgment which has come to such a conclusion as this:—

"Anglican divines, as a rule, read nothing but what is Anglican, and therefore receive very little illumination from the freer, larger, and more spiritual ideas which, as to many points, are circulating in Nonconformist circles." (P. 255.)

Here Dr. Rigg of course refers to doctrinal ideas ; but the *Record*, not very long ago, reviewing some work in which it found a savour of unorthodoxy, said that, while the Bushnell-ism of which it complained was far too current among dissenting ministers, they wrote it solely for one another, being, happily, still afraid to talk it to their flocks. Which is right, the *Record* or Dr. Rigg ? Do free ideas circulate freely in Nonconformist circles, or are ministers forced to be esoteric for fear of offending the laity ? By Anglican our author here means High Church ; but surely many even of our most extreme men are not only authorities in their own special subjects, but are also very well read in general theology. If Dr. Pusey's example weighs with them, they certainly will not confine their studies to Anglican books. We fancied the reproach of want of learning had attached rather to one well-known stamp of men among the so-called Evangelicals. At any rate, it is better to read books all of one way of thinking than to read no books at all, which (says our author) is, owing to their scanty stipends, the hard lot of many ministers of his connexion. We are sorry, again, that Dr. Rigg so strangely underrates the Church's work in education. This is a point on which so many Dissenters are ready candidly to admit our superiority that we were certainly not prepared to be told that—

“The Church of England, notwithstanding its zeal in schooling the children of the people (for the most part after a certain low type), will never gain much sway by means of its educational activity till it better understands the secret of conducting Sunday-schools with interest and efficiency.”

Again, because Dr. Hessey once suggested that a playground, with properly regulated amusements, should be attached to the Sunday-school, Dr. Rigg concludes that our Sunday-schools are commonly places of dull drudgery which the children feel the greatest repugnance in attending, and that they are conducted by an inferior and illiterate class of teachers. Does this tally with the experience of any of us ? Is it not certain, moreover, that the good effects of the two societies (the National and the Christian Knowledge) have been incalculable, not only on the tone of general education—though this they have undoubtedly raised—but on the art of bookmaking ? How much of what has been done in the way of books for the young is due to them : how much of the modern luxury of illustration do we owe to their having proved it possible for a book to be cheap and yet beautiful. Once more, when Dr. Rigg says the Church of England originated in dissent from Rome, he is surely begging a question to which men of the deepest learning and most painful research have given a very different answer. Still, in spite of these and many other points to which we might take exception, we say again there is much to be learnt from our author's *Essays on the*

Church of England. We can heartily go along with him in the statement (p. 79) :—

“ Tradition is doubtless a most important witness ; rightly cross-examined, it may throw light on many perplexing points, and even afford conclusive evidence as to some important matters ; but tradition exalted into an authoritative interpreter cannot fail utterly to confound and mislead.”

We can go along with him in his strictures on Dr. Pusey's letter to the *Guardian* about the Immaculate Conception (p. 269). We can join with him in declaring (p. 345) that the principle of individuality—the sense of our personal and immediate responsibility to God—is a principle of transcendent force in the Christian life. But we cannot believe that “ Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley hold the independent eternity of creation, if not the eternity of matter ;” and we do not think that Dr. Rigg's estimate of Mr. Farrar's *History of Free Thought* in reference to the Christian Religion (“ Bampton Lectures, 1862”) is at all fuller or more satisfactory than his critique on the *Eirenicon*.

There remains that part of the volume which treats of social questions—pauperism, education, &c. Here we are very glad to meet with an able and faithful observer who has been watching questions in the right solution of which we are all so deeply interested. Our pleasure is all the greater because it is unexpected. Those questions of land tenure, on which so much of social progress and the like depends, are hardly matters on which we should have looked for Dr. Rigg to express an opinion. We are grateful to him for having done so. It is well to feel that intelligent men, even among these whose boast is that they “ study to be quiet and to mind their own business,” are facing the questions of the day, and will not be put off with the old commonplace solutions. We will not attempt to go through Mr. Rigg's three essays on these subjects. We do not think that he always proves his point, or that there is a great deal of novelty in much of what he brings forward. The grand thing is that he does fearlessly bring forward facts which ought to wound our English self-love—facts like this, for instance, that, except perhaps in Bohemia, there is no European country in which the unskilled labourer is in such a wretched condition as in England. Dr. Rigg, like most of us, has his “ good old time.” He is wisely sceptical as to Mr. Froude's Tudor paradise of labour ; we are sure that, on the other hand, he sets the villeins far too low in the scale of comfort and dignity ; but he is right in reminding us that pauperism is no recent phenomenon in English history—“ no result, as some have supposed, of modern manufactures, though, in some instances, it may have been aggravated by them.” Not having read Mr. Freeman, he places the golden age in the reign of Edward the Confessor. “ Then, if ever, the condition of things was realised under which every rood of ground maintained its man.” And

then, he seems to think, was perfected that green net-work of hedges, of which Mr. Laing speaks, in his "Notes of a Traveller," as undoubtedly the work of a nation of small proprietors. Hedges, however, were an institution, not only among Mr. Laing's Saxons and Danes, but also among some Celts,* as any reader of Cæsar should remember. Feudalism would naturally sweep away such subdivisions, though in several parts even of France it has not done so; but we do not think there is any necessary connexion between feudalism and open fields. Hedges were for defence (their use in Cæsar); and still more for shelter from weather, which accounts for their more extensive use by Norse and Teuton than by the more southern Celt. Soil, too, goes for something. North Devon is more Celtic than South, yet hedges up there are much rarer. Ireland, again, where feudalism in the proper sense of the word never existed at all, is not a country of hedges; nor can we allow, in spite of Mr. Laing, that in comparatively hedgeless Scotland "the feudal system gave the original law and tenure of land,"—the very opposite is true, not only of the most Celtic, but still more of the most Scandinavian parts of Scotland. We have spoken at length on this point to show the danger of arguing on social questions from uncertain data. With the conclusion which Dr. Rigg draws—that the state of the agricultural labourer is in many ways a national disgrace—people will agree or not, according to their experience and to their preconceived views. There must be a labouring class;—which do you prefer, a class of day-labourers whose scanty earnings—necessarily scanty while rents are high and farmers' profits low—have to be eked out with "sacrament money" and in other ways, unless the labourer happens to be always in good health and to be able to keep down his family; or a class of peasant proprietors, ground down by a hard life to an almost Indian dead level, eaten up with debt the moment any crop fails or any cattle disease comes in, and moreover seldom able to get out of their patch of land the half of what it ought to produce? Both the pictures are far darker, we think, than the reality, because both are drawn by the adversaries of each system respectively. We do not believe that a farm labourer's life need be one of unmanly dependence, still less of degradation. We trust in the ameliorating influences which are at work, and of which the country has already seen much fruit. Nor do we, on the other hand, at all credit the advocates of large farms in their gloomy descriptions of the results of peasant proprietorship. When we are told of the large number of paupers in Belgium, we must remember they are chiefly in the towns—of course, the country poor do flock in there, for your peasant proprietor, among all his other virtues, is not, as a rule, charitable nor "given to hospitality;" but still most of the poor are "manufactured," to speak, where they are found. Personal obser-

* We cannot think that Cæsar's Belgæ were Teutons.

vation enables us so speak of the contrast, in France, between the misery of "hard times" in a place like Lille, and the comfort of peasants, their good, stout, plain clothing and sufficient food, in parts of Normandy, where "tout le monde a son petit coin à soi." And if MM. About and Assollant are always crying out for the abolition of *la petite culture*, and advising the peasants to do what the latter makes a whole Swabian village do in his "Quaker à Paris"—sell off their plots to a company and come to town and live on their "rentes," or else go out to New Caledonia—we must remember that they are the light *littérateurs* of that stock-jobbing set of *nouveaux riches* who would like nothing better than to buy up land wholesale and settle down on vast entailed estates, like so many *Milords Anglais*. The exhaustion of the soil by peasant culture, of which Liebig and others speak in such piteous terms, is surely an accident which might be guarded against, as it has been in China. Even high farming may be so managed as to be exhaustive in the long run. Some recent papers in the *Farmer*, on cattle-rearing as tending to *scourge the land* (written to call attention to the excessive growth of cattle-farms in Ireland), bear directly on this point. Dr. Rigg, however, is careful not to speak decidedly on the question of small and large proprietors. He does not manage always to avoid self-contradiction:—

"A small proprietary will be thrifty and diligent, but too little educated, too prejudiced, and too poor to carry out great improvements, or to make the best of their land." (P. 437.)

A few sentences after, he tells us that the land of the French peasants is "cultivated like a garden." Still he sees the evils of unlimited subdivision.

"The want of an upper class possessing the requisite combination of wealth and leisure to attain to the largest views and the highest culture, capable of leading the nation onward to its highest development."

He does not wish to have a Swiss or French system introduced here, for even as things now are—

"If our labourers' habits were as frugal, and their cookery as economical, even English day-labourers would be as well off as Swiss, or French, or Rhenish peasants."

A good house and garden of their own, the right (let us remember) of every retainer in the old time, he does think is what our labourers want. There would then be something to save for; as it is, the labourer's prospect—a life of hard work, with the "house" at the end of it—is not very encouraging, not very likely to prompt to habits of self-control and forethought. "Liberate the land," says Dr. Rigg; and he quotes Mr. Mill ("Political Economy," p. 359) to show how absurd it is to expect the same spirit of thrift in a labourer who, after storing up his money for years in a savings-bank, can look to nothing better than the very shaky position of a petty village shop-

keeper, and in one who can raise himself by his savings to the condition of a landed proprietor. But if you liberate the land without introducing the principle of subdivision, you will create a vast amount of confusion, and your plan will end by reproducing after all pretty much the same state of things as that of which some of us now complain; the "landed interest" being wholly supplanted by the moneyed class, and the lawyers, who now profit by conveyancing, then making their gains by drawing out another—voluntary—kind of arrangement. In fact, Dr. Rigg's ideal is not very different from that which freehold land societies have already done much to realise. He would still have a wealthy landed aristocracy; he would like to see no small tenant farmers, unless they were "men of more than ordinary skill, science, and personal energy, able by means of these to work their way up to large holdings." He would simply add to the existing holdings—

"Countless multitudes of small tenements with a few acres of ground attached, which will be owned and occupied by peasant proprietors whose sons are mostly occupied as day labourers upon large neighbouring farms, and by operatives and small shopkeepers who have invested their savings in the purchase."

Such tenements are to be had already in many parts; and as Dr. Rigg neither proposes to give them to the "peasant labourers," nor to force the present proprietors to sell, we do not see what new element his suggestions introduce into the controversy. The great evil still is that in some country places not only are there no plots of land to be bought in the neighbourhood, but that no cottages are to be rented within from three to four miles of a man's work. "Liberation of land" will be a very long time in curing this, unless it is combined with some Stein and Hardenburg legislation, compelling the sale to the labourer of a plot on which he may live; or (which is far better) unless we go back to the old system of *status* instead of contracts, and give him by whose work both tenant and landlord live, a right to a home on the land which he cultivates. This is, surely, the theoretically true plan; but it is contrary to modern use, and is scarcely possible, except with a hereditary landlord-class. If we are satisfied with the principle of peasant proprietorship, why then in places where there is a freehold land society the one thing needful is to increase the labourers' wages; for it is only under very exceptional circumstances that a married man with from 8s. to 12s. a week can put by anything. And how wages are to be increased Dr. Rigg does not show. When we say then that these Social Essays are not particularly practical, we are simply charging them with what is the great failing of nineteen-twentieths at least of all the writing on the subject. They point out how things might be admirably arranged if landowners and farmers and labourers were all model men, which,

unfortunately, they never will be; and they go in for that "compromise" of which so many of our advanced theorists are getting a little tired. Still they are valuable as proving that the class of men for whom Dr. Rigg writes, as well as that to which he belongs, is beginning to pay attention to these questions. This is a case in which, even if we cannot apply the words, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," still we are bound to give a hearing to others besides the class which has hitherto been looked on as exclusively an authority on such matters. Dr. Rigg is suggestive, if not practical; others may carry further than he does the hints which he throws out; those who are less in love with "compromise" may possibly strike out some new way of solving a difficulty which is as old as the world. Talk of ideal "good old times," why there never was and never can be such a thoroughly lovely *ideal* as that of the clan. No individual ownership in land; sufficient for everyone; if a man's family increased, a new allotment made that he might have enough out of the common stock to bring them up on. Perfect in theory; yet the old Irish annals, and the history (as far as it is known) of New Zealand, show how it too often worked. Almost all the quarrels among the Maoris were about "the land," long before the pakeha came to wrest it from them. So it was, also, to a great extent, in Ireland. Tribal ownership, making a whole sept responsible if any one of them trespassed on the half-acre of a neighbour belonging to another sept, made wars perpetual. All the energy of the Brehons and their acuteness were expended on a "law of trespass"* which was to set some sort of a limit to the endless disputes. So it is with all ideals. Your primogeniture answers so long as you have landlords like Squire Allworthy and Sir Roger de Coverley, who feel, though they do not keep telling us, that property has its duties as well as its rights. Your petty proprietors get on well so long as there is no long foreign war, no frequent recurrence of bad seasons, and so long as free trade does not undersell them in their own market. The tribal system would answer better than either, were it not unfortunately the fact that man, being what he is, will fight about something. No; the question whether the English are not too old for new social systems, whether their safest plan is not to make the best of what they have, seeing it is what has grown up naturally about them, is just now an important one. We talk of the influence of one man on a nation's destinies—of Lord Cornwallis's land-settlement in Bengal, for instance—as the sort of act which makes or unmakes a nation; but surely the boast of western nations is that they cannot be made and unmade in this way; and if we take the case of France we find that many of the provisions of what is called the code Napoleon did but bring out into free vitality that old Celtic life of

* *Athgabhair*—see the minute and complex provisions in that curious volume, "The Seuchus Mor, or Brehon Law of Ireland," published under the Royal Commission, 1865.

village communities which had never ceased to exist, stunted but still not killed, side by side with feudalism and despotism. We do not think legal changes in land tenure would do much immediate good to the English labourer. We rather trust to indirect agencies; to the education which shall make him more of a man, to the emigration which shall make his labour more costly, and to the total overthrow of that law of settlement which hinders him from taking that labour to the best market.* This last can hardly be called social legislation at all; it is simply a negative act, undoing the faulty legislation of two centuries ago; and it cannot in fairness be withheld, if free trade is acknowledged to be a sound principle. Once admit, as the English law seems to admit, that every man has a right to receive support in his old age, and there can be no reason for restricting his claim to the district in which he has spent a certain number of years. The plan of unions was but the first step to a general consolidation, and we may surely trust man's natural love of getting on to protect society against reckless "moves" from place to place. One thing is certain, if every set of men is sure to get sooner or later that form of government which they aspire to, the British labourer's wants and present deficiencies would not appear to be great, for surely no other class since the world began has ever been content to be so entirely "done for" in all matters, social and political—so thoroughly—we will not say "stripped," for to use that word would be to assume a questionable right—but bare of every species of self-government. Why he has actually less of it than even poor brother Pat, for every cottier is at least a potential pig-jobber; and he cannot be a successful pig-jobber without a good many qualities which, to say the least of it, the *régime* under which English labourers live is not calculated to call out. Dr. Rigg draws (p. 410 *seq.*) a contrast between the English and Irish peasant, which (as the picture of one who cannot be suspected of partiality) we recommend to the serious consideration of those who, not having lived among the people—perhaps not having even seen the country—form their estimate of the Irish from the poor wanderers who, too often cut loose from all ties and sanctions, drift about, and at last "gravitate downwards" in our large towns. Dr. Rigg finds the Irish peasant physically worthy of "the arch agitator's encomium."

"Above all, he is a gentleman in his bearing; free from the cringing servility, or sullen doggedness, which generally mark the demeanour of the south Saxon labourer. . . . If underfed, he has not been overworked . . . with all his poverty, he has been to a considerable extent his own master, in spite of middle-men and rack-rents, from father to son, a tenant, not merely a day-labourer. Every Irishman is, in his own esteem, and in that of his fellows, a gentleman; every Irishwoman, a lady. All this has its false, its ridiculous, and its mischievous aspect; but yet it has helped to preserve the

* See what individual effort may do in this case, from Canon Girdlestone's success in getting out Halberton labourers into more paying places.

Irish, under unparalleled disadvantages and misfortunes, from becoming altogether degraded and embroiled."

But we cannot follow Dr. Rigg through his very interesting notes on this subject. Some may think that he draws too favourable a picture of the Irish cottier. If so, he is an exception to the mass of writers. When gratuitous abuse is lavished by the *Times* and its school, just as if one should pour vinegar into yet raw wounds, a little overplus of counterbalancing oil is not likely to do any great harm. What we can scarcely help asking ourselves, by the way, is, have we any right to be enraged with the Irish for struggling hard—yea, even for half-forgetting loyalty itself—in order to escape becoming the "sullen servile degraded creatures" with whose state Dr. Rigg is so deeply dissatisfied? One thing which has kept the Irishman from getting brutalized is (our author frankly confesses) the influence of the priesthood:—

"They have been a wonderful moral police, taking cognizance of thoughts, motives, &c., which an English boor would allow neither the parson nor the magistrate to talk to him about."

A good many people will not think the worse of "the English boor" for that; but what we admire in Dr. Rigg is his delightful candour; it is perpetually leading him into inconsistencies. The man who is here commending the Roman system so highly that the enemies of Methodism will be tempted to repeat the often-quoted observation as to the resemblance between John Wesley's rules and those of Popery, while others will call the writer to account for seeming praise of the confessional, is quite another man from him who talks (p. 269) of "the Papal incubus, with all its millennial growth and accumulation of corruptions, impieties, and contradictions," and who speaks of "the primacy of the Pope as the fetter of bondage, bondage under the tyranny of falsehood, blasphemy, and a compacted system of fearful corruptions." Dr. Rigg sees, what most people are blind to, that to every question in this world there are at least two sides. He is, by the way, more bitter against "Anglicanism" than against the Popery of which he holds it to be a poor imitation. He is grateful to Archbishop Manning for having—

"By his broad charity (!) constrained Dr. Pusey to utter forth the charity towards Nonconformists which, I doubt not, he has long cherished in his heart, but which appears to a disadvantage beside the loftier charity of the arch-prelate of English Romanism;"

and his pure gratitude is not a little alloyed with very pardonable satisfaction at the cool way in which the ex-Archdeacon ignores the special position of the Church of England:—

"To a Nonconformist, it cannot but be interesting to see the High Churchman put into the corner as a heretic and schismatic,—to see the engineer hoist with his own petard."

But, we are bound to say, there is remarkably little of this kind of writing in Dr. Rigg. He is, throughout, temperate, and sufficiently

wide-minded to appreciate others, and to make his remarks on them worth listening to. Of the very interesting essay on the vocation and training of the clergy, we shall not say much. The subject is too great, too important, for a mere critical notice. Dr. Rigg himself is, we fancy, by no means free from perplexities. He insists on a "call," on "credible evidences of conversion and sanctification," on the need of tests *in limine* as to fitness in regard to many gifts. At the same time he regrets the small number of Wesleyan ministers drawn from the more educated classes, and accounts for this by the want of inducements to young men of good prospects—no bar, surely, to those who felt a "call" in the sense in which that phrase is often used. Dr. Rigg shows that the Wesleyan body feels even more than our own Church does the effect of that social change which is also telling so severely on people of small limited incomes. Society is not as it was. Married ministers must live according to a position which they do not fix; and there is surely great danger of promoting unreality and self-deceit in talking so much about "testing the vocation" of those whose ministerial income we have just been told (p. 51) is "injuriously low." One serious danger to his own community Dr. Rigg points out (p. 71). Unless the theological institutions are enlarged at Didsbury and Richmond—

"The Wesleyan ministry must fall behind the age, lose caste and influence, become, in fact, two orders divided between the superior and inferior circuits."

Surely when we compare this with the not unfounded assertion (p. 83) that in John Wesley's days the preachers were for the most part superior in theological attainments to the parish clergy, Dr. Rigg must pardon us for hinting that so great a falling off seems to show that Methodism is gradually losing its *raison d'être*. To our thinking, his complaint (p. 61)—

"That a large proportion of the Wesleyan candidates go at once into the itinerant work without any systematic training, and that this proportion, owing to the deficiency of accommodation in the theological institutions, has of late years increased in what we should be almost disposed to call an alarming ratio—"

is a conclusive proof that an Establishment is no less needful now than it was in the days of the Heptarchy, at any rate for what Dr. Rigg would call the "the due supply of inferior circuits." If this state of things goes on, men of our author's reading and culture will become rare exceptions among the body of Wesleyan ministers.

But we have said enough to show that these Essays deserve attentive study. We might go on questioning many more of the author's statements; that, for instance, which claims greater godliness for towns where Church and Dissent are pretty well mixed, such as Lincoln, Hull, Penzance,* than for Church towns like Worcester and

* We have it on good local authority that in no English town is "immorality" (in the second intention of the word) more rife than in Penzance.

Cirencester. We might take exception to the grounds on which he sides so thoroughly with Professor Kingsley in his difference with Dr. Newman: the recent rebuff given to S. G. O. by "the aggrieved father" may teach us that the right is not always necessarily with loud-spoken Protestantism; but we will say no more, except to repeat that the tone of the book is kindly—far different from the violence of the Liberation Society; even "as to Church rates (we are told) many of us have to confess themselves perplexed" (p. 7): it is honest, even (as we have hinted) at the expense of that *logique* which in such matters as are here treated of is perhaps unattainable; it is instructive and suggestive; and, above all, we cannot find in it (despite the author's own opinion to the contrary) any ground for giving up the hope that the good old days will yet return when (as is even now the case in many an outlying village) people will go to church in the morning and to chapel in the evening, and will be led, by finding the teaching on all essentials the same in both, to give up a separatist system which we cannot but believe its founder meant to be only temporary. We do not, no honest Churchman would, wish for a moment to disparage the great work which Wesleyanism has done and is doing in the land. Its ministers have an influence, in many places, over the shopkeeping class, which we are only just beginning to aim at. They do not hesitate to preach to them practically, in plain language which would shock a church congregation. They have their "commercial pew;" they study the class from which so many of their hearers are taken. Hence, on week-day evenings, when the church counts its congregation by units, the Wesleyan chapel is full; the shopmen and shopgirls go there; and so far is this carried in some places, that the clergy have to complain of a state of things not unlike that in Ireland, where there is one church for one class, another for another. Union, we know, would (where both are agreed as to all the main truths) in many ways add strength to both. We can quite believe that (as the Norfolk vicar says) many a Wesleyan minister looks with longing eyes at the happy mixture of independence and subordination of the Church clergy. The Methodists are worth taking a lesson from in many things: they surpass us greatly in organizing power, and this power, if not itself strength, enables them to see how strength may be most readily and most usefully applied. We may learn much from them; and, by-and-by, when we have got greater life and activity, and have wiped off certain flaws which distress the great majority of earnest Churchmen, quite as much as they can possibly scandalize any Dissenter, they may perhaps be brought to see that by coming in to the Church, they will run no risk of losing in spirituality.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.



THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

L'Ouvrière. Par JULES SIMON. Quatrième Edition. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette. 1862.

La Femme Pauvre au XIX^{me} Siècle. Par M^{lle}. J. V. DAUBIE. Ouvrage Couronné par l'Académie de Lyon. Paris: Librairie de Guillaumin et Cie. 1866.

SEVERAL interesting books on the condition of women in France have appeared of late years, of which "*L'Ouvrière*" and "*La Femme Pauvre*" are among the most valuable.

It is unnecessary to speak in praise of the former, as it is a well-known work, and has reached the fourth edition, but "*La Femme Pauvre*" being so recently published, requires a few words of introduction. The circumstances under which it was written are described in the preface.

The Academy of Lyons offered a prize for the essay which should the best set forth and explain the means by which the following objects might be attained:—"1st. The raising of the wages of women to the same level as those of men where the quality and amount of work done are equal; 2nd. The opening of new employments and professions to women which should replace those that have one after another been taken from them by the rivalry of men and the change in manners and customs." M^{lle}. Daubié won the prize, and publishes the prize essay under the title of "*La Femme Pauvre au XIX^e. siècle,*" which appears in the form of one thick octavo volume. Having secured the approbation of the Academy of Lyons, the book carries more authority with it than the production of a mere private individual.

The book goes far to disprove the opinion so generally entertained that women are better off in France than in England. It shows, at least, that if their position is in some respects superior to that of our own countrywomen, it is very much less good in others. The truth appears to be that once upon a time they really were more generally prosperous than Englishwomen, but that this prosperity is rapidly disappearing.

The women of a country may be considered prosperous when the unmarried can earn an honest livelihood in an ordinary day's work of twelve hours, and when the married are not called upon to work at all, beyond their own houses, but are maintained at home by their husbands. The nearer the women of a country approach to this condition, the nearer they approach to prosperity.

Mlle. Daubié, who speaks chiefly of single women, shows that but a few years ago many employments and means of obtaining good instruction were open to women which are now closed against them, and that seventy or eighty years ago still more employments and superior means of instruction were open, which a few years later were closed. Hence a progressive deterioration in the position of unmarried Frenchwomen. To trace the various steps by which Frenchwomen have lost their prosperity, will be instructive to us in England. Such research is indeed less instructive than would be a history of the causes which led to it; but, unfortunately, French writers give us but little assistance there. The causes, whatever they were, originated in the middle ages, and Frenchwomen, if Mlle. Daubié is to be believed, were in their glory before the reign of Louis XIV.

The best course will be to begin by showing what is the position of single women in France at the present time, and then to trace back their history towards the palmy days of the past. M. Simon, in "*L'Ouvrière*," gives an account of the condition of married as well as of single women: we will consider this part of the subject last.

Nothing shows more clearly the hardships of the present position of French working girls than their eagerness to enter what are called "*Industrial Convents*" as apprentices.

These convents have no endowments, or very small ones, and are maintained by the work of the inmates. "They afford," says Mlle. Daubié, "nothing but a scanty diet in return for hard labour, yet young girls crowd into them to such an extent, that during the last fifteen years the Government has, annually, authorized the establishment of from 80 to 100 communities of women."*

The greatest part of the girls enter, not with the view of becoming nuns, but in order to learn a trade under good care and protection.

* "*La Femme Pauvre*," p. 2.

When the term of the apprenticeship is over they live by the exercise of the trade they have learned, or they marry, as the case may be.

M. Simon, in "L'Ouvrière," gives a detailed description of three very similar establishments which came under his notice at Lyons.

"Although the trade of a dressmaker, and even that of a milliner, is scarcely remunerative, families at Lyons have long hesitated to send their daughters into the factories.* It has been necessary to seek for apprentices from a distance. When the neighbourhood could provide no more, they have been sent from Dauphiné, from Provence, and from Auvergne. After a time fathers of families were seized with scruples, they asked each other what became of their daughters in that great town, and they remarked that these young working women had difficulty in finding husbands, unless they had lived under the safeguard of a family during their apprenticeship.

"To provide against these reasonable apprehensions, a manufacturer, who had raised himself from the workshop, and grown rich by miracles of economy, had the idea of turning apprenticeship into a sort of boarding-school. He built for this purpose, a few miles from Lyons, a large establishment which may be called either a manufactory, a school, or a convent. The plan succeeded, and there are now several houses of this kind; we will, however, only speak of the three principal ones. One, at Jujurieux, is for stuffs, that is the oldest house; another at Séauve is for ribbons; the third, at Tarare, is only a milling workshop (*atelier de moulinage*), belonging to a plush manufactory. The young girls who enter these establishments sign an engagement for three years, not counting a month of trial. Journey-women are also received, who sign an engagement for eighteen months. The rules are everywhere extremely severe. In one of these houses, for instance, work begins at a quarter past five in the morning, and ends at a quarter past eight in the evening. Out of this space of fifteen hours, fifty minutes are allowed in the morning for breakfast and making the beds, and an hour for dinner and rest, which leaves rather more than thirteen hours of actual work. The day's work over, supper is eaten, prayers are said, and by nine o'clock everybody is in bed. The apprentices have a right to go out for the day only once in six weeks. The rules show no trace of any elementary instruction being given except in a Sunday-school. Instruction bestowed at such long intervals on children tired by the week's work can be worth little; a different course would be pursued in England or Germany. It must be said, however, in extenuation, that children under thirteen years of age are not received.

"The fifth chapter of the rules describes the manner in which Sunday is to be spent. 'Sunday is an exceptional day; we wish to preserve to it the character it ought always to possess, that is to say, to keep it holy by fulfilling our religious duties, and resting from our labours. As, however, monotony would render Sunday the most wearisome day in the week, the exercises will be varied in such a manner that the day may be passed both Christianly and cheerfully.' These are certainly excellent principles. In order to put them in practice, all the morning is divided between religious exercises, a school for reading and writing, and a longer play-time than usual. The apprentices spend from two to three hours over the catechism; after the catechism they hear vespers, and it is only then when vespers are over that the general walk takes place under the superintendence of the sisters. This walk is evidently the great pleasure of the day, the object to be looked forward to throughout the week. The rules say that in the fine season it is to be prolonged

* On account of the want of moral supervision and protection.

till seven o'clock, but in winter it is either altogether impossible or only begins at the close of the day, and lasts but a few minutes. . . . It is more than probable that the boarders at these establishments are better fed, better lodged, better cared for in illness than apprentices and working women in Lyons, but these thirteen hours of work under supervision, this Sunday passed altogether at church or in school, only enlivened by a walk in fine weather which does not begin till four in the afternoon, this almost complete prohibition of communication beyond the walls, constitutes a system from which the imagination shrinks. The other girls have at least their liberty on Sundays, a comparative liberty in the work-rooms, and perhaps sometimes a walk or a gossip when the day's work is over. Here everything is very severe for girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age. It is more than the convent, for it is the convent with thirteen hours of work. One asks in what respect this system differs from a house of correction. However, at the first call, families availed themselves of the institution, a proof that they were afraid of the danger to which a residence in Lyons exposes those apprentices whose parents are not there to watch over them.

"Although these establishments are of no ancient date, it has already been found that the girls who leave Jujurieux find it easier to get married. The manufacturers who have founded these schools obtain no profit from them, because of the necessity of keeping them always going, to maintain the inmates, and preserve the machinery in good order. In a word, to shut up these young work-women for three years, and make them work for thirteen hours a day, is to do them a service. This fact throws more light on their condition than all the details we have given before. The Archbishop of Lyons has founded a community of nuns for the purpose of providing superintendents for manufacturers who wish to establish boarding-houses for work-women. . . . This boarding-house system may be a comparative good, but in itself it is an evil."—(P. 54.)

That such establishments as these should be found to confer a benefit on their inmates, shows that the position of a large number of girls outside their walls is not a good one. The circumstance, too, that young women, whose term of apprenticeship is over, should re-engage themselves as *ouvrières apprenties*, for another term of service, shows that they also have no very brilliant prospects elsewhere.

Yet the inmates of these industrial convents are sometimes envied by those who cannot obtain admission. Only the strong and healthy can be admitted; the weakly are necessarily excluded.

Admission into ordinary non-industrial convents can rarely be obtained except by the payment of a sum of money. A philanthropist tells a story of a poor woman who asked whether it would not be possible for her to get sent to prison without committing any offence, as then the prison earnings might enable her to be received into a convent.* We suspect that even one of our ill-managed workhouses would have been hailed by this poor woman as a haven of rest.

If, however, a large portion of the female working classes are so

* "La Femme Pauvre," p. 2.

badly off as to be glad to exchange their liberty for hard work and imprisonment in industrial convents, it is also certain that a number of working women, considerable in itself, though proportionally not large, are enabled to earn a good livelihood by various kinds of handicraft requiring skill and taste. In some cases they earn as much as three or four francs a day.* The counterparts of these superior handicrafts-women are scarcely to be found in England. The great number of men killed in the wars of the Empire must have encouraged the introduction of Frenchwomen into many trades, and extended their employment in others. Another circumstance has also facilitated their entrance into handicrafts. When the present Emperor first ascended the throne, a law was made prohibiting combinations of workmen; thus strikes were abolished. Two or three years ago this law was repealed,† and the workmen in some trades instantly struck to turn out the women, and in certain instances were successful.

However, during the twelve or thirteen years that this law was in action, there can be little doubt that women must have obtained too firm a footing in many trades to be ejected.

These are great advantages in favour of Frenchwomen; but certain educational disqualifications to which they have been subjected of late years, give cause for apprehension that it is only in the lowest branches of handicrafts that they will be able to retain their footing, and that they will gradually be eliminated from trades requiring intelligence or knowledge of art, which are of course the best paid.

In France schools for primary instruction, answering to our national schools, are maintained by the parishes (*communes*) if they are schools for boys, but not if they are schools for girls.‡ This regulation was made in 1836, and is, naturally, extremely injurious to the educational prospects of girls. In 1850 a still more disadvantageous regulation was enacted.

There exists in France a description of school to which we in England have nothing to correspond. These schools are called *Ecoles Professionnelles*. Young children are not admitted, but when they have received the elements of education in national schools or elsewhere, they are allowed to attend.

We do not know a better translation for *Ecole Professionnelle* than "Trades School."

"Trades Schools (says Mlle. Daubié) complete the work begun in the

* "L'Ouvrière," pp. 212—221.

† The law was probably enacted because the Emperor was at first doubtful of his popularity with working men; now that he has conciliated their good will he no longer opposes their power of combination.

‡ See "Popular Education in France." By Mathew Arnold, p. 56.

primary schools; and although they do not form workmen trained to special trades, it may be said that they prepare the mind to exercise intelligence in every trade."

We believe that commercial arithmetic and book-keeping, also drawing, and a knowledge of the rules of art, form part of the instruction given, but we are not well informed with regard to the whole course of education pursued.

Until 1850 girls were permitted to attend "Trades Schools," but in that year they were forbidden to attend, and have ever since been excluded.* These schools are supported partly by the school fees and partly either by grants from the Government, or by grants from the municipal authorities of the towns in which they are situated.

Rates are levied by the municipal authorities for their maintenance, and payment of these rates is compulsory, option not being allowed of giving the amount to a "Trades School" for girls. Thus parents, dwelling in a township, who have only daughters, are compelled to contribute to this municipal school from which their children are excluded. Female householders are also compelled to pay the school-rate, although if the choice were allowed them they would probably prefer giving the money to a school for girls. Mdlle. Daubié observes:—

"It is easy to perceive that this retrograde legislation must have produced serious consequences in the course of sixteen years, and in the question we are now considering (the employment of women) the first step towards obtaining apprenticeship for girls is to establish the right of both sexes to attend these schools. . . . This is the explanation of the inferior wages paid to women from the moment they are old enough to suffer from the oppression of their sex; for it is well known that boys and girls under fifteen years of age receive the same wages and do the same work. . . . Private enterprise is trying to remedy these deficiencies at Paris,† where Madame E. Lemonier has commenced the great work, but it cannot be too often repeated, that all the rate-payers of a town and all the tax-payers of a state, for the very reason that they are made to contribute in equal proportions, have equal claims to participate in the common expenditure."

If we compare the conduct of the French Government in this respect, with that of the English Parliament, the comparison is much in favour of England. With us none of these unfair distinctions of sex are permitted. If the pupil can pass the inspector's examination, the Government grant is equally made whether the child be a boy or a girl.

Mdlle. Daubié is of opinion that this is by no means a solitary instance of partiality, and she believes that the present Government

* "La Femme Pauvre," p. 69.

† By establishing trades schools for girls, supported partly by school fees, partly by subscriptions.

is deliberately inimical to women. This can hardly be the case; but it is probable enough that the Government, in its anxiety to please working men, does not unfrequently overlook the claims of working women.

This appears to be the cause of the partiality with regard to Government and municipal educational grants. Only a certain sum of money can be spared for educational purposes, and as it is essential to the stability of the Government to keep working men in good humour, and as the shortest way of so doing is to make it easy for a large number of them to earn a comfortable livelihood without much exertion, the whole of the municipal grants, and by far the greater portion of the Government grants, are expended on boys' schools, for the purpose of giving them such instruction as will assist them to earn good wages.

The consequence of this partiality is that all trades which depend for success on a knowledge of art are passing into the hands of men,* so that there are now a good many men employed as *dress* and *bonnet* makers. Mdlle. Daubié declares that, in her opinion, their patterns are frightful, and that no amount of education can make up for the natural difference of good taste in dress between men and women. She admits, however, that the public verdict differs from hers, and that it is now the fashion to employ men in these capacities.

One of the most curious passages in "La Femme Pauvre" is the account of the manner in which women have been excluded from the places they formerly held in the Post-office.† During the time of the first Empire and of the Restoration, women were admitted on a footing of perfect equality to men, and a large number of women held minor post-offices, and not a few had attained to the dignity of being "*directrices comptables*." But in the reign of Louis Philippe, an ordinance was issued forbidding the appointment of a woman to the post-mistress-ship in any considerable town. In 1850 a still heavier blow fell: another ordinance was issued forbidding the appointment of a woman even as Post-office clerk, if the pay of the situation were higher than that of a male supernumerary. It was ordered that women who already held these situations were to receive no further promotion, but that their male juniors should be passed over their heads, all of which orders were punctually executed. The idea

* The master of a shop explained to Mdlle. Daubié why shopmen and workmen are preferred to shopwomen and workwomen:—

"Les Femmes n'ont pas d'instruction professionnelle, leur manque d'éducation artistique les rend souvent incapables de draper les étoffes, d'harmoniser les couleurs, de manier les canevas, de façonner les broderies aussi habilement que l'homme." We have lately heard that a foreign tailor has set up a dressmaking establishment in London, and obtains much fashionable patronage.

† Page 197.

which naturally occurs to an English reader is that the women had proved incompetent and were therefore excluded; but the same system has been pursued in other directions where the incompetency was clearly on the side of the men.

In hospitals for men, male sick-nurses have been appointed, and even in some cases in hospitals for women.*

M. de Watteville, who is quoted as a great authority in hospital matters, complains of the dismissal of the female nurses. "The service of hospitals ought," he says, "to be made over to women, who are far more capable of the gentle care which this occupation demands."† Men have also been appointed inspectors of Foundling Hospitals, an office which in former days was secured to women by royal edicts.‡ A double injury is thus done to these institutions. First, the high salaries assigned to the gentlemen eat up a large share of the revenues; and, secondly, their ignorance in the matter of baby-linen has entailed severe suffering on the unfortunate infants. M. Simon remarks that, at Rouen, of the children admitted into these hospitals eighty-three die out of each hundred during the first year, which does not speak favourably for the management.§

We may, therefore, dismiss from our minds the idea that the cause of the exclusion of women from any of the above offices was their own incompetency. One reason is no doubt similar to that which has already been assigned for the exclusion of girls from an equal share in the Government educational funds, viz., the necessity of conciliating members of the more powerful sex by providing them with easy employment. Another reason, however, makes itself evident. Every man in France has a vote, and it is a part of the duty of every Government official to give his vote to the Government candidate at elections. The more male officials the Government possesses the more votes it commands.|| Women having no votes are incompetent for this part of their duty, therefore they cannot be permitted to hold offices under Government. The case of the Post-office is peculiarly clear. During the first Empire and the Restoration the Government rested for security on bayonets. The only

* In France, hospitals, as well as all other public charities, are under the control of the Government.

† "La Femme Pauvre," p. 231. ‡ Ibid., p. 227. § "L'Ouvrière," p. 140.

|| M. Assollant, in "Un Quaker à Paris," gives several anecdotes illustrative of the political services required from the Government by its *employés*. A school inspector sends the following circular to schoolmasters:—"When we have a body of efficient and devoted functionaries, Government is reduced to the simple interchange of willing service on one side, against still more willing rewards on the other. . . . To oppose these candidates would be to fight against the Emperor himself. I expect your active help. Your indifference would cause me surprise and regret. Your hostility would be in my eyes a culpable and causeless mistake." A schoolmistress would clearly not be an *efficient* functionary, on account of possessing no vote.

business of post-masters was to attend to the letters; women were therefore eligible for the place.

In Louis Philippe's time political influence and votes became of importance, but as the qualification for the suffrage was very high, it was only the post-masters in large towns who could assist the Government by their support. Women were consequently excluded from post-mistress-ships in large towns, but were permitted to retain them in small ones. When manhood suffrage was established every male clerk had a vote, and as the Government wished to secure as many votes as possible, women were got rid of altogether, and they are now only permitted to remain when the pay is so small that a man cannot be induced to take the situation.

The same thing has occurred in all other Government departments; and as in France the Government manages pretty nearly everything, women are everywhere excluded. At the *Mont-de-Piété* at Paris, in 1810, most of the inferior clerkships and sixteen out of eighty-four superior offices were held by women;* now out of three hundred clerks there are only four women. The same thing has occurred in the *Monts-de-Piété* all over the kingdom. Women are no longer permitted to sell stamps and licences.† The office of warder in prisons‡ for women was at one time confined to men, but such scandals arose that women have been re-appointed. The Government for obvious political reasons insists on appointing the telegraph clerks even of private companies, and it only appoints men.§

It is unnecessary to multiply instances; the same unfavourable influence is everywhere exerted against the employment of women. The moral we draw from these facts is that centralization when united to manhood suffrage is not advantageous to women, but the contrary, and that wherever large numbers of working men are admitted to the suffrage, unmarried working women ought to be admitted to its exercise also, as the possession of the suffrage then becomes necessary for their protection.

Another accusation brought by *Mlle. Daubié* against the Government would not be easily believed were it not proved by figures. It is that partiality is shown in the distribution of relief to the poor; the out-door allowance given to infirm old men being larger than that given to infirm old women, while it is more difficult for women than men to obtain admission into the public asylums for the aged.|| If persons in the receipt of public relief have votes at elections in France, the motive of the partiality is sufficiently clear, otherwise it is difficult to understand.

Only one-third of the free admissions at the disposal of Govern-

* "La Femme Pauvre," p. 228. † P. 206. ‡ P. 226. § P. 217. || P. 29.

ment into deaf and dumb schools are given to girls, and twice as many boys as girls are admitted into the schools for the blind.*

The motive here may be easily discovered. The pupils when they grow up will naturally continue grateful to the Government which has befriended them, and the young men can evince their gratitude by voting for the Parliamentary candidate recommended by the Government. The money spent, therefore, in bringing up boys in these institutions is so much political capital invested, while the money spent in bringing up girls carries no political advantage with it, and is a mere matter of charity.

Centralization has not at all times in the history of France been unfavourable to women. M. de Tocqueville has shown that the Government of France was almost as much centralized before the Revolution as it is now; but before the Revolution the Government, whatever its other faults may have been, certainly displayed a benevolent disposition towards women. The municipal authorities used to give away sums of money to be distributed as marriage portions among poor girls. The Government itself, as late as 1790, reserved 24,000 livres for this purpose out of the budget, and the example thus set was followed by numerous private individuals and benevolent associations.†

The money so distributed may not have been wisely spent, but the expenditure shows the paternal interest which the Government felt in the young girls of the nation.

Some of the institutions established under the ancient *régime* for the benefit of women were, however, as judicious as well-intentioned. Louis XIV., as is well known, founded schools for girls, which were abolished after the Revolution by the appropriation of their funds by the Republic. But perhaps the most useful of the ancient institutions was the College for Midwives.

"The pupils who desired to become midwives were obliged (says Mdlle. Daubic)‡ to pass a long and severe noviciate, to give proof of a good character, to study during several years a course of practical and theoretic anatomy, usually in connection with lying-in hospitals for poor women. . . . Sworn midwives, maintained at the public expense, examined these candidates, whose examination generally lasted three hours. On occasions of public ceremony these (examining) midwives held rank with doctors, and took their places with them at the corporation banquets, dressed in the robes of their order, and wearing the insignia of the city. . . . These honourable distinctions, these severe studies, and this influential position, caused many clever midwives to be trained before the Revolution, such as those in whom the Sevigné and the Grignans had complete confidence. . . . A number of

* P. 39. The number of deaf and dumb and blind is larger among boys than girls, but not in so large a proportion. The difference in England is about one-fifth.

† "La Femme Pauvre," p. 2.

‡ P. 356.

distinguished midwives, whose fame is remembered in our century, were sent out from the Hôtel Dieu de Paris. The last pupil of this school was Madame Dugés, mother and teacher of the celebrated Mme. la Chapelle."

Since the Revolution these female medical schools have been abolished; and Mdlle. Daubié tells us that to see what has been established in their place we have only to cast our eyes on "*La Maternité*," which is (she says) always quoted as a model establishment. The course of study lasts only a year,* and even that year is passed under unfavourable circumstances, because during the day-time the hospital is given up to the male students, and it is only at night that the female pupils have an opportunity of learning their profession practically.† The consequence of this inferior instruction is that midwives are found to be unskilful; rich women therefore do not employ them, but avail themselves instead of the services of well-educated medical men. Women who cannot afford this expense are obliged to employ the unskilful midwives, and suffer accordingly. The well-educated midwives of former days sometimes aspired to become regular doctors, and if they could pass the usual examinations they were permitted to receive diplomas; indeed a woman might receive a diploma without having previously exercised the profession of a midwife.

"The last of these licences was granted in 1794, by the *Faculté de Médecine de Montpellier*, which gave the title of Officer of Health (*Officier de Santé*) to Madame Castanier, who was as remarkable for her good personal qualities as for knowledge of her profession. Madame Castanier practised until 1843, in the department of Ardèche, where, in spite of her advanced age, she never refused to attend a patient."

It would appear also that the royal power in France had encouraged and protected female artists as well as female medical practitioners. The king, raised by his position above particular interests and prejudices, wished to extend advantages alike to his subjects of either sex. The kings of France, while their absolute power lasted, generally considered their own selfish and individual pleasure first, but when they condescended to consider the interests of their subjects at all, they regarded them with an impartial eye. Women, therefore, before the Revolution, were admitted to equal artistic instruction with men. Eight ladies were members of the Paris Academy of Painting; but when the academies, which had been abolished throughout France, during the time of the Republic, were re-established under the Consulate, ladies were everywhere excluded. The celebrated Mdlle. Le Brun was one of those expelled. Nor are women now allowed to learn in the schools of art on the same terms as men. The result of their partial exclusion from these

* In Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, and some others in England, the course of study only lasts three months.

† P. 359.

schools, and complete exclusion from the trades schools is shown in the last census. In the previous census the number of women employed in painting on porcelain in Paris was returned at more than a thousand; in the last census the number is only four hundred and fifty.*

The old workwomen die off, and the young girls, deprived of instruction, cannot succeed them. Thus shut out from occupations requiring intelligence, women crowd together into two or three easy professions which require little or no previous instruction, and then, by competition, beat down each other's wages to starvation point, so that many working girls fall far short of the ideal state of prosperity for single women, *i.e.* being able to earn an honest livelihood in a day's work of twelve hours. M. Simon calculates that at Paris, where lodging and firing are extremely dear, a woman cannot live with comfort on less than two francs a day.

"But (he continues) where is the needlewoman who earns so much? It is not the shirt-maker, for to earn two francs she must make eight shirts a day; nor the glove-maker, for to earn one franc eighty centimes she must sew six pairs of gloves a day; nor the waistcoat-maker, for to earn one franc seventy centimes she must make six waistcoats or six pairs of trousers a day. It is not the embroiderer, nor the fringe-maker, nor the shoe-maker, for only one franc is paid for a pair of ladies' boots, and fifteen centimes must be deducted for thread and cord. The cleverest workwomen can hardly make two pairs in a day, and so earn one franc seventy centimes by a day's work of sixteen hours."

M. Simon reckons that an immense majority of workwomen earn only from one franc fifty centimes to one franc twenty-five centimes a day, in a day's work of much more than twelve hours. This is no worse than the condition of needle-women in England, but it is a long way from prosperity; and as the condition of women in France is deteriorating—which does not appear to be the case in England—there seems reason to fear that they may in a few years sink to a still lower level.

We will now consider the condition of married women.

There is much less difficulty in ascertaining their position, whether positively or comparatively, than in determining that of single women, for there are certain statistics which throw a clear light on this part of the subject.

To deprive an infant of its mother's care during the first six months of its existence is extremely prejudicial to its health, and frequently proves fatal to its life.

The table of the infantile death-rate shows, therefore, with considerable accuracy, to what extent married women are maintained at home, and how much they are obliged to go out to work. In

* "*La Femme Pauvre*," 291, in a note. ;

England and Wales the average death-rate throughout the country is 18 per cent; * that is, out of every hundred infants born, eighteen die within the first year. The death-rate varies extremely in different parts of the kingdom. In the most favoured district, an agricultural neighbourhood in Wales, the deaths are only eight in a hundred. In Ashton-under-Lyne, a manufacturing town, the rate rises to its highest point; and between twenty-five and thirty infants perish out of every hundred born. In the agricultural counties of Wilts, Somerset, and Northumberland, the deaths are rather above sixteen per cent. In Surrey and Sussex, only between twelve and thirteen. As a general rule, infant mortality is below the average in agricultural districts, and above it in manufacturing ones, though there are some agricultural districts where the mortality is so great as to rival that in Manchester.

In France the mortality is greater than in England. M. Simon says:—†

"A mother very rarely brings up more than one or two children, whatever the number born. At Rouen the registers of the civil condition of the people for 1859 show that out of 3,000 children registered, 1,100 died within the year. This number, however, is not exact, because only those children were reckoned who died at Rouen, while a great number died besides who had been sent out to nurse in the country. It may therefore be held as certain that one-half of the children of the poor die in the year following their birth.

"Observations made with care during 1855 and the half of the year following, in the foundling hospitals and *crèches* of St. Vivien and St. Maclou, at Rouen, have given the following result:—

"Out of a hundred infants left at the hospital under sixty days old, eighty-three died before the end of the year. Out of a hundred children admitted into the *crèches* between six days and a year old, fifty-six died in the year. Almost all died of hunger. Broth fatigues the digestive organs and gives chronic diarrhoea; nothing is digested, and the child, which urgently requires support, sinks. This has besides been proved by several *post-mortem* examinations. According to Dr. Leroy, a very clever and careful observer, it is less the drunkenness of the mothers than their absence which causes their mortality. The milk of a mother, however poor it may be, which would not agree with another child, will suit her own; the only exception is when mothers have saturated themselves with brandy. There is one general rule which hardly allows of exceptions: whenever a poor child has the *muguet*‡ (which always happens), if the *muguet* is accompanied by diarrhoea (which it usually is), it always dies if brought up by hand. By this rule manufactories must be positively murderous, for the mothers who work in them can scarcely nurse their children, except at night, or during the midday hour of rest, when a neighbour brings the infant to them. . . . All these hideous consequences come from poverty; but what is the cause of the poverty? It is not low wages, it is not want of work, or epidemics.

* 17-975. These figures are taken from Dr. Gairdner's paper on "The Infantile Death-rate," in the *Social Science Transactions* of 1860.

† "L'Ouvrière," p. 139.

‡ We have looked in vain for the word "*muguet*" in several dictionaries. It is probably a local word.

These evils are all nothing compared to drunkenness.* This is the Minotaur which kills unworthy working-men and persecutes their offspring; it exposes them to the contempt of their respectable fellow-workmen, to want, to degradation, to crime; it changes industrious, devoted women into martyrs, and makes it torture to be a mother."

This account relates to towns, and compared even with the worst of English towns, the result is in favour of England. There is a difference of twenty per cent. in the infantile death-rate between Ashton-under-Lyne and Rouen. This difference is, we think, to be attributed to the difference of legislation in the two countries.

In France there is no law to compel a man to maintain his wife. In England, if a wife is in want, she can apply to the relieving-officer of the parish, who, if the guardians approve, may relieve the wife and prosecute the husband for putting the parish to expense.

The law is not as effectual in England as it ought to be, because where the guardians are neglectful or parsimonious (as they often are in great towns) they frequently decline to attend to the wife's application, and, except through them, she cannot obtain redress, the magistrates not being allowed to entertain the complaint of a wife that her husband neglects to provide her with food. If, therefore, the guardians will not interfere, a wife has no protection. In country parishes, however, the guardians not unfrequently do interfere and prosecute a husband, and the punishment thus occasionally inflicted keeps up the sentiment among working men that it is wrong not to support a wife. Among the uneducated the belief prevails that what the law punishes is seriously wrong, and what the law overlooks is not wrong. The disgrace also of an offence consists, according to their view, much less in its commission than in its punishment. The man, therefore, who lets his wife starve or maintain herself as best she can, is little felt to be disgraced unless he is unlucky enough to be taken up for it; but then, when he comes out of prison with his hair cropped, he is felt to have fallen below the rank of respectable workmen: he is liable to be jeered at on the subject and to find his society avoided. The spectacle of this social degradation is improving to the young men who witness it, and who thereby learn to look with contempt on the offence which leads to such consequences. Thus a good feeling on the subject of duty towards wives and

* In another work, "*Le Travail*," M. Simon recurs to this subject:—

"A vast number of working men only cross the street from the pay-office when they have received their wages to the *cabaret*, where they spend them. They return to it next day and the day after, till they have no longer money or credit. During all this time the wife and children are suffering from cold and hunger. They flit round the *cabaret* with the hope of catching his eye, and thinking that, after all, a father is not utterly insensible to pity or remorse; but that man is no longer a father, nor even a man."—(From an extract in a review of "*Le Travail*" in the *Times*.)

children is maintained in many country districts in England. In our great towns, owing to the negligence of the parochial authorities—the only power which can set this salutary law in action—this good feeling is less strong, as the law is rarely enforced; and the consequence is, that the infantile death-rate is three times as great as in the best country districts: it does not, however, approach to that in the large towns in France, while the difference between English and French country districts appears to be prodigious.

M. Simon does not give us the registrar's returns from the country, but he remarks* that, in spite of numerous births, the population all over the country remains stationary. This need not surprise us, the notion that living amidst fields produces superior excellence of character having long been exploded. If country people are better conducted than townspeople, it is because their conduct is more open to the inspection of their neighbours, and that the law is more easily administered.

In France, where there is no law against the offence of wife-starving, either in town or country, there is no reason why a man should behave better in this respect in the country than in town.

Probably rather more infants survive in the country, because the purity of air gives them a better chance of struggling against starvation. It is true also that in the country there are few manufactures to employ the mothers of families; but this circumstance makes but little difference. The woman who is not maintained by her husband must work in some way or other; and if there are no factories, she works in the fields or mines, or makes bricks, or goes out charring, or in some way or other earns a livelihood.

It appears to us that much may be learned by studying the condition of women in other countries. We thus see how dependent the welfare of women is on legislation. We do not mean that, under all circumstances, good legislation can make the women of a country prosperous; for if the male population be poor, the women must inevitably share that poverty. When a man earns too little to maintain his family, the wife must go out to work; and when wages for men are low, the wages of women are sure to be lower still, and no legislation can prevent these evils. We mean that when the men of a country are prosperous, it depends on legislation whether the women share in that prosperity, or are excluded from it.

It has been shown that in France the increasing prosperity of the working men † is not shared by the working women, and how, on

* P. 139.

† The author of "Ten Years of Imperialism in France" states (p. 162) that the wages of workmen in Paris have risen enormously, and that they generally eat two meals of meat a day.

the contrary, they are gradually sinking into a more and more miserable condition, and that this deterioration in their state is caused by legislation. We have seen how the law which excludes girls from the means of obtaining a good education in art, has caused the number of women employed in Paris in one trade alone (china painting) to sink to less than half the number employed a few years ago; while the same law enables men to compete successfully against them, even in those trades formerly supposed to belong especially to women—dressmaking and millinery.

The defect in the French law also with regard to marriage leaves the wife excluded from a share in the good wages earned by the husband. He earns good wages, and eats and drinks them; she is poorly paid, and to earn that poor pay must leave her infant of a few weeks old without her care for the whole day. She fears it will sink and die, if she leaves it; but the law affords her no redress, and the infant no protection. She goes to work, the infant dies, and the law takes no notice. It will, perhaps, not be going too far to say that, whenever the men of a country enjoy prosperity, there must be something wrong in legislation if the women and children do not participate in that prosperity. It is sufficiently evident that to pass a law forbidding married women to go out to work would neither reach the root of the evil, nor be in reality a humane measure; because these poor mothers, whether English or French, only go out to work to avoid the worse alternative of staying at home to starve.

JESSIE BOUCHERETT.



SAKYA MOUNI AT BODHIMANDA.*

YES, life's long strife is o'er ;
At last I reach the shore ;
The waves and billows all are overpast ;
Each step I upward gained,
Each conflict I sustained,
Has its due meed of blessing at the last.

Vigil and fast were right,
They raised me out of night,
Each came with power to purify and bless ;
But now, as crown of all,
The cold, dark shadows fall ;
I sink and fail in utter Nothingness.

Oh, bliss beyond compare,
With neither joy nor care,
Hushed every sound of harmony or strife ;
The consciousness intense
Of losing lower sense,
Not-being, with the memory of life !

* At Bodhimanda is the sacred fig-tree, the "tree of wisdom," which all Buddhists reverence as having witnessed their founder's attainment of *Nirvana*, and his consequent identification with Buddha, or the Supreme Intelligence.

Just as in haschisch dreams
The rapture noblest seems,
When visions glorious yield to slumbers deep,
So, through all time's expanse,
The soul's ecstatic trance
Finds its high bliss in everlasting sleep.

Just as when music floats,
Its subtlest, sweetest notes,
Half hushed to silence, thrill through ear and brain,
So the intensest bliss
Is when we know but this—
Know we are not, with neither joy nor pain.

All good deeds done to man,
When first our work began,
These lie behind, forgotten and remote ;
In clear Nirvana's day
They melt and pass away ;—
Who counts the atoms that in sunshine float ?

As when in Ocean's wave
The rain-drop finds a grave,
It fears no more the storm-wind or the heat,
So shall the cleansed soul
Plunge in the boundless Whole,
And, seeking freedom, into Nought retreat.

For dreary were the range
Through Being's endless change,
Base forms of brute, or lower births of man ;
What profit have we found,
In vain delusions drowned,
To end at last as poor as we began,—

Still weary war to wage
Against disease and age,
Bent limbs, dim eyes, weak brain, and failing breath ;
Through each new type of life,
To know the same vain strife,
And taste a thousand times the bitterness of death !

But, oh, the rapture deep
Of that entranced sleep,
When Wisdom's self has 'numbed the thrice-blest soul.
When every sound is hushed,
And o'er each sense have rushed
The mighty waves that from Nirvana roll !

Far better be as nought
Than live thus overwrought,
Deceived, and mocked, and captive led, and blind;
Far better Nothingness
Than all this sore distress,
Where brute, dull matter triumphs over mind.

And is this, then, the end?
And does our bliss depend
On knowing that we are not what we seem?
Is there no deeper joy
That nothing can destroy—
A sleep in which we dream not that we dream?

Is this, for all who live,
The best boon Heaven can give,
To enter on the drear and darksome night;
To feel the boundless void,
Where Being lies destroyed,
And self is lost in Nothing infinite?

Were it not better far
To know not that we are,
To lose the very sense of Being's pain,
Than still to watch the spark
Of life through all the dark,
And tremble lest it burst in flames again?

Yes, the true Wisdom's way,
The only perfect day,
Is pure Not-being, Nothing absolute;
The dark abyss profound,
Where comes nor light nor sound,
And the vast orb lies motionless and mute.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



JOTTINGS FROM DANISH THEOLOGY.

No. II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

SIR,

IT was suggested at the close of my last paper that Bishop Martensen should be heard again upon the *dictum* of Lessing (adopted very largely by the followers of Grundtvig), that so and so *must* be taken as proved, because that, if otherwise, such and such things would follow. The argument is not a new one; nor the answer to it. But it is interesting to hear it stated in a new quarter; especially if stated well and tersely, with incidental reference to a state of things which is foreign to us.

After alluding, then, to the influence of Lessing's teaching, the Bishop acknowledges with the utmost frankness whatever is sound and useful in it.

"The after-working of Lessing's theological dispute has been very great. He it is to whom we owe it that the idea of tradition has left a deeper mark in the more recent theology than previously. If the most influential theologians of this country have maintained the principle that Scripture and Revelation are by no means (*ingenlunde*) one and the same thing, but that Scripture is the warrant of Revelation (*Aabenbarings-document*) for all time; if, that nothing is Christian because it stands in the Scripture, but that it stands in the Scripture because it is Christian; if, that the authority of the Holy Scriptures cannot produce faith in Christ, but that this faith must exist already, in order that the authority of Scripture may be submitted to; if it be universally (*almindelig*) recognised that the Church, with the spoken word and the sacraments, is a *pre-condition** for the Scriptures, and that the Scriptures can only be understood by help of (*ved*) the Christian instinct developed and set forth in the Church; if it be universally acknowledged that Church tradition is an essential means (*Hjælpmiddel*) to the understanding of Scripture, and that without that assistance much in the Scriptures would be beyond our ken; all this is in great part the result of Lessing's teaching."

"When then," he continues,

"The Grundtvigians again and again hold up before us as a new light which shone forth for the first time in Grundtvig, that the Church of Christ is founded on the living word, and not on a book; that Scripture was not written for unbelievers, but for the faithful; that it is an altogether inverted process to derive the Church from the Scriptures, instead of the contrary; that it is in the Church that we have found the Scriptures, &c., &c.; it were certainly to be wished that we might at last be released from receiving perpetual instruction about a fact which nobody doubts (*om hvad Ingen betvivler*). For it would be astonishing if the theologians of Denmark and Norway in this century had kept themselves quite uninfluenced by the great and universal movements in the Protestant Church." †

* The italics are the Bishop's own.

† Pp. 20, 21.

The Bishop repeats this view with emphasis.

"In striving to give effect to its church ideas, Grundtvigianism is contending against a form of the Bible-principle which is entirely exploded (*aldeles forældet*). What, on the contrary, Lessing could not carry through was his theory of a definite and formulated tradition which should possess an authority, as of right, over the Scripture; his theory about 'the little word from the Lord's mouth,' communicated during the forty days. Victorious upon other points, the proof here failed him. . . . On so weighty a matter, people craved historical evidence; which Lessing, with all his acuteness, could not produce."*

It is here that the Bishop goes into the discussion of that method of proof which was briefly suggested at the opening of this paper. Lessing had rested the general doctrine of tradition upon undeniable grounds; and Grundtvig, in repeating his arguments with such eagerness, was simply storming an open door. But "the little word from the Lord's mouth;" . . . why he failed here (and Grundtvig also), the Bishop will explain to non-professional minds.

"In case," he writes,

"The unscientific reader should desire a clearer view of the method of proof which lies at the foundation of Lessing's dogma, I can only answer thus. The method is not the specifically historical, which limits itself to definite, trustworthy evidence. Although it appears in an historical connection, and often shelters itself under the form of a simple thesis in church history, it yet must be referred, in its essence, to that mode of proof which is called in Germany a construction *a priori*; which briefly means a mode of thought according to which, apart from experience, a man presupposes what *must* be; and how the actual fact must be effectuated if it be to be a fact in accordance with reason. . . . Now, although this method of proof is by no means to be despised (*forkastelig*), if it be but used in the right way, it needs an exceptional caution and carefulness. We may (*c.gr.*) assert with entire confidence *a priori*, or apart from experience, that forasmuch as it has pleased God to give mankind a revelation for their rescue, so must He have taken thought for the means by which that revelation may be handed on and protected through the ages; because the opposite would be a contradiction. But if we now should speak concerning the actual revelation, and the actual means which God, in His wisdom, has been pleased to make use of, . . . there arises before this method of proof the greatest danger. The safest course, therefore, will be, not ourselves to determine what the Lord of necessity *must* have done, or could not *possibly* have omitted to do, but conscientiously to inquire what He, in actual fact, has done. But so far as concerns Lessing, those who are fond of considering spiritual phenomena from a national point of view may perhaps find here a sign of an unhappy national one-sidedness. Many, at any rate, of the great thinkers of his nation have had a one-sided inclination towards the construction *a priori*, and towards its postulates and rationalistic demands as to what *must* be. The postulate, however, of Lessing has not been able to gain acceptance in Germany. Delbrück worked at it a generation back, to no purpose; and Grundtvig has in his day given, in the periodical edited by himself and Rudelbach, an account of the controversy which arose about it. But what failed in Germany, succeeded with ourselves."†

But neither abstract necessity nor actual fact compel us to receive these large assertions. We believe, indeed, of necessity, that the truth must in all time be the same. But that it must in all time be formulated in the same words, . . . this is not necessary. And accordingly we find in actual fact that while the creed, in its simplicity, sets forth those grand distinguishing points of revelation in which Christianity stands apart from heathenism, and the Christ-denying Jews, "it contains nothing about the mystery of the atonement, nothing about justification by faith, nothing about baptism as the bath of regeneration (*Gjenfødelsens Bad*), nothing about the duty of following Christ. In its very nature as a mere confession of the Christian faith it cannot be fully understood by itself; but points either to a foregoing, or to a subsequent interpretation."

In developing this view of the Christian creed, Bishop Martensen proceeds to point out with much energy that the great question is not (as often

* P. 22.

† P. 24.

thought) what or how much must be believed for salvation; but *how* (*hvorledes*) shall it be believed.* The faith which saves depends not merely upon the quantity of its propositions, but upon their *quality*; their "how:"

"Again and again must it be asserted that no one is saved by the mere 'what' or 'how much,' unless this be included in the essential 'how.' Again and again must it be asserted that what first and foremost (*forst og fremmest*), concerns us, when it is a question of salvation, is not merely a clear conception of theses, be they never so apostolic, but a personal relationship to Him as a master, who instituted baptism, in obedience to whose commands we administer baptism, and without whom neither baptism nor the baptismal confession will be other but a futile and meaningless thing."†

Very earnest this, and true. But yet more interesting, perhaps, in some sense, are the views which he propounds in regard to the "How," in another and later part of his treatise.

"Grundtvigianism," he says,

"Overlooks the fact that to the universal 'what' and 'how much' of the truth corresponds the universal 'how.' As, for instance, how the endless things which are included in those so simple elements shall be applied; whereto, also, must be added how the apostolic symbol is to be understood. In the striving after that 'how' of the truth, both in doctrine and in life, lies the significance of the development of church history; and we may therefore say further that the whole of church history is the great application-process (*Tilgængelses-process*) of the Christian revelation. But this is the illusion of Grundtvigianism, that in going back to the broad foundation, it thinks it can set itself above this process of application, and above the results which through it have been won for the Church's conscience; and can revert direct to that mother-truth which alone it can conceive of as truth's original 'What.' ‡ Men dream that they can put themselves and the Christian community back to the old Catholic (*old Katholske*) standpoint of the days of Irenæus, when so much showed itself only in the indistinctness of the morning twilight; and when (even) the ideas concerning tradition and Scripture left so many questions in the background unanswered, because those questions did not at that time exist. § But this going back to Irenæus is only, in fact, imaginary. Such a going back—in the sense of church history—can never, by any means, be an immediate going back to former ages; but will rather be a freshening up or renewal of what existed in a former age, in the sense of *present times*; and in the closest connection with their various influences." ||

This witness is true. But it need not hinder us from admitting in the very words of Bishop Martensen, that Grundtvigianism contains elements of real value, which many as well as he "have joyfully and thankfully tried to turn to account."¶ Its practical results are acknowledged on all hands: large congregations, hearty services, weekly communions, church-singing so warm as to affect even the foreigner who does not know what is said.

Bishop Grundtvig is a poet as well as a divine; and it is mainly through his influence that the Church of Denmark is now in possession of a very capital hymn-book. Nearly a hundred of the hymns are by Grundtvig himself.

It may be interesting to some among your readers to learn that the Grundtvigians are distinctively anti-sabbatists.

W. C. DOWDING.

* P. 33.

‡ P. 80.

† P. 34.

|| P. 81.

‡ P. 79.

¶ P. 91.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

GREGOROVIVS: *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter*, Bde. i.-v., Stuttgart, 1859-65.

PAPENCORDT: *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter*.

THE tenth century has been considered the darkest period in the story of Christian civilization, and as concerns the strictly ecclesiastical sphere, the aspects of discipline and morals in Italy, especially at Rome, this deep decline seems an unquestionable fact; but not the less did the sacred fire continue to burn in the sanctuary, the Divine presence to manifest itself amidst gloomiest circumstances; and the evidence to the action of truth over the human mind is at no time altogether wanting, to convince us of the enduring vitality, the perpetually operative powers and virtues inherent in the Catholic Church.

Baronius concludes for the most unfavourable estimate of the religious conditions and personal character of the Roman pontiffs during this age; and Mabillon, habitually mild and temperate, observes that, with exception of Stephen VIII., Leo VII., Agapetus, and a few others, "all the popes of this epoch were utterly unworthy to occupy the holy see, and lived rather like monsters or wild beasts than like bishops" ("Annales Ord. S. Bened."). But the former historian, fixing his regards almost exclusively on the Italian Church, or on ancient capitals, the western and eastern, is too prone to throw over the whole scene the sombre colouring that certainly prevailed at chief centres; and we find in the German writer of our own day, whose ablest production hitherto is his "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages," a more genial tone of mind, larger sympathies, and finer appreciation of character, while, guided by fuller acquaintance with his theme, at least in respect to that city's mediæval life, than appears in either Baronius or Muratori, Gregorovivus arrives at judgments generally less severe of the merits or demerits of those raised to the chair of St. Peter during a stormy and disastrous period. The only historian who wrote of things he had seen and events he had been mixed up with in the tenth century—Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, by birth a Longobard—may be taxed with a love of scandal that predisposes to exaggerated views, and, though maintaining the highest theory of Papal prerogative, dwells with evident pleasure on the most evil report as to the private and public lives of certain pontiffs, especially when supplying the fullest particulars we possess of the sad and disgraceful results that followed after the intrusion into that see of a person deficient in every quality requisite for filling it with respectability, Octavian,

son of the patrician and senator Alberic, who, in deference to the last wishes of his powerful father, was raised to the Papal throne when scarce eighteen years old, under the name John XII., A.D. 954. The story of his scandalous conduct, his deposition in the Roman council convoked by the Emperor Otho I., the accusations against him of almost every conceivable sacrilege and vice, his flight, his audacious opposition to, and pretence to excommunicate, the Roman clergy, and his return to be reinstalled by aid of a faction, are well known; but the critical spirit that weighs evidence and makes allowance for passion is utterly wanting in the writer who gives us all these details; and the readiness of Luitprand to believe the worst, as well as the marvellous, appears in his account of the mysterious death of that profligate Pope, slain (he assures us) by the hand of the Archfiend himself, though what is narrated in the same page enables us to account for an assassination, committed beyond the city's walls by night, as the act of vengeance provoked by licentious intrigue.

Politically considered, this pontificate had an importance all overlooked by the Longobard bishop, and never philosophically weighed by Gregorovius. It was the emancipation of the Papacy from the yoke, by its absorption within the sphere, of the aristocratic power so long dominant at Rome; for the dying Alberic, when he required from the assembled magnates an oath, before the confessional of St. Peter's, to raise his son to that sacred throne after the death of Agapetus II., deliberately decided for the union of the temporal with the spiritual power, which had been completely severed during the twenty-two years he had held sovereign sway, and bequeathed his originally usurped government not to a prince who should appoint popes as his creatures, which he himself had done in four instances, but to a pope who should be invested with all the prerogatives of princedom. John XII., had his private character been other than odious, might have been glorious, and certainly did not want either courage or energies.

The state of Rome during this infamous pontificate, morally and materially, may be supposed no better than this historian describes. The basilicas of the apostles left in such condition of ruin that the rain streamed upon their altars; the pilgrimages almost suspended, as females, at least, were deterred by the reports of the unbridled profligacy that reigned within the very purlieus of St. Peter's from accomplishing that visit of such supposed efficacy, "*ad limina Apostolorum*," though we may set down as gratuitous slander the dark imputation against John XII. himself as mainly responsible for the evil and for the alarms excited by it. As if to entertain and to draw up an exciting narrative were the main objects this writer had in view, Luitprand occasionally rises from the sober level of prose to attempt poetic flights, not indeed with any striking effect, and thus apostrophizes the notorious Marozia, mother of Alberic, and by her third marriage wife of Hugo, King of Italy, in reference to that ill-fated union:—

"Quid juvat, obsecrata, virum sic perdere sanctum?
Crimine dum tanto satagis Regina videri,
Amittis magnam, Domino tu iudice, Romam."

Yet Luitprand's admissions respecting the abstract right of the pontiffs, whose demerits he presents in such odious colours, are the most emphatic; and that title, *universalis Papa*, which S. Gregory both renounced and reprobated, becomes a customary formula in his pages. Even the Byzantine patriarch he represents as so far the spiritual subject of the Pope, that he could not assume the pallium till after obtaining sanction from Rome. The most amusing and suggestive of the Bishop of Cremona's works is his report (a fragment) of his legation at Constantinople, sent by the Emperor Otho to the Greek autocrat Nicephorus; and this account of his wearisome residence, a state prisoner, in fact, at a dismal palace void of the most ordinary comforts, of his audiences with the despot, whom he describes as dwarfish and hideous in person, sordid in dress, ferocious in temper, of the suppers at the imperial table where he was systematically insulted by prince and courtiers, of the emperor's procession amidst crowds of adoring slaves who hail him as their "day star," most glorious, potent, wise, &c., from the palace to the church of S. Sophia—all this serves to heighten the picture of a corrupt populace and pompously feeble government, which, naturally concluding upon his own experiences, the ambassador had alone to report of after his dreary so-

journal at the eastern capital. He also gives details curiously relevant of the then religious conditions and intelligence found among the Greeks; telling us of a kind of Sibylline book, the "Visions of Daniel," in which they believed that the reigns, characters, destinies, and terms of life of all their emperors were infallibly predicted; also, in the anecdotal way, of a festival when "the light-minded Greeks used to celebrate with scenic games the ascent of Elias to heaven." It appears from the account of his interviews with the patriarch and other Byzantine ecclesiastics, that an Italian bishop was, in their eyes, a barbarian heretic alike alien to orthodoxy and to the sphere of true civilization. The manners of Rome and the relationship between imperial and papal authorities are depicted with some graphic skill, though not without tediousness, in the poem, "De Laudibus Berengarii," in four books, found in the archives of a monastery at Padua, and supposed to be by a native of that town or Venice, who wrote whilst Berengarius, the king, finally recognised as emperor A.D. 915, still lived. That prince's reception when he came to Rome to be crowned by John X. is here described as all that loyal subjects could offer to an enthusiastically greeted sovereign, and this metrical testimony seems to import that, even in the ancient metropolis itself, the realities of temporal power were claimed and exercised in higher style by the emperor than by the Pope. The senate go forth to meet Berengarius, singing his praises in Latin; the Greek "Schola" follow with chants of the same tenor in their own language, and in this procession are carried the heads of wild beasts fixed on poles, to symbolize their expected deliverance from the invading Saracens, through means of the newly-elect protector:—

"Sonat ecce Subura
Vocibus elatis populi, Properate faventes,
Rex venit, Ausoniis dudum expectatus ab oris,
Qui minuet solita nostros pietate labores,
Fervere tunc videas Urbem, et procedere portis,
Quot Roma gremio gentes circumdat avito." (L. iv.)

The Pope's policy in giving the imperial crown to Berengarius seems to have been guided by the idea of uniting the Italian princes in common opposition to the Saracens under the new emperor's leadership. Before the ceremony he required of him the formal engagement to make war against the Moslem foes; and by his efforts brought about a league, which he also headed, between the princes of Naples, Gaeta, and Beneventum, for the same military object. Regardless of his sacerdotal character (his great offence in Baronius's eyes), he went so far as to take the command of an army, and march against the Saracens, whom he defeated and drove from a strong position on the Garigliano, A.D. 916, one of the first compromising examples of the warrior and pontiff confounded in one, though the anomaly may be held excusable on account of the cause thus served.

At the summit of the stairs before S. Peter's, the Pope is expecting the arrival, seated on a throne of silver gilt (*cliothetrum*), from which he rises to embrace Berengarius; and the two thence proceed into the basilica, but not crossing the threshold till, external to the closed doors (mark the precaution!), the elect has sworn that, so soon as he should have received the crown, all the donations made by former emperors to the holy see should be confirmed or restored by him. The coronation does not ensue till the next Easter day, when, after that ceremonial, a lector reads from an ambon "in altis" the act by which Berengarius fulfils his engagement for the benefit of the sacerdotal sovereignty; and the writer thus versifies the acclamations of the people desiring their pontiff to accelerate the rites that give them a foreign ruler:—

"Ades Præsul, totiens quid gaudia differs
Innumerus optata modis? Per vincla Magistri
To petimus," &c.;

this adjuration "by the chains of the Master" (St. Peter) being indeed characteristic. In this composition we recognise no genuine token of poetic inspiration, no sign of the intellectual power that selects and distributes its material to raise on the basement of realities the image of truth; but rather the courtier's intent to extol, and the literary ambition to amuse by whatever means; whilst we may very fairly infer that neither were the Romans so enthusiastic in their reception of Berengarius, nor his own adherents so persuaded of the immense

historic importance of that prince's part in public life. John X., raised to the chair A.D. 916, is severely treated by Baronius, and the actual events of his pontificate are involved in obscurity, though what we know of him exhibits great qualities, the zeal of a reformer in respect to monastic discipline, the courage of a patriot in the efforts by which he rescued Italy from the Saracen invaders. Gregorovius assigns to him a high place among the tiara-crowned sovereigns, and the poem above-noticed gives two lines to the memory of his virtues:—

"Summus erat Pastor tunc temporis Urbe Johannes,
Officio affatim clarus sophiaque repletus."

Before further considering, under the guidance of the German historian, the state of manners and letters in Italian regions during the tenth century, I may allow myself to dwell on one remarkable evidence to the religious thought of a previous age, produced beyond the Alps—the writings of S. Agobardus, Archbishop of Lyons, who flourished under Louis the Pious (ob. 841), and whose place in ecclesiastical literature is such that we may consider him among the most independent minds of his age. This courageous prelate lifted up his voice against image worship and the excessive reliance upon saints with a lofty yet calm earnestness, the more impressive in its contrast to the prevailing tones of contemporaries, and to the bewildering sophistries in use during the Iconoclast struggle, the suppression of which, both in the east and west, had been consummated shortly before the date of his writings. There is a refreshing and generous force in his manner of maintaining the central but long-observed principles, the golden rule of the piety required by the Gospel:—

"To adore the Invisible, and Him alone."

In these pages we find arguments that seem to proceed from another phase of Christian development than was known to the ninth or tenth centuries; that not only is it culpable superstition to render divine honours to the creature, but to exalt the memory of any saints so as to captivate and dazzle ignorant minds; that if an image itself be nothing, neither should it be anything to our regards, nor made the vehicle for honouring those represented who, in life, never claimed or could desire any species of worship for the virtues they exercised; that as no other but One is the Saviour, to no other save JESUS should every knee be bowed, lest, presuming to admit creatures to share the homage due to Him, we should be judged as aliens from the Most High, and abandoned to the foolishness of our own hearts. Finally this writer sums up his argument in favour of a literal observance for the variously-interpreted decree passed A.D. 305, by the Council of Elvira—*Ne quod colitur et adoratur in parietibus depingatur*.

And there is a rationalism superior to his age in his conclusion, with St. Augustine, that miracles had ceased, and that, after the object of establishing revealed Truth had been promoted by supernatural agency, their continuance could not be supposed to enter into the Divine purposes, but would naturally tend to harden the heart, and beget indifference instead of confirming faith (*De Imaginibus*, xix., xxxi., xxxiii., and close; ed. Baluzius.). Such writings as those of Agobardus may strengthen the persuasion that a *progressive* appreciation of Christian doctrine is one result of the action of its spirit upon the mind of man, and indeed inseparable from the religious history of the intellectual world; but it is important to observe that, in this instance, it is no novelty of interpretation, but a *return* to the pure waters of the original fountain-head, that the Archbishop of Lyons so earnestly recommends.

Little indication is there of any effect produced by such appeals in the Italian Church during the ninth or tenth centuries. The range of ecclesiastical biographies by writers contemporary with their subjects may, perhaps, form one of the most interesting and valuable testimonies to the character of those times. Nor could we desire anything more relevant to the devotional tendencies of the day, than the life of St. Athanasius, Bishop of Naples (ob. 872), by John the deacon, and Paul a subdeacon, of that diocese, drawn up, probably, about 880 (Muratori, "*Her. Ital. Script.*" t. 4, p. 11); or that of St. Adalbert, Bishop and martyr of Prague (ob. 997), ascribed to a contemporary monk of the cloisters he long inhabited at Rome, SS. Boniface and Alexius, on the Aventine

(Mabillon, "Acta Sanctorum Ord. S. Bened."). The last-named saint had from infancy been destined, by parents of high station, for the secular career, but, on the child being seized by dangerous illness, they vowed to dedicate him to God in case of recovery; and in this domestic episode we have proof of the deep-rooted, almost adoring trust in the Blessed Virgin, scarce exceeded by the most superstitious *cultus* ever sanctioned subsequently; *her* do the parents invoke for their son's deliverance; on her altar is he laid by them for the act of solemn dedication. Following the toil-worn and ascetic Adalbert of later life,—from his see, amidst a fierce and barbaric population, impervious to all his appeals and warnings, to his monastic retreat at Rome,—we find him under the influence of a vision in which, as he believed, Mary had herself appeared, to intimate his martyrdom; and *her* he worships in gratitude and joy, for this blessed assurance of the conflict by which he is to win his crown, revering in her the glorious attributes of the "Queen of Heaven, the star of the sea, the most sacred Virgin, who sits nearest to the throne of the King" (*Domina cali, sacratissima Virgo Maria, mater gratiarum, quæ Regis solio proxima sedet, maris stella, &c.*). More intelligible and venerable is the aspect of Adalbert's character, as portrayed in the description of his austere life in the Roman cloister, where the abbot so loved him, that he set him in authority second only to his own over all the brethren, alike disposed to love and revere their foreign guest. And the renewal of ancient discipline in the distributing of church revenues is among meritorious services on record of this saint, who, as soon as installed in the see of Prague, ordered the episcopal property to be divided into four equal parts, respectively for the maintenance and adorning of the sacred building, for the support of the capitular clergy, for the poor of the diocese, and for his own uses. A noticeable circumstance in the election of St. Athanasius to the see of Naples, narrated by John the Deacon, is the universal suffrage exercised by the clergy and people (*ab universo clero omnique plebe sicut a Ducibus, communi voto et consilio electus est*), followed, indeed, by consecration at the hands of the Pope, for which the prelate repaired to Rome, but obviously held to be an act definitive and irrevocable. Athanasius, the son and brother of dukes invested with absolute power at Naples, did much to promote the splendours of worship, the regularity of rites, and public charities in that city; founded schools for lecturers and cantors, appointed teachers of grammar, and engaged persons for the transcribing of books; nominated *hebdomadarii*, or priests for weekly alternation of duties, to celebrate masses every day, "as is the usage" of the Roman Church, and presented to his cathedral of S. Salvatore (also called, from its founder, *Stephania*), fifteen hangings, with the entire Gospel history depicted (we may suppose in needlework) on their fronts; also a *velamen* adorned with gold and gems, that curtain, as seems implied, by which the altar and its rites used to be concealed, save at certain passages of the service. Such was the organization of public charities at Naples in his time, that, we are assured, the poor and the pilgrim were never reduced to beg alms in the street, as all necessities were provided for them in the quarters where they lodged; and a *xenodochium* was built by Athanasius before the atrium of his cathedral. Yet this benefactor prelate was driven from his see by his own nephew, Sergius, Duke of Naples, who required him to submit to inadmissible terms, and despoiled the treasury of his church; in consequence of which outrages was passed one of the first interdicts by a Pope against an entire population; Adrian II., much to the grief of the exiled pastor himself, sending two legates, one the well-known biographer of Popes, Anastasius Bibliothecarius, to fulminate the anathema against Naples, together with its offending ruler. An ideal of asceticism is held up to admiration alike in the life of Athanasius as in that of Adalbert; and curiously is the ever-increasing relic worship of the age exemplified in the story of the "translation," or, in plain words, theft of the relics of the former, by an ecclesiastical deputation sent by his nephew and successor in the see, Athanasius II., to claim his body from the monks of Monte Cassino, where he died. That sacred treasure being refused, the Neapolitan priests had no scruple in possessing themselves of it by fraud; and after receiving the hospitality of the Benedictines, rose before daylight to break into their church, and rifle the tomb—details narrated in a tone of implied eulogy characteristic of the age's feeling. And the account of the triumphant progress of these relics to Naples, welcomed at every stage as the expected palladium of a devout people, bears

significant evidence to the religious dispositions amidst which the ninth century was brought to its close.

At this period the city of Rome contained sixty monasteries, of which twenty belonged to nuns, all under the Benedictine rule. The cloisters of St. Paul's had fallen into discreditable decay, almost abandoned by their monks, and left in material ruin, till at last restored, again inhabited by numbers, and placed under the reformed rule of Cluny through the sole exertions of St. Odo, the celebrated abbot of that monastery, who was thrice invited to Rome by different Pontiffs, in order to confide to him the much-desired monastic reform, and also to enlist his aid as peace-maker between the turbulent Alberic and his step-father, that King Hugo who was third husband of Marozia. The figure of St. Odo stands out with noble distinctness and patriarchal grandeur in the biographies of this time. He could reconcile literary labours with the strictest ascetic observance, and a quasi supernatural protection is said to have preserved from being destroyed by violent rains the MS. begun at the St. Paul cloisters, his commented edition of the life of St. Martin, by Sulpicius Severus. More credible is the story of the conversion of the Italian brigand, who had approached to assault him on a journey, by the light of sanctity that shone from his countenance, which touched the heart, and inspired the desire for a new life in that sinner, who at once entreated to be received among his monks, and became an example of mortified penitence under Odo's rule. Though the chief Benedictine monastery at Rome had so early declined, that of SS. Boniface and Alexius on the Aventine (where it still stands in picturesque solitude) was the home of learning and piety, and the beloved retreat of many world-worn spirits during, and later than, the tenth century. Here, under the rule of the abbot "Leo the Simple," were assembled devout and studious men, whose names have been handed down with the epithets significant of the qualities esteemed in them,—John the Wise, John the Innocent, Theodosius the Silent, and the much-tried Adalbert of Prague, who had been recommended to seek this asylum, which he had twice reluctantly to quit in obedience to pontiffs, by St. Nilus, the great master in the ascetic life, to visit whom he had made the journey express to Calabria. But whatever intellectual eminence was still held by the cloister, it is apparent that science and letters in general were to the last degree fallen, and education at the lowest ebb in Italy during this period. The illustrious and persecuted Ratherius, Bishop of Verona, one of the lights of this darkened age, was banished from his see by King Hugo, on the instigation of a faction, among whose numbers were ignorant priests whom he had desired to instruct, but who wished not to learn, in their grossness of mind, unacquainted even with the Apostles' Creed (as he tells us), to say nothing of other deficiencies for discharge of a single duty. The two notorious women, Theodora and Marozia, who so long domineered over Rome and the Papacy, daughters of Theophylactus, first named as Consul and Dux under date 901, were probably without any sort of culture; and we learn from an extant diploma of 945, that the elder of these female patricians could not write: *signum manu superscripta Marozia nobilissima femina donatrice qui supra l r a + n* (i.e. *literarum nescia*). Mathematics, physics, astronomy, were now forgotten in such Italian schools as existed; at Rome even the school of sacred music, founded by St. Gregory, was in hopeless decline; yet it is believed (see Gregorovius' statement as to this) that jurisprudence was still studied, and was never extinct, in that metropolis. Owing to the increasing cost of papyrus after the Arabian conquest of Egypt, the practice was now brought into vogue of ruthlessly obliterating ancient MSS., in order to use the pages for other writings. We have seen the notice in Luitprand of theatrical entertainments at Constantinople; and if it can be believed that this new element had already appeared in western literature, or in spectacle alone, it is at least a phenomenon to hail for its promise of a future. That so early as the ninth century the drama of the Passion and others on Biblical arguments were performed in cemeteries during Holy Week, has been asserted, and the German historian before us repeats the assertion; nor does it seem doubtful that, before the tenth century had closed, the comedies known by the name *Thymelici* were frequently acted in northern Italy. Even at Rome are mentioned, under the same date, mimics, singers, dancers, and players, who exercised their skill either in churches or palaces, and, in all probability, with the obligation of thereby illustrating some sacred theme. Atto, Bishop of

Vercelli, complains of his clergy for their proneness to seek amusement in such vanities—referring, of course, to the *profane* application of the despised histrionic art (*Attonis Epis. ap. d'Achery, Spicileg.*)

C. J. HEMANS.

A Manual of Mythology. By the Rev. G. W. Cox. London: Longmans.

WE fear that those who have read with pleasure Mr. Cox's charming stories from the Greek Mythology will be much disappointed with his new volume. Instead of a beautifully told fairy tale, the author presents us with that dreariest of all treadmills for crushing out youthful imagination, a Pinnock's catechism. We had hoped that this particular mode of torture had become obsolete, even in the most conservative of ladies' schools. Its use should at any rate be confined to cases where it is either of importance to fix the words themselves in the mind, as a formula or definition; or where, as in village schools, there is no time to be lost, and it is necessary to throw in a few rough boulders of fact into a quagmire of ignorance, in the hope of their serving as a foundation for knowledge hereafter. In the present case there is no such excuse. Comparative Mythology is not a subject for the poor or for the early education of any children; neither is it a subject admitting of rigid exactness and strict definition. Even if it had been either of these, we cannot think Mr. Cox successful in his use of the method he has selected. His questions and answers are too diffuse, and there is a general want of order in the arrangement of the book; the same thing is repeated more than once, and the Sanscrit Mythology which, according to the theory here adopted, contains the clue to all the rest, and which is constantly alluded to as already familiar to the learner, is not itself given until the conclusion of the volume. We are really at a loss to understand what was the author's intention in writing it. If it was meant for children, what can be the good of bewildering their minds with all these Sanscrit derivations, not to speak of occasional excursions into the mythologies of the Tamanaks of Orinoko and the Macusi Indians of South America? If, on the other hand, it was meant for grown-up people, why are they to be bored by the leading questions of the tutor, and the pert "yes" of the communicative pupil? Two good books were wanted on Mythology, one of which at least Mr. Cox would have supplied as well as any one in England. The first should have contained a collection of the classical myths told at length, in simple language, for the use of children; this might have been followed by an interpretation, allegorical or other, according to the author's fancy. Secondly, a book was wanted for students, which should have given a full account of the various theories upon the origin of Mythology, and the arguments upon which they rest, a comparative view of the mythologies of different races, and a list of the chief writings upon the subject. Mr. Cox has given us a mixture of the two, adding to his narrative just enough of science to puzzle boys without convincing men.

Not to delay longer on what appears to us the mistaken form of the book, we must go on to speak of the theory which it embodies. We find this stated in pages x. *Pref.*, 2, and 6, where we are told that Mythology arises from "the words or phrases which described events or scenes in the outward world." The earliest race of men were obliged, from the imperfection of their language, to use anthropomorphic expressions to describe the phenomena of nature; their descendants, misunderstanding these expressions, began by personifying the powers of nature, and ended in most cases by losing all connexion between the personification and the thing originally personified. Thus it happens that the oldest Indo-Germanic language often retains the significance of the names of gods which have become unmeaning in the younger branches of the same family.

Mr. Cox has succeeded in persuading himself that the theory thus briefly described, which he seems to consider exhaustive, for he nowhere hints that it requires to be supplemented from any other quarter, is the generally accepted view among writers on mythology. Yet he surely cannot be unaware that the ingenious guesses of Kuhn and Max Müller receive no countenance in the latest German hand-book by Preller; while the veteran Welcker argues at length to prove (1) that there is no more reason to trace back the mythology of Greece to Sanscrit, than with Zoega and Röth to Egypt; and (2) that the

source of mythology is, not the inability to describe outward phenomena except by language involving the idea of personality, but the *sensus numinis*, the consciousness of human feebleness and guilt in presence of the mighty unseen Ruler and Judge. Setting aside, however, all appeal to authority, we proceed to examine the arguments advanced in favour of this theory; we will afterwards show why we believe it to be unsatisfactory, and state what we hold to be the truer view.

The arguments are as follows:—Different mythologies have a large part in common. All that they have in common is to be traced to the same historical source. Comparative philosophy shows (1) that the Vedic is nearest to that common source; and (2) that the names of the anthropomorphic deities of later times are derivable from names which were originally significant of natural phenomena. It is shown that in some cases we may explain whole mythes as being allegorical renderings of a series of natural phenomena; therefore, as a general conclusion, it is asserted that all mythology is to be thus explained.

Granting some of this to be true, we deny that the common part of mythology is necessarily to be traced back to the same historical source. Similar minds, under similar circumstances, produce similar results; and though something no doubt has been handed down by primitive tradition, either implicit in the word or explicit in the story, yet the greater part we believe to be traceable, not to the same historical, but to the same psychological source. Again, though it may be possible to trace back a few mythological names to the Sanscrit with some appearance of probability, as for instance the Greek Zeus and Hera; yet the examples adduced are very far from conclusive as to the general theory. Some, indeed, can only be ranked with Dr. Donaldson's famous derivation of *dulcis* from *δολιχός*, "because fruit gets sweet as it gets long." Thus we are told, with perfect gravity, that the Graces are properly the Harits, or horses of the Sun. Curtius has thought it necessary to disprove this by referring to the cognate words *χαίρω*, &c.; but the question admits of a more summary decision on the principle that no etymology is to be listened to for a moment which attempts to connect two incongruous words merely on the ground of similarity of form. In such a case the etymologist must be able to bring evidence, not perhaps of the words having occupied every intermediate step between the two meanings which he wishes to connect, but he should show that, tracing the one word backwards and the other forwards, he finds a tendency in the one towards the other. The derivation given for the name Erinyes has even less to recommend it. We are told that it comes from Saranya (Sanskrit for "morning"), because "men said of wicked doers, Saranya will find out your sin." And Mr. Cox puts so much faith in this that he has actually made Erinyes typical of the class of words "which convey no sense in Greek, but explain themselves in Sanscrit." On the contrary, Hermann and Lobeck and others have believed that they could explain it from cognate Greek forms, and there is certainly little connexion between the terrible *Αραι*, the embodied curses of the Greek mythology and the morning light.* Is there any proof of the existence of such a proverb as he assumes? If there were, how does he leap the gulf from detection of sin to the avenging Furies, who haunt the sinner whether the sin be open or concealed? Can he trace any progress in the word Saranya towards the notion of a punisher of sin? With regard to the supposed proverb, it is amusing to see how familiar the author is with the speech of the pre-historical times. In explaining the part taken by Hephaestus in the birth of Athena, he tells us that "this grew up out of an expression which had said that the morning light opened or lit up the dark forehead of the sky," and so throughout the volume. Really this so-called science often reminds us of Dr. Cumming and the number of the Beast. We have not time to deal with other specimens of elastic etymology with which the volume abounds, but will merely mention, for the edification of our readers, that Prometheus (*pramantha*) is "the churn used by the Hindus for churning fire with dried sticks," and that "it is proved that Helena and Hermes are merely forms of Sarama, the dawn as it creeps through the sky." Eros has nothing to do with *ἱραμαί*, but it is "Arusha, a name for

* The meaning of the word Saranya itself seems to be a matter of dispute among the Sanscritists. Mr. Cox, as we see, speaks of the dawn, "the lovely Saranya," but others make the word mean "black storm clouds."

the sun as he begins his course; as such, he is represented as a beautiful child."

We now come to the backbone of the system. Is it a fact that the majority of myths can be traced back to phrases descriptive of external nature? No doubt some of the Greek divinities are personifications of certain phases of nature or natural objects, as Adonis, Helios, Selene. We may mention, by the way, that we greatly prefer the interpretation of the myths of Endymion and Selene given by Welcker, to that given in this book. On the other hand, the author himself finds it impossible to adhere to his theory when he has to relate the story of Deucalion and of Epimetheus, and in other cases he adheres to it at the expense of every atom of probability. Thus he tells us "the notion of the exposure of *Edipus* sprang from a phrase which said originally, the rays of the sun at its birth rest level on the face of the earth;" *Paris* is "the dark power of night, who steals away the beautiful twilight from the western sky;" "the siege of *Troy* is a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers, that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasure in the west;" "*Antigone* denotes the pale light that is born opposite the sun as he is setting;" *Odysseus* and *Achilles*, along with the vast majority of the male characters of Greek mythology, represent the sun. One would have thought the very monotony of such a system of interpretation would have suggested a doubt as to its correctness. What ground is there for supposing that the first men devoted themselves so exclusively to the contemplation of nature outside of themselves, as to leave no room for thoughts of their own life and destiny, which might be preserved along with the other in the mythology which represents the deepest thoughts and feelings of their age? If we are to judge of that time by the oldest records, or by the few remains which have come down to us, we shall scarcely suppose that the sole feature of their literature (if we may call it so) would have been an amiable sentimentalism. We read that "all flesh was corrupt," "the earth was filled with violence," and, not to lay stress upon the late discoveries of flint weapons, the explorations of antiquarians have shown that implements of war are among the usual contents of the most ancient sepulchres. If the poetical instinct was sufficiently awakened to give life to the most ordinary occurrences of nature, and to endue them with a pathetic, and even a tragic interest, must it not have been equally called into action by the more violent excitements of war and bloodshed? If it sought to find a reason for the disappearance of the dew before the sun, must it not also have done so for the coming and going of generations of men, for the springing up of shame or pity, of love or anger in the human heart, for the inspiration of the poet, the wisdom and the awfulness of the king; lastly, and more than all, for the feeling of right and wrong, the haunting of an evil conscience, the mystery which overshadows the grave?

It is this religious instinct which forms the root of all mythology, and it is the grand error of the theory which we are considering that it ignores this instinct. Man is sent into the world a creature made for religion: because he is made for religion, he is led to view all the phenomena of nature as the manifestation of a superior power; and because he views them as such, he finds these phenomena of so great interest to himself. But then this religious instinct is not limited to the sphere of external nature. It is true that the sun, and sky, and sea supply the most palpable evidence of a power greater than man, which overrules his will and orders his goings; but religion fastens itself most strongly upon the actual life of man, its motives and its consequences. Again, mythology, though rooted in religion, unites in itself all which is subsequently developed into the three branches of history, and poetry, and philosophy. To attempt to resolve it all into a poetry of nature is no more rational than to proceed upon any other simplifying hypothesis, as that it is the form which is given in the childhood of a people to the history of their wars and migrations, or that it is the recollection of a primeval tradition—an explanation which has been carried as much too far by Mr. Gladstone, who sees a prophecy of the Virgin Mary in Greek mythology, as it has been neglected by Mr. Cox, who makes no reference to the Mosaic account in giving the stories of Deucalion and Prometheus. Etymology is the fashion of the present day, and superficial writers assume that it is the key to solve all the difficulties of history; those who have a truer eye to gauge the magnitude of the problems

are aware that it is but one out of many aids which must be employed, and that in the department of mythology especially, one of the most important of these is our experience of the manner in which the religious instinct has developed itself in historical times.

There is another argument of Mr. Cox's which it may be worth while to notice here. He thinks no people could have been so foolish, and coarse, and wicked, as to invent the mythes as they stand, and that they must therefore have grown up by a misunderstanding. Yet the Greeks of the civilized period of Æschylus and Sophocles believed in the most horrible of these stories, and they, as well as other nations, held that some of their gods were to be worshipped with immoral rites. How can we venture to assert that the ruder lives of their barbarous ancestors presented no such features with which to deck out the images of the gods worshipped by them? It may be a question whether it is right to make the knowledge of pagan abominations a part of Christian education, but we cannot get rid of the difficulty, as Plato tells us people tried to do in his time, by merely allegorizing their mythology. There is a far deeper stain about the Athens of Aristophanes and the Rome of Juvenal and Martial than in the simpler wickedness of the old stories. Besides, these are mainly of importance as forming a part of the belief of the historic times, and suggesting subjects for the noblest works of art. A child may read pretty allegories about the sun, but how will that help him to understand the awful dramas of Ædipus and Clytemnestra? About as much as the cognate theory of a learned German that the Nibelungenlied was really a treatise on chemistry, would enable the reader to sympathize with the wild earnestness of the Teutonic epic.

Connected with the argument just considered is the attempt to prove inconsistency in some of the mythological characters, as usually understood. We are told that Achilles and Odysseus, regarded as real chieftains, are "not only not Achaian, but even inhuman." "There is no evidence that Achaian chiefs visited on the innocent the wrong-doings of the guilty, that they had no sense of duty, and no sympathy for the sufferings of those who had never injured them." Then Odysseus "tells lies whenever it suits his purpose, and slays a whole band of chieftains who had done him no great injury;" from which we learn that "only mischief can follow if we will insist on regarding as a human model (?) a being whose story has grown up from the same phrases which lie at the root of the story of Achilles."

"There is no evidence!" We have by this time seen enough of Mr. Cox's views of evidence not to be too much overwhelmed by this dictum. If there is one principle of criticism which is universally allowed in dealing with the early poetry of a nation, it is that it contains a transparent representation of the feelings and customs of the age in which it was written. It is plain that Homer himself had no idea that he was describing anything abnormally wicked in his two heroes. They are certainly not worse than their companions, though we grant they are very far removed from those soft idyllic forms with which Mr. Cox's imagination has peopled the primeval world. And if we compare them with their descendants of the time of Hesiod, or Thucydides, or Demosthenes, or Juvenal, we cannot see that these had any reason to be ashamed of their ancestors. In fact, Odysseus has been repeatedly singled out as the fittest type of the Greek character throughout the various phases of their history.

We are sorry to have to speak thus strongly in condemnation of a book written by one who has done good service to classical literature, and who no doubt will do so again; but the present work is a mistake from beginning to end. It is quite time that Keightley's "Handbook of Mythology" (a most useful and painstaking work, by the way) should be superseded; but to accomplish this there is need of far more severity of judgment and far truer historical insight than we have any trace of in this volume.

J. B. M.

The Gay Science. By E. S. DALLAS. Two Vols. Chapman & Hall. 1866.

THE publication of these volumes was announced more than a year ago. We waited for them anxiously, expecting a good deal, and our disappointment has been considerable. How can we best record the impression which this book

made upon us? Perhaps in no way better than by saying that, while we were reading it, we were haunted by the idea that a gigantic number of the *Saturday Review* lay before us, and that it was our duty to go through one long article (entitled *The Gay Science*) extending to six or seven hundred pages. Mr. Dallas is clever, and has a clear head, but we weary of cleverness unrelieved by tenderness, subtlety of feeling, genial emotional movement, or the play of a lithe intelligence. Valuable thoughts are to be found here and there, but on the whole the thinking is commonplace, even when the thoughts are new. Let us make our meaning clear by an illustration. The mode in which we are carried over the ground in "*The Gay Science*" reminds us of railway-travelling; we are taken to the destination intended, but very much in the way of a parcel. Now we believe it possible that Mr. Dallas could succeed in opening a new line in the intellectual world; but the district through which it would run would be a level, commonplace one, like twenty others that we know. To do this would be to accomplish a good work. But it is higher work to lead even a few minds to ungained heights of the imaginative reason, or unpenetrated depths of meditative thought.

The *Gay Science* (which, as Mr. Dallas is aware, is a misnomer, the Provençal meaning being the art of Poetry) means the Science of Criticism; because, according to Mr. Dallas, the object of art is pleasure; and therefore criticism, which is the theory of art, must be the science of the laws of pleasure, or the *Gay Science*.

Here at the outset we separate from Mr. Dallas. We do not believe that pleasure, or even (to use a higher word) delight, is the object of art. The function of a tragedy, for example, or a satire, includes much more than is covered by the word pleasure: pleasure is an inadequate word for the expression of its purpose. The true view of the subject, we are assured, is this. The question "What is the end or object of art?" has two meanings. What is the ultimate end of art in the economy of the world? that is one question. What is the immediate end of the artist? that is another. The ultimate end of art is the development of man's nature by supplying appropriate objects for noble, and for what would have been called in the last century *elegant* emotions—the feeling of beauty being one of the most important. But the artist has no such object before him. And the true answer to the second question is that no answer can be given. Or the French have hit it off when they say *L'art pour l'art*. What is art for? Art is for art. This looks meaningless at first sight. But the meaning is that art, in its own nature and its origin, is a spontaneous objectless overflow of feeling. Culture, deliberation, calculation are necessary to the great artist, but not to art, for the rude songs of savages intoxicated with the mere joy of living are true works of art. They are necessary to the great artist to raise him to a higher region, where the spontaneous working of his mind may take up all that has been gained by the patience of reflective toil. Whatever is highest in art has been the result, as Schelling observed, of the interpenetration of conscious activity and unconscious energy. Mozart declared that he created as he did because he could not help it, and added, "You will never do anything if you have to think how you are to do it?" *Don Giovanni*, as Goethe says, was not composed. There is no answer then to the question "What is art for?" When we ask, "Why does a baby of three months old look about him?" the answer is, "To look about him." He does so instinctively. Or if we ask, "What is love in the world for?" a great many wise answers might be given showing how love holds families and societies together, how it lightens daily toil, and assists in the nurse-tending of sick people, and develops the manufacture of puddings. But the true answer is, "Love is for love." And precisely so Art is for Art.

What are the functions of literary criticism? Suppose a new volume of Mr. Tennyson is before the critic, how shall he begin his work? He has several questions to answer; and the first is, What is this book? In answer to this he tells us, probably in some weekly review, about the subject of the poem and its style, noting its merits and demerits simply as existing things, without much caring how they came to exist. His judgment here will be determined by such a multiplicity of details, and those of kinds so various, that a cultured sensibility, not a code of abstract principles, will be his surest practical guide. It is not

necessary to apply abstract principles when the heart cries out, "This is beautiful, this is noble, this is true!" But it may assist in resolving his total impression, and justifying it to himself, if he bear in mind that all questions which determine the worth of a poem may, at their highest generalisation, be reduced to three—What emotions does this poem appeal to? What are the grounds (subject) and means (style) of the appeal? and, What is its success?

But his work is by no means yet complete. We are never satisfied that we know a thing until it has been accounted for. Hence a second function of criticism and task for the critic. He must do more than appreciate,—he must analyse. He must reduce the phenomenon to its laws, the compound to its constituents, only bearing in mind that in genius there is, as it were, an elementary principle which can be reduced to no simpler forms in the alembic of critical analysis. He has already answered the question, How does this poem affect the cultured sensibility? he must now endeavour to explain *why* it does so. He has already told us what this poem is; he must now endeavour to tell us how it *came* to be what it is. Hence the two kinds of critical analysis—one taking as its subject the effect produced by a literary work upon the mind of the reader, and investigating the causes of that effect; the other taking the work itself as its subject, and inquiring into the causes which produced the work.

The latter inquiry is in all cases threefold. The answer to the question, "How came this book to be what it is?" invariably divides itself into three parts; or, in other words, every book (and this is equally true of every painting, every piece of sculpture, every work of architecture, every work of music) is the product of three concurring causes. In the first place, the book is the work of a particular author. We must study it in the light of his other works, as one of a group, and then we shall perceive the impress of his individual genius upon it, like a stamp or seal declaring it to be his. We must study it in the light of the author's life and circumstances, and then we shall discover how much in the book (how much of style as well as matter) is to be referred to the special influences which affected him, and affected him in particular. This is the *biographical* study of literature. But, secondly, the author himself must be considered as belonging to a group—the group of contemporary men of letters—and his entire work must be placed amongst the writings of the time. As there is a particular genius in the writer with which we must become familiar, so there is a genius of the period which he partook in common with all his contemporaries. And as there are events of the writer's life which we must study, and the influence of which are traceable in his work, so there are events in the nation's life, and, it may be, in the larger life of the whole civilized world, which we must study also, and the influence of which we can trace in the work of every author of the day. This is the *historical* study of literature. Finally, the author and his contemporaries must be considered as belonging to mankind at large. There is something in the book not the property of the individual writer, not the property of his age and country, but an expression of tendencies common to all men in every climate and in every age. If the author, for example, be a poet, there is something further to be asked than why he is *such* a poet as he is? there is the question why is he a poet at all? why is poetry written? what is this tendency which from the childhood of our race to the present day has been finding expression in song? And thus we are carried into the world of philosophy, and must inquire now, not into the individual tendencies and circumstances of a writer, not into the general tendencies and circumstances of a country or an age, but into the universal tendencies and circumstances of the mind of man. This is the *philosophical* study of literature.

We have used the word *sensibility* above for want of a better; but it suggests the error that, for the appreciation of art, a passive sense alone is needed, without any co-operating power. In reality, the faculty demanded by the higher works of every art is not receptive merely, but active. The apathetic critic will be recognised by his self-complacency and the frequent use of certain favourite words, *epasmodic, frigid, obscurity, nonsense*. He does not distinguish between the imagery of the emotions and the conceits of the intellect. He strives to translate the language of the imagination into the language of the understanding, and finds the dictionary does not render half the words. He has heard of "a light that never was on sea or land," but has not seen it; is

sceptical of its existence, and therefore finds many things obscure. He is skilful in "the incomplete logic of good sense" (an expression of M. Sainte-Beuve), and loves to apply his measuring-reed of verbal criticism to the cloud-pillars and heavenly-roofing of the palace of poetry, and report the errors of the maker.

We have given no account of the contents of Mr. Dallas's two volumes. We could hardly have done so without a running fight, which seldom leads to much result. The main principles of the book we consider unsound; but we have no space or inclination to discuss them. Before ending, however, we may notice three remarkable circumstances in this work—the most recent work of considerable extent on the Philosophy of Art which England has produced. First, the author speaks with scorn of the greatest German writer on aesthetics, Hegel; secondly, he seems entirely unacquainted with the greatest French writer on aesthetics—Jouffroy; thirdly, he believes himself the originator of a new doctrine respecting the imagination, and writes at much length in connexion with this doctrine on the unconscious form of mental operation, and we search the index in vain for any reference to Immanuel Hermann Fichte. And yet we do not believe that the higher thought or criticism of England is provincial.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

THERE are few books in the world which present attractions to so many different classes of readers as the Confessions of Augustine. In this more fully than in any other among his voluminous productions is reflected "that mixture of passion and gentleness, of authority and sympathy, of largeness of mind and logical rigour,"* which has given him such rare influence in the Christian Church. The man of letters finds in it the very first specimen of those revelations of an inner life, utterly unknown to classical antiquity, which have an especial charm for the modern spirit. He recognises in it a style, unquestionably clouded by the false and affected rhetoric of a declining civilization, yet rising at times into flights which human oratory has never surpassed, whose contorted antitheses are more than atoned for by touches of irresistible tenderness, and by those occasional utterances which become lodged in the memory of the human race, those one or two words engraven by the hand of genius upon the rock, which are better than a thousand written upon the sand. The psychologist who turns over the pages feels, perhaps, at first, some impatient contempt of the sighs and prayers which interrupt a scientific discussion. But he is startled by some subtle piece of mental analysis, by speculations on Creation,

* M. Guizot, in his admirable *rationale* of the Pelagian Controversy.—*Histoire de la Civilization*, i. 180—189.

Time, Eternity, Memory, which seem to anticipate not only Reid and Joffroy, but even Kant and Descartes. The preacher who understands his art may find in the Confessions, not, indeed, ready-made weapons for the nineteenth century, but materials which may be forged into weapons that will reach the soul of every man in every age.* The greatest sacred orators have seldom appeared more original than when they were borrowing judiciously from the Confessions. The theologian of our own Church will discover in the book occasionally expressions—and occasionally something more than expressions—some of the unguarded rhetoric which was frozen into logic by succeeding generations, some of the tares that already began to grow rankly in the field of the Church—which may be triumphantly quoted by the Roman Catholic controversialist. Yet he will discover also abundant indications of a theological system, to which, as a whole, he may apply that which Gibbon has shrewdly observed of one portion of it—namely, that “it has been received with public applause and secret reluctance by the Latin Church.” ‡ Still more may he trace the consistent lines of a method, of which it is no exaggeration to say that with its lofty reverence for human reason and its deferential appeals to Holy Scripture, it is anti-Roman in its very substance.§ Nor among the readers of this delightful volume are we to forget those whose approbation its author most valued, the men who give it a place among the books which they read before or after they have knelt in their Saviour’s presence, who feel in it, across the gulf of years, the very heart-pulse of its saintly author’s religious affections, who bless him for wise warnings and undying hopes. We may, I think, go even further than this. It is true of Augustine’s Confessions more than of most uninspired books, *ea est quæ crescit cum parvulis*; it grows with our growth. Each age of human life finds in it a peculiar line of attraction. In youth it charms us by its delineation of passion, by those living

* I may instance the use made by Massillon in his sermon, *Déclai de la Conversion*, of the passage:—*Retinebant nugæ nugarum . . . et subcutiebant vestem meam carneam, et submurmurabant: dimittisne nos? et a momento isto non erimus tecum ultra in eternum? et a momento isto non tibi licebit hoc et illud ultra in æternum?*—Confess., viii. 11.

† *E.g.* the invention of the bodies of Protasius and Gervasius, x. 7, and the request for prayer for Patricius and Monica, ix. 13.

‡ Chapter xxxiii.

§ Cardinal Perrone may have had the system and method of Augustine in view, rather than particular “texts,” when he said, “Otez à ceux de la religion cet Athéisme, ils sont défaits, et n’ont plus rien.”—Perronianna, p. 100. An amusing passage follows, from which it appears that it was the habit of French preachers to speak of Monseigneur Saint Paul as in the first chapter, “De la Prognostication Pantagrueline.” The other saints of the Roman calendar they treated only to Monsieur and Madame. “Monsieur d’O. said that those who in preaching talked of Monsieur Saint Augustine only proved that they were not familiar with that saint.”

sentences which vibrate as we touch them, and of which, as Montaigne has said, we feel that if they were cut they would bleed. But its psychology seems hopelessly obscure, its metaphysics hopelessly mystic, the whole mass of the composition destitute of those notches and marks for analytic measurement which are exacted by a student trained in our modern schools. Yet after we have not only studied other men's thoughts, but thought ourselves; after we have felt, and suffered, and doubted, there are rays which open up an avenue of light into the very heart of that which once appeared to us but a silver mist, and the intellect perceives substance where it suspected nothing but confusion. We may even say that these *Confessions* have been almost equally appreciated by dogmatism and free thought, by Christians and sceptics—by the latter, for the marks which they bear of having come from an age of doubt and distraction; by the former, for the passionate self-surrender from the days of the voice in the garden and the baptism at Milan. Those who dislike the journey love Augustine for his inimitable appreciation of the rest to which it brought him. Those who look upon the rest as a delusion are ready to proclaim that the journey was never traversed with a freer step, or described by a more opulent pencil.

No stronger evidence of the truth of these remarks can be adduced than the various points of view from which the *Confessions* have been studied in France within the last fifteen or twenty years. Besides a new translation by M. Janet, they have been handled by Villemain, as a historian; by Saint-Marc Girardin, as a man of letters; by Nourrisson, as a psychologist; by Gratry, Flottes, and Pressensée, as philosophical theologians. More than once eminent lawyers among ourselves, like Sir Joseph Napier, have devoted their leisure to the severe relaxation of writing discussions upon Bishop Butler. A distinguished French advocate, M. Desjardines, has produced a careful analysis of the *Confessions* as the fruit of one of his summer recesses. By none, however, has the Bishop of Hippo's immortal book been used more freely, or after a more singular fashion, than by a French philosopher who died last year, M. Saisset. Himself a Deist, but enthusiastically devoted to the spiritual school of philosophy, and clinging intensely to those preambles of the faith—God, Immortality, Providence, and Prayer—in which it seemed to him possible for a philosopher to intrench himself securely in a safe but limited dogmatism, he produced a work, in some respects of great merit, upon the Philosophy of Religion, with special reference to the Personality of God. The portion of this discussion which sounds the most original is really the least valuable. It contains an argument for the quasi-eternity and quasi-infinity of Creation, intended to meet the objection of those Pantheistic philosophers who treat the Christian and Theistic

dogma of Creation as if it attributed change and caprice to God. This theory of the quasi-eternity of Creation is certainly borrowed from an Alexandrian speculation, which has been handled with some gentleness by Augustine.* M. Saisset scaffolds the whole structure of his theory upon a doctrine of Time, which he has learned from the Confessions.† It is singular to see a work upon the philosophy of religion based upon Plato and Augustine, put forth by one who, however he may have used Christian language, and hung with sad and regretful love about the outskirts of the City of God, must unhappily be classed as a philosophical Deist.‡

Since the rise of the Church movement in England, the Confessions have been a good deal read among ourselves, but chiefly, doctrinally or theologically. I have not myself met with much in print upon the subject which could serve as an introduction to the treatise for the use of the general reader.§ It is not my intention to produce any regular analysis of a book which so little admits of that kind of handling. The success of some able French writers would certainly not encourage one to make the attempt. Dr. Newman has somewhere laughed at the late learned Bishop Kaye's arrangement of the thoughts of Augustine's fervid countryman, Tertullian, in the framework of the Thirty-nine Articles. What shall we say of torturing the Confessions into the pigeon-hole of some division of philosophy, or classification of the human faculties, received from the Scotch School of Mental Philosophy into the French Normal School? I shall merely try to present the Confessions from some general points of view which may open the way for some students to a further enjoyment of them, and bring together preliminary informa-

* "Sed quid placuit Deo æterno tunc facere cælum et terram quæ antea non fecit? Qui hoc dicunt, [sc. the Epicurean materialists] si mundum æternum sine ullo initio, et ideo nec a Deo factum videri volunt, nonne aversi sunt a veritate, et letali morbo impietatis insaniant? Qui autem a Deo factum fatentur [sc. the Alexandrine school] non tamen cum volunt temporis habere, sed suæ creationis initium, ut modo quodam vix intelligibili semper sit factus, dicunt quidem aliquid; unde sibi Deum videntur velut a fortuita temeritate defendere, ne subito illi venisse credatur in mentem quod nunquam antea venisset, et accidisse illi voluntatem novam, cum in nullo sit omnino mutabilis, sed nec video quomodo eis potest in ceteris rebus ista ratio subsistere."—De Civ. Dei, xi. 4.

† Confess. xi. 24, seq. De Civ. Dei, xi. 6, ad init. xii. 25, ad fin. Saisset Modern Pantheism (English translation), ii. 123. "Citè de Dieu," Introd. i. pp. lxxxv.—cii.

‡ The natural alliance between high and low philosophical, and high and low Christian, doctrine, has been remarked by Coleridge and Leibnitz. "I cannot doubt that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to my re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as, according to his own confession, the books of certain Platonic philosophers commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error, aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichean heresy."—Coleridge "Biog. Lit.," i. 200, 201. "Inclinasse eum (Locke) ad Socinianos, quorum paupertina semper fuit de Deo et mente philosophia."—Leibnitz, Epist. ad Biesling.

§ I do not wish to be ungrateful for Dr. Pusey's excellent edition of the Confessions in the Bibliotheca Patrum, with its well-selected parallel passages.

tion which, so far as I know, cannot be conveniently found in any one English work.

I.

The first question which naturally arises is upon the exact meaning of the title. Augustine has answered it elsewhere. It has a double signification. Confession is the voice of *adoration* as well as *penitence*. This twofold acceptation gives its significance to the Confessions. They stand alone. Others have written memoirs, autobiographies, religious lives; Augustine alone has written Confessions.*

The volume is as far as possible from being exactly a memoir. All that is properly autobiographical ends with the tenth book. To a certain extent the author writes for himself; yet not for himself alone. He confesses himself to God; but he holds his soliloquy in such tones that men also can hear.† He feels bound to this course, for he has been two years a Bishop of the Church, and he expects good results from it. His example will excite "the heart of some not to sleep in desperation, and say *I cannot*, but rather to waken up in the love of Thy mercy, and in the sweetness of Thy grace." The good are delighted to hear the past evils of those who have now repented of them, not because they are evil, but because they have been and are not. The curious ear of man is not, cannot be, at his heart.‡ But he will proclaim what he is. "With a consciousness which is not doubtful, but certain and plenary, O Lord! I love Thee. Thou hast stricken through my heart with Thy word, and I have loved Thee!"

The saintly Bishop had not lived so little in the world as to be ignorant of its ways. He knew that he was baring his breast to his own enemies, and those of the Church. The sobs which he uttered at the feet of Christ; the long cry, in which he wailed out the sins and offences of his youth to his reconciled Father; the broken words of those short sentences which seem to set themselves to some mystic chant at the foot of an altar; he had allowed the world to hear them, and the world was not likely to let them drop. He could bear such taunts quietly enough. But when they were used to weaken his authority, and discredit the Church, he found words at once masculine and humble. He answers the Donatists thus in one of his popular discourses:—

"Let them say against us what they will, we will love them, though they will it not; we know, brethren, we know their tongues, for which we will not be angry with them. Be ye patient like us. For they see that they have nothing in their cause, and so turn their tongues upon us, and begin to

* "Et laudantis, et gementis." Enarrat. Ps. xci.

† "Ego quoque, Domine, etiam sic tibi confiteor, ut audient homines."—Confess., x. 3.]

‡ "Auris eorum non est ad cor meum."—Ibid.

“speak evil of us, much which they know, much which they know not. That which they know is our Past. Why dost thou give up the cause like a heretic, and go to man? For what am I? am I the Catholic Church? We lived ill: I confess it. So much as I glory concerning God’s grace, so much—shall I say?—I grieve for my guilty Past. I would grieve were I yet in it. But what shall I say?—do I glory? I cannot; for O, that I had never been such! But whatever it were, in the name of Christ it is past. I cry unto God in my weakness; with me it is a very small thing, saith the Apostle, to be judged of you, or of man’s judgment, yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know myself better than they know me, but God knows me better than I myself do.”*

Everyone is aware that Augustine, in his *Confessions*, repeatedly touches upon that kind of sin which every motive of moral prudence as well as of natural delicacy should lead ordinary people to conceal from others, or to confess with the most guarded generality. It is not only that between us and other men there is drawn a veil of flesh, through which God only has the right to look, and where the glance of a mortal eye inflames that wounded human modesty which remains in every nature that is not quite brutal. By such confessions we may injure our own souls, retouching the faded lines of dangerous pictures, regretting, it may be, that we have not sinned more, and that we have lost opportunities.† We may also do incalculable injury to others by unintentional suggestions. What shall we say of this element in Augustine’s writing?

His example, in his public confession, stands out almost alone for profit and for wonder, not for imitation. He had never been a profligate in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Measured by the standard of the world even now, much more by that of the society in which he lived, he might have passed without much censure.‡ It is unworthy of a writer, who, I believe, is usually as accurate as he is elegant, to speak of Augustine as the promiscuous lover of the frail beauties of Carthage. More unworthy still is the comparison which others have instituted between Rousseau and the young Augustine. At the very moment when two men are grovelling in sensual sin, there may be a distinction between them. The one, perhaps, feels that he is

* Serm. 3 in Ps. xxxvi., §. 19.

† “Recordari volo transactas feditates meas, et carnales corruptiones animæ meæ; non quod eas amem; sed ut amem te, Deus meus.”—*Confess.*, ii. 1; cf. iv. 1.

‡ Thus writes one of the highest authority upon Augustine:—“Talis erat, etiam quum ipse foris esset, ut ab eis qui erant intus, vir bonus haberi possit, in suo quidem genere. Adolescens habuit concubinam, quod humanæ permittunt leges. Hæc non repudiata sed crepta adamavit alteram. Verum utrique servavit conjugii fidem, quam probitatem hodie non temere reperias in sacerdotibus aut Abbatibus.”—August., tom. i. (Basil. 1569.) Erasmus Alfonso Fonseccæ Archiep. Toletano. [The references in this article are generally to that edition.] “In illis annis unam habebam, sed unam tamen, ei quoque servans tori fidem.”—*Confess.*, iv. 2. When she returned from Italy to Africa, vowing herself to a pure and single life, he formed, for a time, a second connection of the same nature, intended to be limited to the two years during which he was waiting for a wife. (vi. 16.) It is only right to notice the dark shadow which hangs over Augustine’s youth from such expressions as those in *Confess.*, iii. 1, ii. 2.

plunged in a hell of filth, only less dreadful than the hell of fire. The other loves what "the degraded soul unworthily admires." He has a deliberate sympathy with his position, and with those who are like him.* He is perfectly satisfied, and thinks it is well for him to be here. One has fallen into the sty, the other lives in it. Of his guilty connection Rousseau exclaims, "It stood me instead of all. The future did not touch me, or only as a prolonged present." But even in the first flush of youthful passion Augustine exhausts all the energy of his imagination to find language which may give us a conception of his misery. He was beaten as with burning rods of iron.†

Correspondent to this difference between the men is the difference of their Confessions. No man ever read the earlier portion of Rousseau's without a permanent taint, or a permanent trial, to his soul. We feel that he took an artist's reflective pleasure in every line of the picture. It is the thoughtful and deliberate masterpiece of a libidinous imagination. On the contrary, no prurient women ever said of Augustine as they have been known to say of certain in our own time, who make confessions in fashionable drawing-rooms. "Come and hear him. He is so handsome, and has been so wicked, and will tell us all about it." There is a coldness and a whiteness as of winter snow over the crater of the extinct volcano. There is a reserve in all that effusion. The style is without that affected periphrastic delicacy which is essentially indelicate. His heart might be ulcerated, and leave trailing drops of blood;‡ he is determined that no sentimental sighs shall be heaved over the parting-scene between his mistress and himself. The mother of Adeodatus walks veiled and spectral, a memory without a name, from her sixteen years of shame, into the presence of God, with a sigh of penitence and a prayer of hope. The most brutal lines that Byron ever wrote—it is saying much—are those in which he attributes to the Confessions the power of awakening an envy of the youthful transgressions of the saintly Bishop.§

* Οἵτινες οὐ μόνον αὐτὰ ποιῶσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ συνευδοκοῦσι τοῖς πρᾶσσοις.—Rom. i. 32.

† Confess., iii. 1.

‡ Confess., vi. 15. See *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*, par Saint-Marc Girardin—"La périphrase est souvent plus indécente que le mot."—ii. 11., Art. S. Augustin.

§ "Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints.
But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

"This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan."

If Augustine's temperament was naturally deep and passionate, his *Confessions* present to us the spectacle of such a nature turning to God with all its depth and all its passion. We can detect in many religious biographies that the mere physical cooling of the bubbling caldron of sensuality passes for conversion; or the passive fear of the consequences of sin presents a maimed gift to God. God forbid that we should scorn or depreciate any motive which brings back a sinner to his Father. We must only maintain that they were not such processes as figure almost exclusively in modern religious biographies, which won Augustine to Christ, and that the oblation which he made was richer and more complete in consequence. It was his favourite doctrine that the passions and affections of our nature were not intended to be eradicated by grace, but turned to their proper objects.* We may say of the *Confessions* that they are the most vivid illustration which post-Apostolic Christianity has produced of Bishop Butler's Sermons upon the Love of God. What have we there but the spectacle of a human heart "referring itself implicitly to God, and casting itself entirely upon Him, its whole attention of life being to obey His commands, and its highest enjoyment arising from the contemplation of His character and its relation to Him, from a consciousness of His favour and approbation, and from the exercise of those affections towards Him which cannot but be raised from His presence?"

I must now refer to those points of personal character which we can very distinctly trace in these pages. Augustine was naturally ambitious to excel in all things. He aspired to poetical as well as rhetorical distinction, and was possessed with an ungovernable desire to obtain a theatrical prize poem.† His filial love is beautiful. All ages have loved to see him listening with Monica to Ambrose, at Milan, or smiling gently at the frugal fare which she provided for his birthday feast on that soft November day in the meadow of Cassiciacum.‡ Above all they stand before us as they have been represented by the pencil of Ary Scheffer, in the garden at Ostia, "in sight of a sea lit up by a thousand fires, and under a sky without a cloud,"§ enjoying some of those moments, even upon earth, from which we know that if eternal life were but their prolongation, it would be an entering into the joy of the Lord.* This filial love

* Augustine enforces this very beautifully by the examples of St. Paul and of our Lord, *De Civ. D.*, xiv. 9. *Cf.* "As we cannot remove from this earth, or change our general business on it, so neither can we alter our real nature. Religion does not demand new affections, but only claims the direction of those you already have, those affections you already feel."—Butler. Upon the Love of God. Sermon xiii.

† *Confess.*, iv. 2.

‡ *De Ordine.* Lib. ii., Tom. i. 471. *De Beata Vita*, Ibid. 498.

§ See an eloquent passage in M. de Broglie, *L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain*, Part iii., tom. ii., 183, 197.

may be read, not only in the fuller delineations which he delights to give, and in the description of his grief for her loss, but in a hundred minute touches.† His parental love is equally touching. It would be almost sacrilege to translate those words, which might form a yet nobler epitaph for a Christian father to place over his child than the lines from Dryden's *Eleonora*, which Burke had engraved over the only son who gave promise of so much virtue and so much genius.‡ The critics have adduced as a parallel Quintilian's celebrated *Proœmium* to the fifth book of his *Institutes*. If, in reading that finished production, we are sometimes reminded of Tickell's lines—

"Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart,"—

if the warmth of our emotion is chilled by the rhetorical tricks and the theatric adjuration, there is undoubtedly an undertone of true pathos which is exquisitely affecting. But the words of Augustine need no critic. He who is unmoved by them wants not so much a critical judgment as a human heart. His susceptible nature was especially formed for friendship. In the one interval of leisure in his busy life, at the villa of Cassiciacum, lent him by Verecundus during the months between his conversion and his baptism, he is surrounded by a group of African friends, who have followed him from Tagaste, Madaura, Hippo, and Carthage. One of these, Romanianus, was of higher rank than the rest. In addressing one of his books to him, Augustine incidentally gives us a notion of the life and aims of a fine gentleman of the fourth century. The fine gentleman presented the public with shows of wild beasts and other unusual spectacles. He lived at a great rate, keeping almost open house. He was expected to build largely, especially baths with tessellated pavements. His reward was popular applause. If he succeeded in his appeal to the affections of the people; if his agents were so honest and capable that he did not become bankrupt;§ he was received in the theatre with a roar of welcome. His statue was set up, not only in his city, but in the neighbouring towns. He was hailed as "liberalissimus, mundissimus, humanissimus, fortunatissimus." Augustine's relation with Romanianus, Alypius, Licentius, and others, prove that he possessed that undefinable thing called influence, which Archbishop Whately proposed to call

* Confess., ix. 10.

† *E. gr.* "Et mentitus sum matri et illi matri, et evasi," v. 8. "Meum quiddam puerile, quod labeatur in fletus, juvenili voce cordis tacebat constringebam fluxum moeroris rursusque impetu suo ferebatur non usque ad eruptionem lacrimarum sed ego sciebam quid corde premerem."—Confess., ix. 12.

‡ "Cito de terra abstulisti vitam ejus, et securior eum recorder, non timens quidquam pueritiæ, nec adolescentiæ, nec omnino homini illi."—Confess., ix. 6.

— § "Resque ipsa familiaris diligenter à tuis fideliterque administrata idoneam se tantis sumptibus paratuique præberet."—*Contra Acad. Lib. i., tom. i. 410, 411.*

effluence, which acts upon men's natures through some intangible medium quite distinct from an appeal to their logical faculties.

There are many passages in the Confessions, and in his other writings, which reveal to us even the physical temperament of the man. Born under the intense light of an African sky, compared with which the very suns of Italy are pale; used to gaze forward where the sight is not limited by the dimness of the medium, but by the weakness of the organ, he speaks of his love of light, "the queen of colours, washing round all things which we see with its perpetual and multitudinous flow," and connects it with one of the grandest movements in the literature of the world.* Habituated to view from the coast the Mediterranean clothed in a many-coloured vesture, with shooting green of every tint, sometimes deepening into purple, more often like a blue band drowned in the vermilion sky of evening or morning, he can paint at times in colours like those of Ruskin.† His comparisons are frequently drawn from light; it is to him the very luxury of existence.‡ He possesses the picturesque feeling and touch which are so peculiarly modern. His account of a fight between two cocks is coloured and animated.§ The loving and minute subtlety with which he transfers mental impressions to nature reminds us at times of the latest school of poetry among ourselves.|| His other senses were equally keen and susceptible. Of scents, indeed, he says that he does not refuse them when present, nor miss them when absent; confessing, however, "*fortasse fallor.*" A passage in his chapter on Memory shows us that he anticipated the subtle beauty of Shelley's lines—

"Odours, when sweet violets die,
Live within the memory." ¶

The repairs of the table—as Dr. Johnson called them in language strikingly like Augustine's—had for him, as he tells us, a fascination with which he sometimes reproached himself.** His sense of

* "*O lux quam videbat Tobias aut quam videbat Jacob, quum et ipse prægrandi ætate captus oculis in filiis præsignata futuri populi genera luminoso corde radiavit.*"—Confess., x. 34.

† "*In ipsius quoque maris tam grandi spectaculo, quum sese diversis colonibus induat velut vestibus et aliquando viride atque hoc multis modis, aliquando purpureum, aliquando cæruleum.*"—De Civ. Dei, xxii. 24.

‡ "*Propter hæc volunt vivere.*"—De Lib., Arb. ii. 13, tom. i. 656. "*Ad quietis ipsius penetrale, cujus jam luce mens eorum velut in longinquo radiante perstringitur pervenire non possunt. Dorsum enim habebam ad lumen, et ad ea quæ illuminantur faciem; unde, ipsa facies mea, qua illuminata cernebam, non illuminabatur.*"—Confess., iv. 16.

§ "*In eisdem gallis erat videre intenta projectius capita, inflatas comas, vehementes ictus et in omni motu animalium ratione expertum nihil non decorum.*"—De Ordine.

|| *E. gr.* "*Lunam nocturnas tenebras solantem.*"—In Psalm cxix. 5, p. 1112.

¶ "*Sicut odor, dum transit et evanescit in ventos, olfactum afficit, unde trajicit in memoriam imaginem sui, quam reminiscendo repetamus.*"—Confess., x. 9.

** "*Crapula autem nonnumquam surrepit servo tuo. Reficimus quotidianas ruinas*

hearing was evidently acute and delicate. As he lies awake at Cassiacum, he hears the sound of water trickling into the baths, making an uneven sound as it runs over the pebbles, from the accumulation here and there of the autumnal leaves. This leads to the chief subject of one of his most interesting discussions.* Religious men, who religiously love choral services, have no reason to be angry with those who warn them against possible dangers and excesses. Such warnings may be found in quarters where by some they would be least expected. For instance, "In reference to singing, I fluctuate between the danger of being carried away by the pleasure of taste, and the personal experience which I have of the profit of the practice. I am inclined rather to approve of the practice of singing in church; not, however, giving an opinion which I might not conceivably retract. Yet when it happens to me to be moved by the musical modulation more than by the thing which is sung, I confess that I sin gravely, and that I had rather not hear the voice that sings."† It is singular to find this jealousy of harmony in religious services, when we remember the sweet and consolatory tears for his lost Adeodatus which were drawn from him by the hymns of Ambrose,‡ composed to soothe and occupy the people during their watches with their Bishop, at the time of the persecution of Justina. There are some men who are so constituted that beauty of every kind is not to them a distraction or a recreation. The light of a spring day, the blue range of the mountains, the vast soft whiteness of the breaking

corporis edendo et bibendo."—Confess., v. 31. A furious controversy, which made much noise in its day, arose upon the signification of the word *crapula*, in which a physician Petit, Bayle, and others took part. See Flottes, "Études sur Saint Augustine," pp. 149, 153. It is to be remarked that Augustine's Christian common sense preserved him from the Manichean extravagance which afterwards found something degrading to the saintly character in the use of animal food. Görres lays it down as a law of saintship that in its higher manifestations it gives up flesh-meat, and lives upon vegetables, milk, and honey. We know from Posidonius that the Bishop of Hippo had meat upon his table, some days in the week at least. He himself says, "Non ego immunditiam obsonii timeo, sed immunditiam cupiditatis."—Confess., x. 31.

* De Ordine, i. 3, Tom. i., 459, 462.

† Confess., x. 33. Instrumental music was long in finding its way into churches. "Musical instruments rather excite the mind to pleasure, than tend to form good dispositions within it. In the Old Testament such instruments were used, partly because the people were more cold and carnal—stimulated by such things even as they were stimulated by earthly promises; partly because these material objects had a figurative signification. *Ecclesia non utitur organis, ne Judaizare videatur.*" D. Thomae. *Summa Theologiæ cum Commentariis Cajetan.* Quæstio, xii., Art. ii., vol. iii. pp. 228—230. Cajetan mentions the curious fact that instrumental music is not permitted when the Pope officiates in person. We may well be thankful that, in the noble language of our own Milton, in our cathedrals and churches "the solemn and divine harmonies of music are heard whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues." It would be well for some of the young gentlemen who sneer "at the intellectual coldness of the Anglican service," to read the Confessions, x. 33.

‡ Confess., ix. 6.

waves, fill them with a sensation which is not unmingled with suffering. The greater the beauty which they see, the more it leaves them unsatisfied and full of longing. Augustine was one of these men. If they frame to themselves a theory of Art and Beauty, it will be like his and Plato's.*

11.

To understand and enjoy Augustine's writings in general, and more especially his Confessions, we must know something of the Roman-African life and thought of that day.

The normal state of the descendants of the Roman settlers in Africa† was—as M. Saint-Marc Girardin has well shown—that which has been reproduced in modern Algeria; small groups of civilised men, surrounded by barbarous nomads. In such a state of society complicated relations arise between the two parties. Occasionally the barbarian is moulded and elevated by his neighbour. Roman letters and education filtered into the Phœnician and Numidian villages, and a succession of orators and legists was produced by the natives of Africa. The more usual relations between the tribesmen and the colonists were of a much humbler kind, founded upon mutual convenience. In one of those interesting letters,‡ which testify to the masculine good sense of Augustine, it comes out that the native tribes frequently acted as conveyers of merchandise, conductors of caravans, and guardians of harvests.§ Compacts were entered into between them, sealed by oaths, which often caused scruples to timid Christians.

The civilised life of Africa is more directly connected with our subject. "The long and narrow tract of African coast was filled with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence, and the

* "Pulchra trajecta per animas in manus artificiosas ab illa pulchritudine veniunt, quæ super animas est."—Confess., x. 34; cf. xi. 5.

† It will be remembered that Sallust received from Cæsar the government of Numidia. The historian did not practise the lessons which he inculcates so eloquently. His splendid mansion and gardens, still so frequently visited at Rome, were built and beautified by money extorted from Hippo, Tagaste, and other African towns. In the Jugurthine war of Sallust there is a description of Africa, in which the name of Hippo occurs.

‡ The worthy Publicola's cases of conscience are of this kind—Is it not sinful to make a compact with barbarians, when they swear by false gods? Is it not sinful to partake of grain or oil of which an offering has been made to a devil? Whether a Christian may use wood from a consecrated grove? Whether he may drink from a tank in a deserted temple? On the question of the lawfulness of using arms in the Gospel dispensation, it is hard to believe that the bishop wrote without a smile. "Perhaps Christians had better keep hornless oxen, and have houses without windows, for fear some one should be killed. If a Christian is not to drink of streams which have been polluted by idolatry, he had better give up breathing—for the incense of heathen rites is taken up by the winds."—Tom. ii. 705.

§ "Qui ad deducendas bastagas pacti fuerint, vel aliqui ad servandas fruges."—Epist. clii. Tom. ii. 700. See M. Saint-Marc Girardin—*Revue des deux Mondes*, Sept. 15, 1842.

respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean." One fact impresses us with the highest sense of the fertility of the district, and of the industry of the people. Thickly populated as it was, it exported vast quantities of wheat; and after providing abundantly for home consumption, sent the bread-stuffs which mainly supplied the vast population of Rome.* This civilized life of Africa found its centre at Carthage—the Rome of Africa, as it was frequently called. It has been observed by M. Villemain, if I remember right, that we think of no other Carthage than that of Hannibal. But Carthage, from the period of its new foundation under Augustus (A.D. 29), was essentially a Roman city. On its topography and scenery we need not dwell. The undecaying framework of nature, common to the Punic with the Roman city, has been described in M. Flaubert's *Salammbô*.† Those unwholesome and libidinous pages are occasionally redeemed by the antiquarian learning and accurate observation of the scholar, the traveller, and the devotee of realism in romance. Carthage was the child of Roman genius in its grandest hour. It was described as a most glorious city. Its streets, glittering with gold and gay with marbles, ran in long parallel lines. It possessed numerous schools, and affected to rival Rome as a creator of Latin literature.‡ The old Punic passion for commerce appeared to revive upon its ancient soil. Countless ships pressed into the one great port of a havenless sea. If Christianity had spread with singular rapidity over the surface, it does not seem to have sunk into the heart of society. The sunshine and fertility of the country were bitterly contrasted with the character of the inhabitants. The ancient reproach of the Punic faith sank into insignificance compared with the shameless exhibition of vices which humanity abhors. The garb of religion was the signal for outbursts of derision and hatred.§ Significant passages in Augustine's letters prove that the clergy themselves were far from immaculate.

* Gibbon, chapter xxxiii.

† Perhaps the following bit of description may assist us in giving colour to some of the scenes of Augustine's earlier life. "The waves glittered round Carthage, for the moon shone at once upon the mountain-locked gulf and the lake of Tunis, where the phenicopteri formed long red lines among the sand-banks, while beyond, under the catacombs, the great salt lagoon glimmered like a plate of silver. The vault of the blue heaven lost itself in the horizon, on the one side in the white powdered dust of the plain, on the other in the fine silver mists of the sea. On the summit of the Acropolis, the pyramidal cypresses swayed and murmured like the regular waves which flapped slowly the whole length of the mole."

‡ "Dux tantæ urbes Latinarum literarum artifices, Roma atque Carthago."—August. Epist. ad Dioscorum, Tom. ii. 257.

§ See quotations in Gibbon, chapter xxxiii, notes 38, 39, 40. *Gurges morum Carthaginensium*.—*Confess.* iii. 7.

One result of the Roman character of African society and education upon Augustine's intellectual history and theological acquirements is too important to be omitted. At neither period of its history was there any tincture of Hellenism in the population or culture of Carthage. It will be remembered, by every reader of the Confessions, how Augustine as a boy hated Greek; how the difficulty of learning a foreign language sprinkled with gall the sweetness of the glorious Grecian poems, which a nature like his was so capable of enjoying. This may be a convenient place for considering the question of Augustine's Greek scholarship, which has been so severely discussed.

An eminent prelate of the Irish Church is said to have been in the habit of stating that, had St. Augustine applied to him for orders, he must have been rejected for ignorance of Greek. Possibly there may have been among the clergy of his Grace some who were far from being the saint's equals even in this respect. He may, indeed, have been unable to understand thoroughly portions of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He used translations of Plato.* The accurate Clausen sums up the evidence on this subject as follows:—

"In these observations and corrections of the Latin translation of the Scriptures, if we make some grains of allowance, it is indisputable that Augustine attained the truth. If I am right, he is so far from being chargeable with gross ignorance of Greek,† that he should be considered fairly instructed in grammar, and a subtle distinguisher of words. But it is evident that this knowledge, which does not go beyond the elements, is insufficient for a thorough comprehension of Greek books, and much more for those in the Hellenistic dialect, which have forms of words, notions, and constructions, peculiar to themselves."‡

Among the sights of Carthage, there was one of peculiar fascination to the susceptible boy. I single it out, because it will naturally lead us to Augustine's judgment upon the study of classical antiquity.

* Confess., viii. 2.

† "Augustinus extitit ut alii, Ebrae ac Graeco linguae ignarus."—Walch, *Bibl. Patrist.*, p. 352. "Imperitus non tantum Hebraicae, sed etiam Graeco linguae, ipsos fontes adire non potuit, sed solam ferè translationem Latinam explicare conatus est."—Rosenmüller, *Hist. Interpret.* iii. 40.

‡ Clausen's chapter on Augustine's knowledge of Greek contains an analysis of all the Greek words correctly treated by him. Augustine gives the derivation of the following terms:—*αἰώνιον*, *ανάθημα*, *γερονσία*, *ἑγκαίνια*, *λόγος*, *ὀλόκανστον*, *παραδειγματίζειν*, *παρακαλεῖν*, *πράπτωμα*, *πλημμελία*, *τραγελφος*. He discriminates accurately between the following:—*γεννᾶν* and *τίκτειν*, *ἐνταφιάζειν* and *θαπτεῖν*, *ἐχθὴ* and *προσιυχή*, *θύμος* and *ὀργή*, *λατρεύειν* and *δουλεύειν*, *μίση* and *εὐμία*, *πνοή* and *πνεῦμα*, *πρωτότοκα*, *πρωτογενήματα*, and *ἀπαρχαί*, *σκιῶς* and *ἀγγεῖον*, *σπίλος*, *μῶμος* and *ἀθή*. He corrects the ancient Latin translation of the lxx, in *thirty* places, and of the New Testament at least three times. (S. John viii. 25, xviii. 37; Romans, i. 3.—Clausen, *August. S. Script. Interpret.*, pp. 30–40.) To this it may be added that when Marcellinus consults him on some difficulties in the Psalms, he speaks of not having the Greek of all the Psalter at hand, but of referring to one portion, and finding that it agreed with the Latin.—*Epist.* lix. ad Marcellinum, tom. ii. 294.

The spectacles of the Latin theatre in Carthage were numerous and splendid. They furnished fuel for the unquiet fire of his soul, scenes which haunted his imagination, and passages which he loved himself to declaim. The Christian Church, it need hardly be observed, abhorred the Pagan theatre. The idolatrous rites, the lascivious attitudes, the gladiatorial shows, which were its inseparable accompaniments, were equally opposed to the dogmatic Monotheism, to the purity, and to the mercy of the Gospel. The very fact of a man's habitual absence from the theatre afforded presumptive proof that he was a Christian.* In his Confessions, Augustine goes more deeply to the root of the matter. Supposing obscenity and idolatry to be banished from the stage, and taking it at its best estate, are its effects morally wholesome? Is it good that the passive emotions should be excited, when no active exertion is intended to follow,† when the very intensity of the emotion is a delicate luxury whose end is itself? Augustine seems to doubt it.‡

His early education was that of a rhetorician of the day. The practice was to make the boy render into fluent Latin prose that which he had read in Latin verse.§ Few rhetorical exercises could be devised so likely to give copiousness of vocabulary and readiness of expression. He is early successful in the school of rhetoric, goes from Tagaste to Carthage, is disgusted with it, thinks of Rome, and dedicates to Hierius his lost work, *De Pulchro et Apto*.|| From Carthage he had been driven by the wickedness of the wild students. At Rome, he recoils from the stories of their meanness. It appears that it was a common trick among them to take out a course from one professor, shirk payment, and go off in a body to another teacher. He is proud of being sent to Milan, by public conveyance, as a traveller at the public expense, with a salary from the State as well as private pay.¶ This post was procured for him by the kindness of Manichean friends. Gibbon has sneered at the professional acquirements of Augustine. But surely he gave a proof of his power as an orator who persuaded the fierce population of a town in Mauritania to give up those murderous *catervæ*, compared with which the faction fights of the "Two-year Olds" in Tipperary were mild indeed.** And

* *Spectacula non visitas*, says Cæcilian in his invective against the Christians.—Min. Fel. Octavius, cap. ii. See also de Broglie's *L'Eglise et l'Empire*, part ii. vol. i. 2.

† "Non enim ad subveniendum provocatur auditor, sed tantum ad dolendum invitatur."—Confess., iii. 2.

‡ Perhaps he vacillates for a moment towards a more favourable view, "Ergo amentur dolores aliquando, sed cave immunditiam, anima mea."

§ Confess., i. 17.

|| Ibid., iii. 13, v. 8, iv. 13, 14.

¶ "Legum supra mercedem salaria decernentium."—Ibid., i. 16. "Impertita etiam evectio publicæ."—V. 12, 13.

** De D. Christ., iv. 24.

the man must be admitted to know something of an art who has written a treatise upon it, which has not been superseded after four-teen hundred years. To Dioscorus he might write with irritation, "Oratoris libros, et quæ sunt de oratore omnia prætermisi."* Yet the rhetorical knowledge, acquired by many years of indefatigable toil, is packed into the fourth book of the treatise on Christian doctrine. Has the Christian Church any more valuable manual on the subject?

The touching story of Victorinus,† who was himself also an African, shows how important a career was open to the rhetorician of the day. The teacher of nobles and senators might aspire to the honour of a statue. His position was like that of the contemporary Sophist in the eastern portion of the Roman empire, if we make some allowance for the extravagance of the later Greek provincial spirit—not, perhaps, posing himself be-ringed, crowned, and jewelled, before admiring crowds, holding his rhetorical jousts from city to city;‡ but courted, feasted, and patronized. True oratory is the strong expression of the freeman's thought, and is extinguished with the extinction of liberty. There remains nothing but the declaimer. Augustine's taste in rhetoric may have been vitiated, at least as to verbal details. No man can escape with perfect impunity from the spirit of his times. The very fountain of the intellectual life is tinged by our birthplace and earliest associations. It tells for something in an orator's life that he is born in Ireland, or in Africa, the Ireland of Rome. But Augustine's taste from the earliest period was for that which was solid. He thirsted for the wine of truth, and the beauty or livery of the cup-bearer was nothing to him.§ He had longed to hear the great popular preacher of the Manicheans, Faustus; but he soon found that the graceful orator, who could say whatever he pleased, had little or nothing to say. Faustus had but a scanty stock-in-trade—a few orations of Cicero, a very few books of Seneca, some poets, and the narrow literature of his own sect. However skilfully handled by a practised speaker, not much could be made of such poor materials. Augustine soon knew at what price to value these embroidered inanities. When he hears Ambrose at Milan, he detects at once the ring of the true metal.|| He carried with him into his judgments upon the Christian pulpit the same masculine discrimination. The

* Epist., lvi., tom. ii. 269.

† Confess., viii. 2.

‡ See the lively sketch, drawn from Libanius, *De Vita sua*, in de Broglie, part ii. vol i. 144, sqq. Chrysostom, after speaking of the applause given to musicians and athletes, adds—οἱ δὲ ῥητορικῶν ἱμπεριοὶ λόγων, καὶ αὐτοὶ πάλιν ἐπὶ τῶν σοφιστῶν τὸ αὐτὸ τοῦτο πράττουσιν, ἵστι γὰρ καὶ τοῦτοις θιάτρα, καὶ ακροαταί, καὶ κρῆτοι. κ.τ.λ. In Joannem Homil. i.

§ Confess., v. 6.

|| Ibid. v. 13. "Delectabar suavitate sermonis, quamquam eruditioris, minus tamen hilarescentis atque mulcentis quam Fausti erat, quod attinet ad dicendi modum." ~

grease-pastry style of rhetoric,* so characteristic of provincialism in all ages, was his abhorrence. He illustrates this by admirable images in the fourth book of the treatise upon Christian doctrine. The strong man in the battle may possibly use a golden-hilted and jewelled sword; but it is because it is a sword, not because it is embossed. Eloquence is a rapid stream, and sweeps along flowers of speech, if they come in its way; but does not go out of its course to find them. A key of gold is useless, if it will not open the lock to which it is applied. The florid redundancy indulged in, once at least, by his countryman, Cyprian, the Taylor of Africa, is but faintly excused.† With regard to minor points, the young African professor of rhetoric was accused at Rome and Milan of provincial pronunciation of many words.‡ He did not altogether escape the charge of occasional solecism; but, as he adds, with an amusing touch of unconscious vanity, only from those who, like a dilettante of his acquaintance, argued with plausibility that Cicero himself had committed errors in this kind. But, no doubt, these minor blemishes were more than redeemed by the subtle tenderness and thoughtfulness peculiar to himself. The misfortune of provincialism is not altogether unmixed. The African style was evidently characterised by bold, incisive phrases. Under that burning sky, the Roman language seemed to lose something of its massiveness, and to acquire, in return, a speculative subtlety, which reminds us at times of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. As a preacher, it is evident that his powers were very great. He could charm alike the clergy of Carthage and the fishers of Hippo, and move a ferocious audience—first, to the bursts of applause which were not unusual in churches, and then to abundant tears. Cold criticism of his style, as such, is scarcely permissible. He had no time for classic finish, for perfection of form. Every drop of time cost him so dear.§ The author of the apostrophe to Light is scarcely inferior to the greatest orator of any age.|| He possessed that severe moral restraint which is often artistically at one with the most delicate taste. In describing the death of an early friend at Tagaste he uses a phrase of questionable propriety,¶ apparently rather

* *Adipata*, Cic. *De Oratore*.

† "*Ait ergo quodam loco*" [*Cyprian ad Donat. Ep. i.*] "*Petamus hanc sedem; dant recessum vicina secreta, dum erratici palmitum lapsus pendulis nexibus per arundines baiulus repunt, viteum porticum frondea tecta fecerunt.*" "*Non dicuntur ista nisi mirabiliter adfluentissima fecunditate facundie, set profusione nimia gravitati displicent.*"—*De Doct.*, iv. 14. The reader will be reminded of South's caustic allusion to Taylor in one of his sermons.

‡ *De Ordine*, Lib. ii. tom. i. 491.

§ "*Caro mihi valent stillæ temporum.*"

|| *Confess.*, x. 34.

¶ *Ibid.* iv. 6. "*Quæ mihi quasi declamatio levis quam gravis confessio videtur.*"—*Retract.*, lib. ii. 6.

for effect than as an accurate exponent of his emotions. He is resolved that no taint of self shall rest upon his heart's offering to God, and the expression finds a place in the *Retractions*.

From Augustine's views upon rhetoric we may pass by no unnatural transition to his judgment upon pagan antiquity generally. In an age like that in which he lived, it is evident that classical literature must have been estimated differently, not only by different minds, but by the same minds from different points of view. Literature and philosophy are so estimated in our day. In a Church so dogmatic as Rome, we find Newman praising and De Maistre abominating Lord Bacon. In the fourth century Paganism was yet standing. The heart of the tree, indeed, was dead, but, as may sometimes be observed in trees, the vitality had gone from the centre to the circumference, and the tenacious bark communicated with still living fibres at the root. In the Eastern Church, classical literature was indulgently treated from the beginning by the Christian fathers. Its philosophers were looked upon by some among them as the prophets of human reason. In the West, there was more hesitation upon the subject. "The Apostle had been at Athens," exclaims Tertullian, almost fiercely, "and knew human wisdom by meeting it. What have Athens and Jerusalem in common? Let them look to it, who have brought in a Stoic, a Platonic, or a dialectic Christianity."* On the other hand Arnobius confidently appeals to Plato.

Augustine's mature and definite judgment on heathen philosophy is not difficult to gather, in spite of some apparent inconsistencies of expression. The Gospel did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. Nor did it come to destroy the crude fruit of human wisdom, but to form and mellow it. He never grounded faith upon an universal scepticism. Opposed as Aristotle and Plato might seem to be, he believed that one consistent mass had been strained out by the cautious wisdom of successive ages. Of Cicero and Plato he speaks with almost unvarying respect. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? In the wonderful providence of God, the first little flame of Divine love had been kindled in his heart by them, though the odour and the blaze were from the unguents of Holy Scripture.† To the Hortensius of Cicero he owed the first prelude to his conversion, the first initiation into those high problems which are the intellectual principles of the spiritual life. The tremulous impulse which it im-

* De Prescrip. Heret.

† This is his language to Romanianus, "*Nunquam cessavimus inhiantes in philosophiam. . . . Nondum aderat ea flamma, quæ summa nos arreptura erat, cum ecce tibi libri quidam pleni bonas res Arabices ubi exhalarent in nos, ubi illi flammulæ instillarunt pretiosissimi unguenti guttas paucissimas, incredibile, Romaniane, incredibile, et ultra quod fortasse de me, et tu credis, etiam mihi ipso de meipso incredibile incendium concitarunt.*" *Æ. C. Acad.*, lib. ii. 2, tom. i. 425.

parted to his spirit may be compared to the motion of the spray that hangs over the cataract before it is touched by the waters. With Plato I suppose that it may be looked upon as certain that he was never profoundly acquainted, that he had read but little of his works, and that little in Latin translation. Yet, predestined Platonist as he was, he seized upon the lofty Theism of the Timæus, upon the high morality of the Euthyphron, upon the doctrine of Ideas, and with the instinct of genius thinking out these principles to their conclusion, gave that Platonic mould to Christian thought which it has never lost. "*Quicquid dicitur in Platone, vivit in Augustino.*" To him we owe that noble passage which for ever puts to shame the faithlessness of those who in this, or in any other age, have considered human learning a curse or a superfluity outside the Church. The passage to which I refer* is the more remarkable when we remember that the treatise in which it occurs was written, in part, to combat the passion for secular learning, dangerous in that day, which prevailed among a section of the African clergy.†

Turning from philosophy to literature, we find that Augustine had scruples as to his fondness for Terence and Virgil. In reference to Terence, this can easily be accounted for. His lines were much used to afford ground-colours for the rhetorical style, and the Christian Bishop had learned to despise those retail dealers in words.‡ There are also obscene passages in his plays. Indeed, his very connection with the stage was a strong objection to him in Augustine's judgment. He could not forget the voluptuous excitement throbbing in the very air, the sanguinary fanaticism of the circus, which he describes with so masterly a touch in the case of Alypius.§ Wherever the Latin language was spoken, the writings of Virgil had acquired a popularity which at first sight seems unaccountable. Such exquisite finish, such curious felicity, requires culture to be appreciated. Yet lines of Virgil are scrawled on the poorest tombs among the catacombs, and scratched upon the walls of Pompeii by the hands of the lowest of the people. I leave it to others to discover reasons for this popularity, of which I am ignorant. For my part I am content to find the cause in that subjectivity with which he is sometimes

* *De Doctrinâ Christ.* ii. 28—31, 40.

† This view is quite consistent with the fact that after he was called to the episcopate he had no further time for such studies, and even used very severe language occasionally when he saw danger of excess in that direction. "*Innumerabiles fabule poetarum, oratorum inflata et expolita . . . mendacia, philosophorum garrulæ argutiæ . . . posteaquam mihi curarum ecclesiæ sarcina imposita est, omnes illæ deliciæ fugero de manibus.*"—*Epistola Memorio*, cxxxi., tom. ii. 647.

‡ *Venditorum verborum.*—*Confess.*, ix. 5. *Nundinis loquacitatis*, ix. 2.

§ *Ibid.* iii. 8. Even in reference to Terence, he will not accuse those words which are elect and precious vessels, but that wine of devils which we are given to quaff in them.—i. 16.

reproached, in that pathetic tenderness which, as has been well said, makes Virgil the first of the moderns. The people excuse refinement when it is pathetic. They pardon the finish of the line, when they can still see that it is written by one whose eyes were moistened with a tear. To this peculiarity of Virgil's genius no more delicate tribute has ever been paid than the sweet and burning tears shed by the passionate and imaginative boy, and for which the Bishop so bitterly reproached himself, "*Tantillus puer et tantus peccator.*" To estimate fully the enchantment which Virgil exercised over Augustine, we must turn to those treatises of his which fill up a gap in the Confessions, the works against the Academics, On Order, and Concerning the Blessed Life. After his memorable conversion, and resignation of his professorship, his friend Verecundus kindly lent him his villa at Cassiciacum.* There he retired for some months to prepare himself for his baptism, accompanied by Monica, by the son whom he was so soon to lose, and by a select circle of African friends, by Alypius, Navigius his brother, Trygetius, Lastidianus, Rusticus, and Licentius, the poetical son of Romanianus. There, in the evening generally, after their letters were written, and the superintendence of the farm completed for the day, the party discussed philosophical questions, such as the power of wisdom to give certainty, happiness, order. A singular freedom and toleration breathed through the conferences of these delightful days. Of one of the party, at least—Licentius, in whose subjective and melancholy strain there is an undertone which reminds us of the poetry of our own day—we know that even many years later he was not distinctively a Christian. Among the company there was not a single ecclesiastic to precipitate the work. Cassiciacum†

* Confess., ix. 3.

† Local tradition identifies Cassiciacum with Cassago, a village about eight leagues north-east of Milan. The oldest authority for this is, however, a note in a parish-registry, stating, *memoria proditum esse*, that Augustine had sojourned in the place. Manzoni gives strong etymological reasons against the substitution of *ago* for *iacum*. Besides this, the view from Cassago is common-place, and by no means agrees with Augustine's indications. On the contrary, *Casciago*, another Lombard town, in the opinion of Manzoni and Cossa presents no etymological objection. "It is situated on a prominence at the foot of a group of hills. On its western horizon is Monte Rosa, and the line of the Alps to their junction with the Apennines. To the south-east, a vast opening in which sight is lost; to the east and north-east, the mountains of Bergamasqui and of the lake of Como; within this magnificent framework, a part of the *Lago Maggiore*, four other small lakes nearer; further off, the entire plain, like the hills, sowed with villas, towns, and villages, several of which at least must have existed in the time of Augustine." Another circumstance is mentioned of much importance in deciding the question. At Casciago there is a little torrent which is frequently dry, but which has enough water in autumn to justify the *silicibus irruens* of Augustine, and which in one place is pent up between two rocks, so as to admit of being described as *angustis canalibus intertrusa*. There is also a small valley falling off into a slope, and covered with a meadow, which agrees exactly with the words, *ad pratrum descendere, in pratuli propinqua descendere*. But at Cassago, there is no running water at any season. See Manzoni's letter to M. Pougoulat upon the locality of Cassiciacum.

was situated in a country of lakes and hills, upon the first stage of the Alps on the side of Lombardy. In that fair spot, "full of the serenity of the Italian sky, and the verdure of the valleys of Switzerland," the time passed away in a quiet and uneventful happiness. In the narrative of these months at Cassiciacum, Virgil is repeatedly mentioned. Upon the lower Alpine slopes—

"Beneath them spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair,"

in the meadow-lawn of the farm of Verecundus, during one of those summer days, which seem to give light and clearness to the intellect, as well as to the eye, or in the soft winter sunshine, the cadence of Virgil's lines seem to mingle with the household cares of the little group, with Monica's gentle house-work, and the lowing of the oxen.* In our age of business and distraction, we are tempted to ask with the poet—

"What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?"

We feel that—

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed to attain "

the "sweet calm" or "luminous clearness" of the thinkers of old. We cannot help envying Augustine his seclusion at Cassiciacum. Yet let us remember that it was redeemed afterwards by toils that ended with one of the busiest of human lives. To him, at least, the retreat was not one of idleness. He wished deliberately to place his knowledge upon a certain basis, to understand as well as believe, to reconcile faith with reason, and that in him which thought with that which prayed. Like Butler at twenty-one, Augustine at thirty-

* "Disputare cœperamus sole jam in occasum declinante, diesque poenè totus cum in rebus rusticis ordinandis, tum in recensione primi libri Virgilii peractus fuit."—Acad. lib. i. tom. i. 418. "Interpositis pauculis diebus venit Alypius, et exorto sole clarissimo invitat cœli nitor, et quantum in illis locis hyeme poterat, blanduba temperis in praturn descendere."—De Ordine, lib. ii., Ibid. 471. "Tertius autem dies matutinas nubes, que nos coegerant in balneum, dissipavit, tempusque pomeridianum candidissimum reddidisset."—De Beatâ Vitâ, Ibid. 504. "Septem fere diebus in disputando fuimus otiosi, cum tres tantum Virgilii libros post primum recenseremus."—C. Acad. lib. ii., Ibid. 425. "Quo tamen opere Licentius in poeticum studium sic inflammabatur, ut aliquantum mihi etiam reprimendus videretur. Tandem tamen ad retractandamquam distuleramus de Academicis questionem, cum a me, quantum potui, lumen philosophiæ laudaretur, non invitatus accessit. Et forte dies ita serenus effulserat, ut nulli prorsus rei magis quam serenandis animis nostris congruere videretur. . . . Maturius itaque solito lectos reliquimus paululumque cum rusticis egimus quod tempus urgebat."—C. Acad. ii., Ibid. 426. "Ire cœperam in balneas. Ille enim locus cum cœlo tristi in agro esse minime poteramus, aptus ad disputandum et familiaris fuit."—De Ordine, lib. i. 8, Ibid. 467.

three "proposed the search after truth as the business of his life."* After many years, the rest and perfume of those months were still fresh in the old man's memory. He says, in words that bring before us a picture of green fields, and forms stretched under sheltering trees: "Thou, O faithful Promiser, givest to Verecundus, for that farm of his at Cassiciacum, where we rested in Thee from the fierce summer-tide of the world, the pleasant greenery of Thy Paradise, since Thou hast forgiven him his earthly sins in Thy mountain." But the quiet work of their mornings must soon be over. Before the evening falls, they must lift up their minds to the great problems that tower before our existence and theirs—like the Alpine heights on which they looked at sunset. It must pass away in a few weeks. From the day of his baptism, to the day when in mortal sickness, he must lie down in the little chamber at Hippo, with the sounds of battle ringing in his ear, he can never know rest again. His eyes will not then be fixed upon the pages of Virgil, but upon the psalms of David hung before his eyes at the foot of his humble bed. Yet it may be that at times, in that busy and holy life, the most musical words which he has heard upon earth will fall upon the ear of memory, when he is listening most intently to catch the strains that come from the City of God.†

This sketch would be very deficient without some reference to the state of religion in Africa in the fourth century. More than in most countries, Christianity there was tinctured by the soil in which it grew. Donatism may be considered as the expression of national and religious jealousy. The "fractionary" ecclesiastical spirit of the African Christians has been traced in the enormous numbers of the African bishops. For instance, in one conference at Carthage, (A.D. 411) we read of 279 Donatist, 286 Catholic bishops. The colonists acquired something of the fierceness of the tribes by whom they were surrounded. The Donatists, those Puritans of Africa had their Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in the Circumcellion. Some one has ingeniously said that yet another analogy between the Puritans and the Donatists is suggested by those extraordinary names which, as we turn over the pages of a Church History,

* "Contemptis tamen ceteris omnibus quæ bona mortales putant, huic investigand inservire proposui. . . . Mihi autem certum est, nusquam prorsus ab auctoritate Christi discedere . . . quod autem subtilissimâ ratione persequendum est, ita enim jam sum affectus ut quod sit verum non *credendo solum sed etiam intelligendo* apprehendere impatienter desideramus, apud Platonem me intueri quod sacris nostris non repugnat reperturum esse confido."—C. Academ. i.

† M. Saisset has pointed out a curious Virgilian reminiscence in the *De Civ. D.*, xiv. 27. "Sine ardoris illecebrosi stimulo infunderetur gremio uxoris."—*Cf. Æneid.*, viii. 406. "Conjugis infusus gremio." Another such reminiscence may be cited—the reference to Dares and Entellus, in his letter to Jerome.—*Tom. ii., Epist. 68.*

remind us for a moment of passages at which we have smiled in Woodstock. But the love of these names belonged to African, not to Donatist, Christianity. Among the Catholic bishops, whose names are subscribed to the letter to Pope Innocent against Pelagius and Cœlestius are two Adeodatuses, and three Quodvultdeuses. How prevalent Manicheism was, no reader of the Confessions can forget. It was no unusual circumstance to find three bishops in one town, Manichean, Donatist, and Catholic. Heathenism lingered on still. Augustine speaks, with an eloquent shudder, of the hideous and effeminate wretches, who, with unguent-dripping locks and whitened faces, up to yesterday, as he says, went in the processions of the Magna Mater through the streets of Carthage.* The country, and especially Carthage, was haunted by dissolute fortune-tellers and spiritualists,† the maggots who crawl from the rottenness of scepticism. Aruspices still remained and sacrificed.‡ Ingenious people were puzzled by impostors, *mathematici*.§ Now an image was rashly broken by the Christians, and the population rose in fury. Now a nomad tribe had a bargain to make with its civilized neighbours, and scruples of conscience arose, because the barbarians would only swear by their own gods. As is the case in India now, two phenomena were exhibited, on the one hand a fanatical revival of the old religion, on the other a philosophical rationalism, which sought to preserve a minimum of it, inculcating the moral ideas of the new faith. There, as ever in analogous circumstances, two currents of thought are formed drop by drop, until at last the equilibrium is broken, the mass of the new ideas exceeds that of the old, and the old is absorbed and lost in the new. The letters of two pagans to Augustine, Longinianus the priest, and Maximus of Madaura, illustrate this truth. At Carthage, and elsewhere, the Christian Church had not yet filtered off all the dregs of paganism. Augustine admits that he knew Christians who were worshippers of pictures and sepulchres. There were riotous feasts, nominally changed into Memories of Martyrs, but in carnality and excess in no respect different from the old festivals in the temples of the idols. At Hippo itself, there were Church feasts, whose admitted extravagances were sanctioned, or palliated, by a reference to similar abuses, committed at Rome, under the eyes of its bishop. Such is a hasty

* "Usque in hesternum diem deficit interpretatio, erubuit ratio, conticuit oratio."—*De Civ. Dei*, vii. 26.

† "Quos ipsi bene novimus per innumera scorta solere dissolvi."—*C. Acad. lib. i.*, tom. t. 417. See the curious story of the "medium" Albricerinus.—*Ibid*.

‡ One of these applied to Augustine when he was a candidate for the theatrical prize poem:—"Mandasse mihi nescio quem haruspicem, quid ei dare mercedis vellem, ut vincerem; me autem fœda illa sacramenta abominatum respondi: nec si corona illa cœset immortaliter aurea, muscam pro victoria mea necari me sinero."—*Confess. iv. 2*.

§ *Ibid. iv. 3*.

and faintly drawn sketch of the varied life of populous towns* now overthrown and forgotten in the desert, or remembered only to be execrated as the nests of pirates.†

Erasmus complains bitterly that the powers of Augustine were wasted upon Africa. Such a genius would have produced still nobler fruits, had it been born or lived in Italy or Gaul. The rudeness, the voluptuousness, the small and restless curiosity of Africa, was hostile to literary excellence and philosophical ripeness‡. This may be partly true. It seems, indeed, that the scanty hours left to the Bishop after the toils of controversy, the care of his flock, and the

* Of one of these Roman-African towns, a correspondent of the *Times* wrote a few years ago—"Under the shadow of the forest-hill at Batna, upon which the lion, the panther, and the wild boar range, a Roman city, which once held 50,000 inhabitants, and where ninety bishops assembled in council, lies a ruin." For this citation I am indebted to a passage in Archdeacon Lee's lectures, where he draws with solemn eloquence the moral of Donatism.—"Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," p. 96, *seq.*

† Of Hippo, now Bona, an eloquent description has been given by the Abbé Sibour. "The chapel of Bona is an old and miserable mosque, which the Moors themselves have abandoned. . . . Beneath the shadow of aged olive trees, which extend their boughs over the tomb of Hippo, I was able to call up the phantom of the buried city. Nothing was changed—the same rounded coasts, the same waves which bathed them, the same bluish mountains on the side of Carthage, and near us the chain of the Edough, rising up with its sombre gorges and wild aspect. The Seybouse rolled its slow waters. . . . We walked along a road hemmed in by two living hedges of cactus and aloes. The Arabs have given Bona the name of Uneba. Sometimes from the thick hills of thorny shrubs, we saw the acanthus raise its great elegantly-cut leaves. We were, in fact, on the ruins of Hippo. The town covered with its buildings the two slopes which we had ascended, and which, by a gradual fall, descend to the banks of the Seybouse near the sea. Some stones were all that remained of the city of Augustine. . . . On that one of the two hills of Hippo which is nearest to the Abou-gemma, on the side of the sea, you meet as you ascend the remains of a vast edifice. All round old olive trees, thick cactuses garnished with points, grow wild from the energy of a soil of which all proves the luxuriant fertility. The character of these ruins, the extent of the building to which they belong, the solidity of the walls and vaults, the situation, make one believe at first that these are the remains of a church—perhaps the crypt of that *Basilica Pacis* where the voice of Augustine was so often raised, and where his tomb was placed. But other indications, especially the remains of aqueducts, appear to give the building another destination. The ruins have probably nothing sacred, and belong to the old cisterns of Hippo—vast reservoirs, fed at a great expense from the sources of the Edough. . . . The Arabs and Kabyles of the mountains perform some curious ceremonies on a portion of the wall, in an angle of the edifice, upon a great stone. Upon asking their reason, they reply that a great Roumi lived here, that his history was written upon the stone, but that the stone was broken." M. Sibour argues that this great Roumi is Augustine; that the stone was transferred from its place in the ruins of the *Basilica Pacis*, where it covered the body of Augustine, together with the remains of the great bishop, lest the tomb should be profaned by the Arian Vandals on the taking of Hippo.—Translation of la Relique de S. Augustine, par M. l'Abbé Sibour—in Poujoulat's *Histoire de S. Augustine*, ii. 445—450.

‡ "Rudis erat Africa, voluptatum avida, studiorum inimica, curiosarum rerum appetens." August. Opp. tom. ii. 1. "Eorum irruentem presentiam qui plerumque non sunt apti tali negotio, magisque lingue certaminibus quam scientiæ luminibus delectantur."—Volusianus Augustino.

superintendence of his clergy, were broken in upon by a noisy throng of babbling visitors, fond of hearing their own tongues, and utterly incapable of solid discussion. But the discordant elements into which he was thrown have gained for us one useful lesson. It is instructive to see how thoroughly Augustine had mastered the thoughts and the wants of his own age; what an extensive toleration he possessed, in spite of the occasional severity and dogmatism which grate upon a modern ear. He answers the strange letter of Volutianus with an exemplary patience which astonishes Erasmus; of the Manicheans he speaks generally in the tone of one who knew the difficulty of finding truth. Perhaps something like a parallel may be found in Newman—the same long uncertainty lulled in dogmatism, only awakening from time to time to tremble with excitement and sympathy for the fortune of others. But the parallel must be drawn with due allowance for the difference between the manly submission to the Catholic Christianity of the fourth century, and the suicide of reason involved in the acceptance of Ultramontanism in the nineteenth century.

III.

It only remains to notice briefly the milestones on the road-side of Augustine's intellectual career. We may term it, with equal truth, his spiritual career, for with him the intellectual and the spiritual are so interfused that we cannot discriminate one from the other. With many men, conversion is the abdication, with him it is the consummation, of reason.

While yet divided between passion and vanity, his soul is reached by the Hortensius of Cicero. The first ring was touched, and the chain never ceased to vibrate. The great problem of the origin of evil first occupied his thoughts, and led to his long subjugation to Manicheism. To this, without being ever fully converted himself, he made several converts, as has happened more than once with converts to Rome in our own day. During nine years of Manicheism he was never thoroughly satisfied with it. Perhaps his mother was led to her dream by the prophetic penetration of maternal love.* He seems to have held, first, a kind of Dualism,† then, the theory of an extended God;‡ or, as he himself says, an extended nothing. He made various efforts to escape from these unsatisfactory speculations. Epicureanism might have tempted him for a moment, but the instinct

* Confess., iii. 11.

† "Ex adverso sibi duas moles utramque infinitam."—*Ibid.* v. 10; vii. 14.

‡ "Neque enim mihi videbatur esse quidquam quod tale non esset spatiosum nihil."—*Ibid.* viii. 1.

of immortality, strong in such natures as his, preserved him. Subtler theories won him for a while. In despair of attaining to truth, he tended for a little to Academic scepticism, the probabilism of the New Academy. At other times he inclined to Pantheism, the perpetual temptation of the speculative spirit; he uses a very curious similitude to explain the form in which it presented itself to him for a while.*

Such are the bare outlines of this restless career, from Manichæism to scepticism, from scepticism to Pantheism. The true cause of the long uncertainty was, as he tells us, want of spirituality.† He had had some acquaintance with Scripture from an early period of his life; he had never lived quite outside a current of Christian thought. The ineffable sweetness of the name of Jesus had breathed upon his soul. It is right, and, if properly understood, may be most profitable for the Christian to remember, that he who among all Christian teachers has been pronounced to have had the greatest influence next to Saint Paul, derived his first great religious lessons, not directly from Scripture, but from Platonism. He can be thankful to God in later life that he had mastered some high truths of this philosophy before he really studied the Bible. But he is careful to proclaim that with all its efficacy as an awakener, Platonism is absolutely insufficient as a guide. We cannot discover in it that which alone can act upon the will, the humility of Jesus. "I did not humbly cling to my humbled Lord Jesus: nor know how masterful that infirmity was, the strength of that weakness." The most superficial reading of the Confessions will show with what entire and loving devotion he rested upon the Holy Scriptures, his chaste delight, honeyed with heaven's manna, and luminous with its light.

As specimens of Augustine's philosophy, I shall only refer to his discussion upon Time and Memory.

He is led to a theory of time in the eleventh book by his examination of the first verses of Genesis. He meets those who asked, as an objection to creation, what God was doing before He made heaven and earth, and how it came into His mind to make what he had not before made—this renders it necessary for him to examine the notion of Time.

The substance of his doctrine is this,—What is Time? It is in the consciousness, and by the aid of memory that we find the first

* "Te autem, Domine, ex omni parte ambientem et penetrantem eam, sed usquequaque infinitum. Tamquam si mare esset ubique, et ubique per immensa infinitum solum mare, et haberet intra se spongiam quamlibet magnam, sed finitam tamen; plena esset utique spongia illa ex omni sua parte ex immenso mari; sic creaturam tuam finitam te infinito plenam putabam."—*Confess.*, vii. 5.

† "Conabar cogitare Te homo, et talis homo, summum et solum et verum Deum!"—*Ibid.* vii. 1.

notion of duration. The mind itself is the type and measure of it. It is not from exterior sources that we acquire the notion of time, but by the inner sense; and it is the mind, the *ego*, which is the original model of that which endures. The present is an ideal point. The past and future have no existence but in the conception of the mind. We do not measure time by motion, but motion by time.

"In thee, my soul, I measure time, in thee I say I measure it. The impression which things as they pass make in thee, and which abides when they have passed away, that impression which is present I measure, not things which have passed away that it might remain. It I measure when I measure time. Therefore, either this impression is time, or I do not measure time."*

In the treatise on Memory, modern psychology has solved Augustine's great difficulty—our memory of having forgotten something—† by the distinction between memory and reminiscence. Memory is spontaneous, reminiscence is memory with effort. When we will to remember a thing which does not come spontaneously to us, we remember something relative to it, which gives us a relative conception of it. We may have no conception what the thing is, only what relation it bears to something else. That relation affords an "*abscissio infinitæ investigationis*," and suggests another relation or relations, until we remember the whole thing.

I shall be amply rewarded if these pages should induce any younger reader to study the Confessions for himself. We honour this great teacher, not by heaping upon him extravagant titles of traditional honour, not as they did who carried his assumed relics from Pavia to Bona,‡ but by being made partakers of his spirit. Better than any positive result of his psychological speculations is that fresh admiration for the glories and depth of man's nature. "And they go to admire the heights of the mountains, and the billows of the sea, and the starry heavens, and *leave themselves*."§ Better even than all the great pages in which he has left us the everlasting lines of our faith,

* Confess. vi. 27. Saïasset's "*Cité de Dieu*," Introduction, lxxxix., sqq. "Here is Augustine's thought which has not been well understood. The sure proof that the mind is the measure of time, or measures time, is that it measures silence. And as silence is not anything real, but simply a privation, and as no privation can be measured, the mind always measures silence by its own duration and intervals, which form part of time."—Notes of D. Martin's *Traduction des Confessions*, Tom. ii. 219.

† Confess. x. 16. Hamilton's Reid, p. 359. "On this footing, what Augustine qualifies by the name of oblivion would be, in name and fact, a true reminiscence, or even a confused sign of a thing which memory has lost. It is like a cloth drawn before a picture which we have formerly seen in a room. It is certain that the cloth, which hides the picture, recalls to those who have looked on it the idea of a picture, without recalling what it represents."—D. Martin, *ut supra*, 57, 58.

‡ For a vivid description of the translation of these [alleged] relics by the French in 1842, see Poujoulat's "*Histoire de Saint Augustine*," i. 413—456.

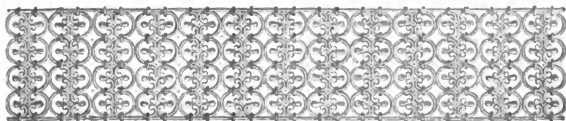
§ Confess., x. 8.

his conviction that Christianity is inexhaustible by man's wit or thought.* Let us read him as he himself would be read, not with the prostrate spirit of slaves, not superstitiously splintering off single texts as if infallible, but, with the reverent liberty of Christian freemen. Let us admire and imitate, as far as may be, the mingled depth and tenderness of a great heart and a great intellect; the saving common-sense which so often rescued him from the errors into which mere logic would have precipitated him; the consideration for the weak;† the determination to understand an adversary's position thoroughly; the manly faith in human reason; the intense reverence for Scripture; the humble penitence and gentle trust in Christ.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

* "Tanta est Christianum profunditas literarum, ut in eis quotidie proficere si eas solas ab ineunte pueritia^{usque} ad decrepitam senectutem, maximo otio, summo studio, meliore ingenio conarer addiscere . . . tantaque non solum in verbis quibus ista dicta sunt, verum etiam in rebus quae intelligenda sunt latet altitudo sapientiae, ut flagrantissimae cupiditati discendi hoc contingat, quod eadem Scriptura quodam loco habet, cum consummaverit homo tunc incipit."—August. Volusiano. Epist. ii., tom. ii. 8.

† "In quibus adhuc parvulis salubritur edificatur fides . . . quorum si quispiam quasi vilitatem dictorum adspersus, extra nutritorias cunas imbecillitate se extendit, heu cadet miser. Domine Deus, miserere, ne implumen pullem conculcent qui transeunt viam; et mitte angelum tuum, qui eum reponat in nido, ut vivat donec volet."—Confess. xli. 27, *eg.* 31. "Cum enim audio christianum aliquem fratrem, illum aut illum, ista nescientem, et aliud pro alio sentientem, patienter intueor opinantem hominem; . . . obest autem si hoc ad ipsam doctrinae pietatis formam pertinere arbitretur."—Confess., v. 9.



THE MORALITY OF LITERARY ART.

IT has undoubtedly been somewhat unfortunate for us in England that our word morality, more especially in relation to literature and art, has taken such a narrow and arbitrary meaning. Reactions usually leave a residuum of bad influences; and in the reaction against the false elements imported into art under the plea of teaching, we sometimes meet with an implicit denial that art has any relation to the moral sphere. The result has been that Beauty and Truth, which, as Goethe pointed out long ago, are but different sides of one reality, have been rudely sundered; and the prevailing idea of the artist is very much that of one who "wildly works without a conscience or an aim." We therefore find ourselves under the necessity of explaining and justifying our title in the outset; for a common ground established, and a common road resolved on, many wranglings may be saved at the crossways, and the journey made the more pleasant for all concerned.

We must set out then with the simple and what might seem needless statement, that when a work of art is declared to "have no moral," that does not carry the same meaning as if it were said that it had no moral bearings. Indeed, strictly taken, the one attribute will be in the inverse ratio of the other. Art permits not the protrusion of purely individual regards through that sublimating medium of the imagination in which lies its true charm. If there-

fore opinion, sentiment, or prejudice be consciously interjected, it matters not how noble its root, in the very same measure will the work be made autobiographic, and lose its artistic value. For in art, as we shall shortly see, opinion is of permanent worth in the degree that it reflects not the individual but the time. But what pertains to the sphere of conventional morality is of the individual and the intellect. At highest it is a thing of opinion and circumstance, and therefore a divisive element, whose groundwork, resting on logical appeal, must oppose itself to art, inasmuch as it suffers not the formal incompleteness through which *by suggestion* art attains its highest expression. Each new work or part of a work, so far as it embodies a dogmatic statement, will thus contradict or supersede what has gone before it. Hence, for instance, the confusion which from first to last runs through the great work of Milton, and the opposition between his "formal purpose" and the true lesson of the poem, which, being a widening of our sympathies, attracts us to Satan in a wholly indescribable manner. Hence, too, the ethical antithesis between picture and lesson in Richardson's earlier novels. On the other hand, what pertains to humanity, and is thus of universal regard, is the matter and the end of art, and the organ of this is the heart or imagination. It is an old idea that men are united by their hearts and separated by their intellects; and readers of Swedenborg will remember the ludicrous picture he draws of the philosophers in the under-world walking in harmony till the unlucky streams of light rayed out upon each other from the backs of their heads. And certainly this is quite true of the formal or abstractive intellect when it unduly intrudes into the sphere of art; it teaches by separation, by distinction, by division: the end of art is to teach by synthesis and harmonising of the moral being, and the two influences are thus for ever opposed to each other.

All this we shall endeavour to develop and fully illustrate further on; meanwhile it may be permitted us to remark, that if there is any truth in the above statement, it should set completely at rest the vexed question as to what true teaching is, and how far the artist is a teacher. "To tell me something," says Hegel, "is little in comparison with making me feel more deeply." This strikes the very keynote to pedagogic philosophy; for there is no true insight that rests not upon affection and self-sacrifice. The emotions are the mediums of all deep impressions, as heat makes possible the stamp upon the wax and the figure on the iron. The one requisite of all teaching designed to be effective is, that behind the intellectual form presented to the eye of the mind there be an unconscious and reserved store of sympathy. The great lesson lies not so much in the subject matter, let it be what it may, as in the

subtle attractiveness of manner and spirit in which it is conveyed, and of which the teacher is in a very feeble degree conscious, if indeed he is so at all. That "example is better than precept" is a very old saw; but in the battle of opinions and the evanescent nature of their hold, along with the permanent totality of life and sympathy which a real work of art encloses, we have a vigorous and perpetual application of it. In the one case we behold only what was thought; in the other we are made to feel as other men have felt, and in the deeper sense "depth is height," and feeling is but another name for doing. There is no true teaching, but only pedantic endeavour, where there is not more or less of this dramatic faithfulness; the master must come down from the unclouded heights of his knowledge into the mists and vapours of the scholar's ignorance, if he would conduct him to the shining summits. Hence perhaps the significance of Carlyle's remark, that no man is wholly a poet, and that there is no man but is something of one. An artist is a teacher, indeed, simply because he has more power than others of thus abandoning the individual sphere, and of making all his more memorable experiences pillars and pedestals on which his imagination may spring up into the region of the universal, enabling him by appeal to the emotions to exalt and purify others. In the very measure he does this he teaches us, translating all material facts and relations into signs of deeper facts and relations, in which lie the secret bonds linking man to man, through all the varied and peculiar circumstances that may divide and distinguish men from each other.

In the calm though often unconscious determination after truth, in the development of events, characters, and moods, lies the essentially moral element of art. And this properly includes all lower forms of morality; for in the depth of sympathy and the intensity of experience, which alone can make possible such clear impartiality of delineation, all those personal, local, and temporary regards, which minister division, dissolve and disappear, leaving in solution the very essence of ethical relations which it is the business of critics and commentators to deduce, explain, and apply. The man who only from necessity or interest acts in conformity with conventional rule, can hardly be called a moral man, and so the chances are that a book will be *unmoral* which narrows its lesson within the same formal limits. Both oppose the lower to the higher, the mere dress to the living body, which, again, is but the dress of the spirit. "Every true work of art has its moral, but, like the vital element in man, it is at once hidden and revealed, and will depend entirely upon him who seeks for it."

In further considering the subject, it will give clearness to our thoughts if we group them round central laws. With this view

we will now proceed to consider and explain these three ruling laws in the realm of art—the law (1) of Truth ; (2) of Sympathy ; and (3) of Reserve.

I.

The law of Truth may be regarded as determining the formal elements with which the artist must deal, and his relation to them. It takes cognizance of the conditions of the period in which he lives, and fixes how far he can use them without violating the other two laws just named. Looking at art through this law, it translates itself into history, properly speaking ; and it only recovers its true and distinctive character when we come to view it through the laws of Sympathy and Reserve. All art is so far history ; but art becomes history not by recording facts, but by spiritualising them, by making them the body of higher truths than history can legitimately deal with, because in the unity of conception, which is the characteristic element of art, there lurks the totality of the life of a period. Thus we read Greek life better in Homer and Æschylus than in Thucydides ; the præ-Elizabethan era more clearly in Shakespeare than in the chroniclers ; and see the last-century life of Scotland more vividly in Robert Burns' lightning-snatches than in Dr. Carlyle's scattered details. Art and history stand to each other as the wine and the pearl,—the one dissolves in the other, but only to be held in a subtle solution which adds mightily to the influence of both. Not otherwise does the poet-laureate read it when he says:—

"All the past of time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Where'er thought hath wedded fact."

And here it seems to us the positivists err so fatally in their classification. By the determination to read the spirit only through external marks, they reduce art to the level of mere invention, or as Goethe would say, draw the spiritual itself down into the earthly. With them the elements of history become, not the body, but the essential substance of art, and the real distinction as between art and history is thus totally lost. We shall see by-and-by that it is of importance to recover this distinction, else a wide door is opened for slipping out of view what constitutes the truly moral element in art ; the presence of this being what properly differentiates creation from all beside. In other words, it is incumbent on the artist to seek a crowning unity, which shall form a spiritual atmosphere around his work, causing it in every portion to reflect the unfathomable mystery and movement of life itself. By the exhaustless significance which it thus attains the work holds relation to all times alike. But with science it is wholly different ; it lies altogether outside this atmo-

sphere, and has no right to create for unity's sake, or, in other words, for *thought's* sake, but only to observe and to record faithfully for *fact's* sake alone. With each fresh fact, however insignificant, science must change its ground; art remains substantially unaffected by any such advance.

The positivist can determine clearly enough how far individual works are the truthful expression of prevailing ideas and tendencies, so far as these were formal or historical in their character; but he has no means of reaching that synthesis of existence, in seizing which lies the real power of the artist. Even admitting that the positivist test was true in itself, it must fail in comparing and in assigning significance to different orders of art. For works of art, though genuine, differ much in worth and meaning to humanity. Ovid, Tibullus, and Petronius Arbiter may each on the positivist rule be true reflections of their time; but unquestionably they are not so valuable as Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, who must therefore have been something more than they were. It is this *something* we must try to catch and estimate. One man's work not only differs from another's, but different ages differ decisively in their value to future times as art-producing. And M. Taine and his friends, while they do so much to widen our view, and make us appreciate what we might have overlooked, completely fail to assist us in this direction. That desideratum we hope to find to some extent supplied in the latter portion of this article; for our two laws, in the first place, conclusively distinguish art from what is not art; and in the second, supply us with principles for determining the varying value of what are admittedly real works of art.

The first thing we have to consider under this law of Truth is the ever-increasing influence of literary forms which, having become historic, tend to dominate later literatures, whose spirit is wholly alien to that out of which they sprung. And this enters into the essence of our subject; for by forms we do not mean the mere words in which thoughts and feelings deposit themselves,* but those elements of opinion and belief which direct and control modes of expression, substantially giving life to a literature, and distinguishing it from all other literatures. It is by ministry of these in art-creation

* It should be noted, however, that mere words—single words—do sometimes come to bear deep significance through the very opposition in which, by intensity of insight, they may seem to stand to old ideas and modes of expression. If Shakspeare, for instance, was ignorant of Roman life, assuredly his artistic instincts amply atone for his defect. By the use of the term "people," in a non-Roman sense in a Roman play, he only gives real life and value to a word which else had been a mere dead shell, empty and colourless. This in itself is a good proof of the justice the true artist will do to the ideas and opinions of his own time, and that not in spite of his deeper insight, but because of it. Mr. Maurice has some fine remarks on this in his "Representation of the People," pp. 3 and 98.

that the spirit of a people becomes a subtle medium, determining rhythm and so much more;* and by faithfulness to which the poet becomes national and his work a history, enclosing softly though unconsciously the inmost life of his time. We shall see hereafter that the dominating influence of traditional forms is to be traced through all later Latin literature, which, moon-like, lives only by the reflection of an older light, as well as in much of the art of the earlier Christian centuries and certainly in most of that of the Renaissance. All such art has a tendency to become false and immoral by (1) setting itself outside the real atmosphere of the time; and (2) by the despising of those elements of progress which must have brought new and quickening light to the moral consciousness of men. Had we space, we might find some remarkable proofs of the truth of our position in the fact that primitive literature with its open healthfulness and sunny creative strength was not what exercised this power over more artificial times, but mostly the literature of transition periods, when the old ideas were in an agony of conflict with new tendencies, and when men sought to supply their want of real faith by the decoration of dead forms and a fanciful but half-hopeless playing with them.

We thus derive one very conclusive test as to works of art. Having determined how far they are, in their inmost spirit and tendency, true to their time, we are half-way on the road to settling the question of their morality. The statement that a work which is moral in one age may be immoral in another is based upon deeper reasons than those often given. Essential morality never changes, but the relation in which each new generation stands to it is modified by the restrictions which must accompany more complex conditions and experiences. Civilization, indeed, takes hostages of art, and requires that her laws be not violated in idea any more than in fact. The wild and unconscious freedom of the artist is thus limited on a hundred sides, simply because as a true child of his time he must respect the laws which a genuine morality has suggested as being necessary for the preservation of social purity. It would take too long even to indicate how gradually and subtly every advance made by society comes to affect the form of its art, and that in the way of directly limiting the spontaneous action of the artist, only however to bring him fresh forces to act upon the conscious acquisitions of his fellows. By demanding from him more and more the exercise of that sympathy which is the foundation of dramatic creation, he is led to seek a higher sphere by virtue of the very laws which first made him dependent on others. The more artificial social

* By rhythm we do not mean mere arrangements of words, but the natural and balanced sequence of events and incidents, which is determined by elements more subtle than is usually conceived.

relations become, the more man abnegates the lower freedom—the freedom of caprice—only, however, to gain a higher freedom; and this is everywhere reflected in modern art where that art is true. And here we find a sharp point of contrast between the two great worlds of art—not, however, the two usually marked off from each other by lines more or less arbitrary—heathen and Christian, classic and romantic. The distinction lies rather between the art which is the outcome of a primitive and simple life, and that which is the result of a highly civilized and artificial one. Homer here contrasts with Horace; the Nibelungenlied with Goethe, and Ossian with Robert Burns. Primitive art was not immoral, because unconsciousness was its pervading spirit; modern art cannot treat nature as it was then treated, because self-consciousness is its distinctive feature. To be unconscious of evil is in one sense to be free from its taint; and so far as the moderns have entered on the forbidden fields of nature without outraging modern requirements, it has been because of some of the health of early life surviving through all the complications of civilization. In earlier times spirit and form are found in perfect harmony; this, however, is only because the higher possibilities of man in effort have not yet been realized. The first merit of early art is that it was natural; but of later art that it is victorious over nature—the one was free and spontaneous, the other is everywhere triumphant over obstacle and difficulty. In the one there is a constant tendency to fall into a forbidden sphere, and by consequence self-pleasurings alternate with the self-torturings that always supervene on secret indulgences; in the other no sphere is felt to be forbidden, and no pleasure is prohibited if it has been won in honour.

But in one sense the principle of honour may be taken as the test of morality. Only it varies much at different periods. That of the Homeric age, for instance, was wholly different from ours. With the early Greeks honour was not only real, but so real, that it justified what to us would be simply varied forms of lust. But judgment must be pronounced by considering the whole spirit, and not separate actions. To them the object of all aspiration existed in the battle-field of glory, and the heroes, having faced fearful deaths with streaming blood, returned flushed with such *honour* as not only excused open indulgence, but to them made it right. Having (by sacrifice in its simplest form, *i.e.* assertion of physical courage) proved themselves worthy and true to make their actions true, their fleshly endearments had a moral sanction, though often a different one from that of marriage. So far as they were unconscious of moral restrictions, following nature openly and honestly, and so far as that unconsciousness is reflected in their art, making

it symbolic for ever of the *boyhood* of humanity, their life and their work are moral. The one was real and the other was true, reflecting faithfully one element of human nature which, though not the highest, can never die any more than the highest, simply because it is human nature. With them there was no shame, and this is the secret of their power, for to a certain extent there must be an undoubted element of classicism in all true art. And this it must be that Schiller means when he writes:—

“The laws of propriety are foreign to innocent natures; only the experience of corruption has given origin to them. But as soon as that corruption has taken place, and *natural innocence has vanished from manners, the laws of propriety are sacred, and moral feeling will not offend them. They have the same validity in an artificial world as the laws of nature have in a world of innocence.* But the very thing which constitutes the poet is that he banishes from himself everything which reminds him of an artificial world, that he may restore nature in her primitive simplicity. And if he has done this, he is thereby absolved from all laws by which a perverted heart seeks security against itself. He is pure, he is innocent, and whatever is permitted to innocent nature is permitted to him also. If thou who readest and hearest him art no longer innocent, and if thou canst not even momentarily become so by his purifying presence, it is thy misfortune, not his; thou forsakest him, he did not sing for thee.”

Vice both in life and art begins with the self-conscious projection of this sense of propriety, even in the despising of it—with the discovery that “stolen waters are sweetest,” and its evidence is the conscious suggestion of delight in a forbidden action. When society, owing to its very progress, needs to draw a veil around the soil where the manifold roots of its relations meet and unite in the central tie of sex, and when art actually uses this veil to suggest the more effectively to the fancy the grosser things of sense, then vice reigns in art, and only by superior cunning does it evade the police constable. It has set its lowest motive in opposition to its highest in violating those hallowed symbols which law has already been called in to protect: for surely the principle of beauty and the laws which all cultured nations alike have found needful to guard social purity, cannot be at variance, since both are forms of the impulse towards perfection. In the proper place we will instance some artists who have written immorally, and wronged society by personal disrespect of these symbols; while we shall cite others who have written of immoral phases of life faithfully, and yet have not done so. Meanwhile it may not be out of place to say a word or two about the deleterious element in later classical art, which we have already indicated, and which it is well to distinguish from the characteristics of earlier periods. That such an element exists is proved by several circumstances, but notably by the fact of a small but growing class having sprung up in Germany, who urge a

modification in the hallowed usage of classical studies in the schools and even in the universities. To detect this false element will not only help us to a true conception of what is most healthy, because most natural in the ancients, but will also give us the key to those vices which the moderns have chiefly derived from later classical writers. If then we can discover the points where the self-conscious imagination, having lost the elements of simple belief in the great myths, began to play about them with purposeless grace, and to steep them in a highly artificial and alien, because strictly romantic, medium, we may not only re-establish the respect for antiquity, but get substantial helps to aid us on our "dim and perilous way" through the rest of this article.

Shall we, then, wrong the great shades of Ovid and Virgil when we point at them the finger of rebuke? Truth compels us to speak plainly, that dishonour may not continue to be done to yet greater names. Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and Virgil's "Æneid" are, strictly speaking, not ancient, but modern; not classic, but romantic. The semblance of shame powerfully appears in classic fable for the first time in Dido and Æneas; and to it we trace the artificial play of motives and regards by which both human nature and spirit disappear in a sort of moonshine, and love and honour alike become mere sentiments. Having once struck root in European culture, this element, as we have said, ran through nearly all mediæval poetry, and different as were Boccaccio and Petrarch, it reached its climax in them. Even the great Dante sometimes walks in this unreal magic air, as he trustfully follows his great guide. Here and there in the *Vita Nuova*, as well as the episode of "Francesca da Rimini," we detect it; while it has formed an atmosphere into which nearly all later poets of note have occasionally wandered. It glimmers upon us from Shakespere's great play of the middle ages; it openly haunts us in much of Milton and Spenser; and sometimes it even breathes upon us, like an overheated atmosphere, from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."* There is no sense of reality about it: its vice is the vice of the artistic imagination, which is ever immoral. Perhaps of all English writers, Chaucer is the freest from it (for the "Knight's Tale," which betrays it most, is an adaptation, if not a translation), and this simply because he was so healthy—so true to nature and to his own time. This statement, though it may seem somewhat inconsistent and confusing, we shall try to make good before we have done.

* Indeed, Tennyson's "Idylls" are only redeemed from immorality by the broad front which the poet throughout contrives to turn toward his own time. As he retires further into the mists of the mediæval ages, he seems, sunlike, to reflect through the atmosphere of universal truth the warmer and more searching light upon modern tendencies. A semi-conscious instinct seems to have guided Mr. Tennyson in his choice of subjects both from classic and Arthurian fable, and by this they interpret much that is difficult and perplexing in our daily modern life.

The interjection of this false, artificial, and properly modern element into later classical literature was doubtless so subtle and imperceptible, that it is very difficult, in view of the whole field, to pronounce as to the point where it becomes positively impure; and hence there has been among certain Christian thinkers ever and anon a low tentative outcry against antiquity on the whole. And not altogether without reason. There is certainly a wide difference between Homer's open yet frankly veiled treatment of Zeus and Hera, in the fourteenth book of the "*Iliad*,"—which, too, redeems itself morally by its symbolic significance,—and the unhealthy suggestive glimmer of Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," or the self-conscious delight in acting against honour, which makes Virgil's picture of Dido and Æneas, in the fourth book of the "*Æneid*," degrading. Dr. Wehrmann of Stettin may be taken as representative of the Germans we have spoken of, and an article on the subject from his pen has recently been published. The burden of this article is that such use of ancient mythological forms and text-books, as is in general practice at present, has a tendency to awaken a distaste to Christianity. He holds that, used as means in the education of youth, these forms must have a very materialistic influence; and, what is perhaps a little more reasonable and more true, he argues that where they are adopted in modern art, the artist limits his appeal to a class. He is, perhaps, substantially nearer the main truth, however, when, after having quoted from August Böckh about the moral corruption that ultimately penetrated to the core of classic life, he confesses that—

"Notwithstanding [all that has been said] that [classic] religion had a decided element of merit, to which St. Paul alluded when, preaching at Athens, he related the fact of his having found an altar, with the inscription 'To the Unknown God.' In declaring unto them Him whom they ignorantly worshipped, he implied that they worshipped the true God, though in a dim uncertain way. From this point of view ancient mythology sets itself before us in a peculiar light, as a preparation and medium, through which man might pass to the truth of Christianity; and it proves itself to be so in conveying, on the one hand, as it were, presentiments of truth, and on the other, in revealing its own defects, and, in its restless desire after completeness, pointing past itself to something which could supply them. . . . A certain longing and striving for reconciliation, a yearning for the one living God, and for peace with him, runs through the whole system of antiquity, and forms a preparation for the new relationship between God and man instituted by the work and suffering of our Lord Jesus."

This, we take it, is a statement of the truth, and Dr. Wehrmann's main error seems to us to lie in not definitively separating between what are undoubtedly embodiments of pure human nature, viewed through the healthy atmosphere of the early ages, and those which are the projection of the individual imagination playing about great symbols in an enervated artificial age, when they had

wholly ceased to be believed in.* This, it seems to us, is the more sound critical philosophy, as after careful inquiry and consideration we are satisfied that the most objectionable of the myths, if they existed, had not, in the Homeric age, taken the form in which they are now presented to us.

Thus we find that the main root of immorality in later art has been deference to forms which, though faithful to earlier phases of life, were directly opposed to the spirit of later periods. Such life as is gained in this way is for the most part galvanic and unhealthy. Essential opposition between spirit and form must be its characteristic mark, and this strife is such as does completely away with the soft self-enclosed calmness in which lies the seal of creation, even when the elements dealt with are of a totally different character. Shakespere, for instance, does not rave though Lear does so, because truth requires that he be at the same time faithful to the fool, who stands by grinning in his sorrow. But the sickness, subjective dissatisfaction, and life-weariness which a lower class of artists throw over their work, has for the most part proceeded, as we have seen, from a despising of the common elements around them—mediums and materials for creative power also—in a mad and wrong-headed deference to old forms. Throughout all such work there is a feverishness and morbid heat—alien wholly to the open healthfulness, which, though not seldom coarse, was never degrading by use of sly hints, clever double meanings, or cunning suggestions. In no period of literary history, perhaps, was there more of this falseness than in that of the Medici, when a Pulci was *il Prima Poeta*. A latent scepticism lay in all art, and classic forms were enthroned on the *caput mortuum* of Christian faith, which yet the common crowd, wiser than their teachers, clung to and lived by. The most sacred objects of the common faith were deemed fit play-balls for the fancy, and nature was rigorously limited by the order of the court. Scientific men tell us that the storm which spends itself wrathfully along our coasts, strewing them with wrecks, may have taken its rise in Indian seas, and, travelling westward, may be traced in its eccentric course. So is it with literary influences like these. The wave of scepticism generated chiefly by the ultra-classical devotion of those times, when the mediæval excesses continued to exist without any of the mediæval reverence and faith, did not spend itself

* " ' Homer's 'Iliad,' if you examine, is no *Fiction*, but a *Ballad History*; the heart of it burning with enthusiastic ill-informed belief. [Italics not ours.] It sings itself, because its rude heart, rapt into transcendency of zeal and admiration, is too full for speaking. . . . Never can a poem truly interest human souls except by, in the first place, taking with it the belief of said souls. Their belief—that is, the whole basis, essence, and practical outcome of human souls; leave that behind you, as poets everywhere have for a long time done, what is there left for the poets and you?"—*Carlyle's Latter-day Pamphlets*.

till in the beginning of the nineteenth century it had thrown up upon our coast a stormy, wailing Byron. Byron busily formed himself upon the Italian writers of the decadence, and he did not live long enough to shake himself free from their subtle influences: the consequence is that in his highest flights he is often most daringly immoral.* And his immorality does not arise from expressions here and there, but from his pervading spirit of scorn and revolt, which was not only in the highest sense unpoetical, but unpoetical because it was at bottom egotistic, bitter, and unjust. The lowest elements in Byron become an amalgam under-running all his poetry; and when we say that he was pre-eminently an egotist, and that an egotist can never be a great creator, we say the worst that it is needful to say of him. But in our own day Mr. Swinburne implicitly justifies himself by reference to Byron's sins against morality, and we are led by a not unnatural association to refer to him before passing on.

Mr. Swinburne, as we shall see hereafter, violates each of the three laws laid down; but as all his sins trace their roots more or less directly to a revolt against what is *admittedly* good and earnestly believed, in his own time, we may consistently enough say a few words of him here. In the measure that the artist exhibits traces of a conscious reaction against those moral forms—mediums of restriction for individual caprice or desire, by which society seeks to develop the higher by circumscribing the lower—he only betrays individual limitation, and determinately and of set purpose indicates by each new effort certain partialities or tendencies towards special phases of life and character. But the essence of art, as we have seen, is the suspension of such partialities and preferences, that justice may be done to all alike. Sameness in the characters dealt with, and in the atmosphere

* It is perhaps worthy of remark that the first impulse derived from those artists who are supremely healthy is not towards the production of art: they do not excite to imitation, in fact. The impulse is rather towards activity in the real world; they give zest to life, and excite a hunger for deeds. Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott, and Goethe (save, indeed, in the Wertherian stuff which Goethe soon came to see the falseness of, and to renounce) administer what Emerson would call "healthy shocks towards practical effort." Mr. Tennyson has, perhaps, a glimpse of this, though his exceedingly metaphysical modes of conception war against his giving it the fullest effect. The last lesson of "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," if it be admitted that they have any lesson, is certainly towards renunciation of the specially artistic tastes to find fulness of life in union with common men for common ends. But the highest thing Mr. Tennyson has written in this as in other respects is the "Northern Farmer," where the simple naturalness of the picture, in showing us how, to a character originally coarse and sensual, mere devotion to honest work has ministered something of nobility, does far more in directing our impulses than the finest preaching. The question may therefore be raised whether we have not in this a test of the highest art. Goethe says two things of Shakespeare which we think have a bearing here:—(1) that the first glance he cast into the world of Shakespeare impelled him with hasty strides to the real world, to mingle in the flood of destiny that courses through it; and (2) that had he read Shakespeare before commencing to write dramas, he felt he should never have made a beginning.

with which they are surrounded,—and that whether the characters be conventionally good or bad, and whether the atmosphere be healthy or unhealthy,—must mean, if it means anything, a narrowness of sympathy in which lies the essence of injustice. Its first characteristic is that it cannot be impartial. It has scent for only one blood, and passes all other tracks that may lie in its way. And the offence is, of course, all the worse when the proclivity is to morbid moods and experiences. The work of such a one, so far as it is *real*, belongs to the same class as a police report; so far as it is *ideal*, he has only produced what Hegel takes such care to condemn—a false ideal which is indulged by the isolated imagination, and belongs in no sense to humanity. Such were the real pictures—the nature-pictures of Rousseau; such too were his ideals, those, for instance, which he wrought out in “Pygmalion,” and the “Fragments d’Iphis.” Productions like these wholly want that seal of unconscious and healthy variety which is inseparable from the work of true genius. They all tend to run into mere analysis, and mostly morbid analysis. This, however, belongs not to art but to science, and while it may have value as a series of psychological studies, it has none whatever as creation. Mr. Swinburne’s “Poems and Ballads” fall to be condemned under all the forms in which this law will state itself. First, in the morbid self-consciousness which pervades them. Secondly (which strictly follows from the former), in their absolute want of true variety and dramatic freedom of movement—that is, a movement determined by the interchange of characters and circumstances so different from each other that the real unity is built out of a non-apparent unity; which, however, Mr. Swinburne’s poems reverse, their unity being an outward and conventional one. Thirdly, by the bold and declared attack upon ideas or forms which the common sense of the mass holds to be hallowed. Neither Professor Morley’s clever special pleading, nor Mr. Swinburne’s own rhodomontade, can save these poems from the condemnation of the healthy instinct; and this not because of pruriency on the reader’s part, but because of the unnatural and oppressive atmosphere into which we are thrown—an atmosphere as of a laboratory or a dissecting-room. We can continue to live with one such establishment in a street or in a town; if there were a whole street or a town of them, it would kill us even to pass through it. And so with books. There is only one Ophelia in *Hamlet*; only one Wife of Bath in the *Canterbury Tales*. We have a funny hard-grained gravedigger beside the one, an Emilie and a nun alongside the other. What saves the genuine artist from falling to the low level of Mr. Swinburne is his instinctive perception that in life nothing stands by itself or exists for itself, and hence he never surrounds his characters with an atmosphere whose uniformity unmistakably proves its subjective

root. With such a one each character carries his own atmosphere with him, moves freely in his own orbit, which is felt to be as foreign to the poet himself as to the rest of his characters. Hence the sharp, clear, healthy determinateness of each detail in the picture, even when traits or actions, in themselves immoral, are dealt with; and hence the honest plainness with which the true artist always treats what in *itself* is coarse.

We confess we looked forward with interest to reading Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet, and expected an ingenious defence: the reader may imagine our surprise when we found Mr. Swinburne still more effectively closing the door against himself, and justifying by implication the verdict which the mass of critics have given, though it may not in all cases have been based on sound principles. He condemns himself more severely than we could do under the above law in trying to justify himself by precedents. He is even more unlucky in his precedents than in his arguments. Byron and Shelley were poets in spite of their conscious revolt against "what was best and highest in society," and not because of it; for certainly such revolt lowers them in rank as artists, however large the crowds they may have set agog as agitating quacks do. "Queen Mab" is more a pamphlet than a poem, and Shelley lived to see and feel this; while much in "Don Juan" must rank the same.

But we may be met by two questions here. The first is this,—
 "May not these productions which you so strongly condemn have the more historic value the more individual they are?" We admit the pertinence of the question, and will pause for a moment to answer it. Since no mere personal feelings or tendencies can exhaust the character of any given period, art will only have historic value as the desires and habits specially individual in their character have been passed out of view: for in the measure in which they obtrusively appear, the work as a record is personal and false; in other words, is not art at all, but autobiography.* We have said that the revealing of partiality is a direct confession of limitation. Even satire—that form of art which would seem to owe most to personal regards—becomes historically valuable in the very degree individual tendencies have been thrust out of sight. And there are two reasons for this: (1) when the satirist only reveals one tendency of his time to condemn another, he is certain to have had some selfish object to serve, and not being disinterested, he falls even below the level of his time; and (2) because such tendencies conclusively show want of power to

* Perhaps no work has more historic value than Shakespeare's plays. As a reflection of his age it is perfect; and yet are we not constantly hearing complaints of the little of the man there is in it? The same thing holds of the dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, and of the novels of Scott.

deal with the nobler elements of life—the only ground from which true satire can be written; for Goethe has wisely said that the best way to elevate men is to paint them as though they were almost what you wished them to be. Jean Paul Richter's satire, as well as that of Cervantes, is true to this requirement, having historical value through its form, universal significance through its spirit. Defoe in parts, and Horace throughout, belong to the higher class, though they have not so completely dissolved their individuality in the universal, or, in other words, show more of personal prejudice. Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is an excellent specimen of the individual type, which, through its intense individuality, has lost all value; while Boccaccio and Pope, as satirists, to a large degree, must take place with Byron.

The other question is this,—“Do you not by so rigidly insisting on compliance with this law of Truth render impossible all artistic treatment of other periods?” We answer, by no means. We only lay down the conditions under which alone this can be faithfully accomplished. Here, as elsewhere, our first duty is to that which lies nearest us. The artist, even if he would, cannot rise out of the atmosphere of his own time; it is the medium through which he *must* view the life of other periods, if he would view it truly. Not that he ought to seek to make it teach conscious lessons. Something higher than that is required of him. He will never read other periods rightly till he has got into complete sympathy with the inmost life of his own.* And here we see the deep sig-

* Thus all formal imitation of old writers, especially in those portions where they reach highest to the white heights of dramatic truth, is excluded. It may thus be a question whether Pope, in trying to modernize the “Wife of Bath,” was not doing a piece of immoral work, since (1) it was a necessity of the more refined and cultivated speech that where Chaucer plainly spoke to the sense, he should suggest to the fancy, always the more dangerous process; and (2) because he could only have become moral as he rendered the whole of Chaucer in the spirit of Chaucer; and this he could not do, his sympathies with life being deficient. It may be quite moral to *create*, what it is grossly immoral to *imitate*. Only Chaucer can render Chaucer; for his characters are not seen truly when seen alone, but only in their relation to each other. Thus the “Canterbury Pilgrimage” becomes a whole—a work of art in which lies all the mystery and varied movement of a world. For creation is vital, all the parts being interdependent, as having risen simultaneously in one moment of supremest freedom; imitation separates parts and opposes them to each other, and its essence is bondage to the letter. Two of Mr. Swinburne's most laboured pieces must, we fear, be proscribed on this ground (“Anactoria,” and “The Two Dreams”). With all the field of classic and mediæval literature before him, Mr. Swinburne has seized on the very portions of Sappho and Boccaccio which are most opposed to the spirit of our time; and he has wrought them out, not in the temper which ought to govern an artist of to-day, but rather in that of a vicious old-world pedant. There is an excessive sickliness and morbid heat about them to which we find no relief in any of the poems accompanying them. Even admitting that *truth to his models* required this, we know that such elements did not exhaust the humanity of these periods any more than they do ours; and therefore *truth to our time* imperatively requires some such relief. It is on grounds

nificance of the remark of the great German to the effect that Shakespeare had sent all his Pagans to a Christian school, and thus made them higher beings than they historically were, while yet they were true to nature. He had got the key, and the Fate, in relation to which the old Greeks saw all things, with him became the Christian Providence, of which that other was but a darkened symbol. And so he read the Greek life more faithfully than did the Greeks themselves; for Greek life ought to mean more to us than it did to those who half-blindly fought and struggled within it, and all interpretation of it which gives us no glimpse of this is first unpoetic and then pedantic only.

That artist will therefore err, and produce false work, who seeks to make the instruments of his art only an airy bridge to transport him out of the atmosphere of his own time that he may the better revenge himself upon it. And the reason is evident. He has never got to the true root of belief by which the ages, however seemingly opposed to each other, are yet essentially united, and by which each has significance for each. Carlyle is undoubtedly right as to the law, though he has himself violated it in his revolt against his own time, when he declares that men never with their whole hearts believed anything which had not an element of truth in it; and when, again, he loudly asserts that the poet can only succeed when he carries with him the complete *belief* of those among whom he lives. And if any one wishes to see how real genius can thus deal with classic life—can make the old form the medium for what lies so close to the essentials of *belief* that it carries with it our full and unwavering consent,—and yet never for a moment read into the work anything conventional or didactic, let him study Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder Book"—one of the most perfect pieces of art in our language, and one which carries with it very deep and serious lessons for classomania like Mr. Swinburne.

Many are the temptations to set aside the claims of this law, and scarcely a prose-writer of our time has more glaringly violated it than Mr. Charles Reade has done in his "Griffith Gaunt." No author of the present day is entitled to write of the past century as Fielding and Sterne wrote of it. Our relation to it is wholly different from theirs, even supposing theirs was a faithful one; we have new lights to read it by, and superadded light should separate between pure and impure, else it is abused. Mr. Reade's offence, however, does not lie in the use of plain phrases, of

like these that we would justify our decision as to Mr. Swinburne's want of dramatic power, and the assertion that his characters—moving very much on the same plane as they do—are mere masks, under which he portrays, though skilfully, purely subjective tendencies.

which far too much has been made, but in the manner in which, by defect of true sympathy, he has sought to wed the worst influences of a past age with the reigning literary evils of the present. In "Griffith Gaunt" we have all the coarse plain dealing with doubtful incident and character that marked "Tom Jones," along with the pretence of attaining dramatic unity by that opposing of circumstances to character, in which Miss Braddon so delights. We seriously object to such a union as this. Mr. Reade has aimed at two things; one of them was more than he could well accomplish. That he had no power in developing a story simply, without the aid of extraordinary and unnatural elements, was proved by Dodd's catalepsy in "Hard Cash;" that he has not the power to maintain interest on the low-pitched walk of *ordinary narrative*, like Fielding, is abundantly proved by "Griffith Gaunt." Let us try to make our meaning clearer. Fielding's instincts were far too true for his ever attempting anything higher than mere chronicles of the life of the period. His novels have no dramatic value, and no dramatic bearings; in other words, there is in them no trace of an attempt at reaching that central unity which is the very sun of art. "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews" are merely series of separate pictures, which, taken apart, may have some historic value as illustrative of the time; but which taken together have no value at all, because the thread that binds them together is merely accidental. They are not creation properly, but satiric criticism; not life itself, but clever reflections upon life. "Tom Jones" or "Joseph Andrews" might be carried on *ad infinitum*, because the unity, in which lies the very life of art, is developed by crises and great overwhelming concatenations of circumstances, such as Fielding felt no call to deal with.* Mr. Reade has eye enough to see wherein this art must be defective in depth and intensity of appeal, and he therefore imports into his clever sparkling narrative some of those very elements by which the falsest writers of our time have tried to recover the awful brooding unity and fascination of tragedy by setting the emotions in opposition to the intellect in relation to certain points of morality. In "Griffith Gaunt" he recovers unity by making the foolish misdoing of Griffith tend directly to the happiness of all concerned, and to a deeper union between him and Kate, which we suppose is fitly symbolized in the transference of his blood to her veins in her time of weakness. When we reach the end we feel how flimsy, false, and artificial is the whole thing, and cannot help remembering how different the views of life, of nature, and of

* Mr. Thackeray belongs to this school; but he saves himself from immorality by his constant regard to the drawing-room morality of his time, if nothing higher. And even this was a great deal for one so devoted as he was to Fielding and Smollett. Mr. Trollope, too, is a follower, though luckily a less faithful one, never having allowed the influence to disturb a true but by no means deep-rooted relation to the present.

Providence given us by Shakespere and Scott, and even by Æschylus. Mr. Reade's is truly a very maudlin misrepresentation of the way in which God deals with men. If they commit sin, He visits them with all the pains of it, though it is possible these may be made mediums for developing the higher nature. And sometimes even the innocent suffer. Had Cordelia not suffered with her father in his madness, she would not have claimed our sympathy as she does, nor been so lofty a being to sit enthroned for ever in our imaginations; for all her goodness, she must perish with the "foolish, fond old man," the reward of the good, not to speak of the wicked, not being always an additional allowance of cake and pudding. Mr. Reade administers the cake and pudding largely; perhaps in one respect he shows himself no bad workman.

Mr. Reade has thus produced a very clever and sparkling, but at the same time false and hermaphrodite work of art, which, trying to be true to the forms of different periods, ends by being nothing, looked at from the artistic plane.

And this naturally leads us to say a single word of Miss Braddon and her class, who studiously, and of set purpose, seek to awaken our sympathies for certain types of character by involving us in such circumstances as tend to set us in active opposition to some conventional moral regards. With them spirit is opposed to form; and because the one is found inefficient to express the other, the existence of any law beyond the caprice of the individual is implicitly denied. It is artistic atheism in its lowest phase: what is permitted to the individual for the sake of the race's freedom is justified against society; and the ethical bearing, if such they have, is certainly to oppose the lower freedom of caprice to that higher freedom which, as Hegel would say, lies in acting according to the will of the Whole, as embodied in the State or in Law. Those very elements of culture which should teach on every side the sacredness of law, even where it is imperfect, are made the mediums for transporting such weak characters as may be influenced by pictures of this kind into a new world, where savage gratification of sense and of personal desire is the supreme good. Practically, the result of such books is to reverse the grand old idea of what constitutes heroic behaviour, by cunningly eliciting our sympathy for individuals placed in doubtful circumstances, who fall into falsely tragical positions because of their weakness, and their want of that will in which lies the very root of heroic action. And here, we regret to say, Miss Braddon and George Eliot join hands, Lady Audley and Mrs. Transome being true twin-sisters of fiction.

Indeed, had it not been that Miss Braddon—this comet of literature—had formed a conjunction with what promises to be a fixed

star for the centuries, we should, in Dante's words, have only looked and passed on. But George Eliot, with all the power to exhibit dramatically various types of character, and so to obtain a true unity, in other words, to create, has allowed certain abstract ideas so to dominate in her later works, that they almost cease to be art in the loftiest sense. By setting herself in conscious and declared revolt against the common beliefs, thoughts, and aspirations of her time, she has made her last novel nothing else than an apology for those moral elements that have deposited themselves in marriage laws and begotten other restraints—mediums, she would say, of the cruelty of God and of society towards women. The sympathy which she endeavours to extort from us on behalf of Mrs. Transome, while yet she keeps us wholly in the dark as to the details of her early sinful life, at least till she has every chance to win it, will not be fully accorded by any right-minded person after the discovery is made; and the result is, that our hearts and intellects are set into debate with each other at the very moment when they should have been brought into softest harmony. The art-form has become a mere mask, that she may preach the better. Hegel found great fault with Goethe's "Goetz" because of the interjection of purely arbitrary elements. He would certainly have detected plenty of this sort of thing in "Romola" and "Felix Holt." The little rationalistic hints in the latter actually split it up into separate bits of sermons in the most tell-tale way, and establish, as perhaps no other work could establish, the truth of what we have said as to the inevitable results of a revolt against what we have called the formal elements the age supplies to the artist as instruments on which, as Goethe would say, "to proceed further."

There is one lady who, though she possesses nothing like the intellectual breadth and dramatic force of George Eliot, and certainly has not one tithe the literary trick of Charles Reade, has yet, by purity of instinct, and healthy sympathy with ordinary thoughts and feelings, done more justice to her own age than either in dealing with other times. This is the author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," in which one of the most disordered and vicious of historical periods is touched with almost unprecedented instinctive delicacy and reserve. The very soul of the Revolution is presented to us without any of its filth in her quiet pages. In this lady's other stories—pictures of last century life especially, of which "On the Stage and off the Stage" is a type specimen—we have all the artificiality, reaction, and wasted life-weariness of the period, without hint or taint of what was really repellent and disgusting in it.

But, on the other hand, elements in themselves immoral may be purified by the truthfulness of the artist in subordinating his *personal regards* to this higher interest—the bond of common *belief* by which

he is united to his time. Such we believe to be pre-eminently the case with Dante, much as this is opposed to the common view. What are called the Dantesque (?) elements in the *Divina Commedia*, for instance, are not the reflection of anything that pertains to Dante individually, but belong essentially to the mediæval conceptions of the universe and of the future. Otherwise that poem had been one of the most immoral things ever written. It would have simply been—what it is so often said to be—a piece of cruel, cowardly revenge, and would have had no value either as art or history.* But, on the contrary, when the work is viewed in the synthesis of its aim and spirit, we discover a sort of unconscious protest—none the less powerful that it is a protest of heart and emotion—against the intellectualized conceptions of things that dominate in the first portion. In this sense, truly, Dante was but a voice; Carlyle has called him *the voice of ten silent centuries*. What is truly personal in the “Inferno” is the tremblingly tender affection in it, which softens all the horror, and throws a ray of light upon the skirts of the awfulest blackness. Thus we can see something of the sacrifice it had cost Dante to continue dramatically faithful to the beliefs he had to make the mediums of a deeper and more consistent scheme of things. For if we regard his pictures of the sufferings of Francesca, of poor Brunetto Latini, of Ugolino, and of Ciaccio (Dante’s pity for whom so offends Ginguéné), as in any sense real, why should we gratuitously pass out of view his own griefs, deeper than tears, that more than once made him fall down, “*come corpo morto caddi?*” And yet he would be true to what he believed in common with his age, and his greatness of belief breeds not scorn of the common men and women who, pointing at him, said, “*Eccovi l’uom ch’è stato all’ Inferno,*” because he himself, with his whole soul, believed as they did. But had he felt any personal gratification in the pains he paints others as suffering in hell, would he have represented himself, as he has done, as suffering with them, for even in his contempt there is all the pain of pity? Nay, rather like Nero, he had danced the more wildly joyful the deeper the woes into which his enemies were plunged. Or must we regard him not only as a cruel, revengeful man, but also as a consummate hypocrite? This, we think, the most literalizing of his critics will scarcely assert, and yet they must impale themselves upon either of the horns of this dilemma. Wholly different is our view of Dante.† We believe that by sympathy with the

* All Dantesque imitations are here too excluded, because they become, or ever tend to become, immoral by deference to the mere form and by want of power to seize the deeper element by which the grotesque of Dante lives—his tenderness, which did not at all pertain to the sphere of opinion, but was rather opposed to it.

† Any artist, for instance, who wrote a series of dramas illustrative of the times of Luther, would be quite justified in exhibiting the struggles between the loving instinct

inmost law of things he unconsciously rose above the narrow limits of that mediæval belief; but so true is he to the element in which he lived, that it is only when he comes to the Purgatorio that he can put into the mouth of another these sublime words:—

“Orribil furon li peccati miei,
Ma la Bonta infinita ha sì gran braccia,
Che prende cio che si rivolse a lei.”*

Dante's consciousness and his unconsciousness alike show his greatness. In the first is manifested his faithfulness to his own time, and its beliefs under the law of Truth; and in the second his complete abnegation of self under the law of Sympathy, with which we shall now proceed to deal.

II.

The result of nearly all we have said is this, that the vital impulse to creation of art is sacrifice of the individual; for it is only thus that the artist can do justice to what lies around him, and which he is bound first of all to respect. And this naturally enough leads us to speak of our second law, that of Sympathy; and the question which meets us on the very threshold is—“Can the artist deal morally with immoral phases of life? and if so, how?” We reply that he can; and we are fain to throw in, by way of aerial pontoon, to float us right out into the current of our subject, a text from Shelley, which, indeed, contains the soul of the whole matter. In the “Defence of Poetry” he writes:—

“The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought,

of the reformer and the belief he held in common with his time, as seen in that noted case of the child whom he advised should be thrown into the river because it was thought to be possessed of the devil. But the treatment of such a theme by an artist of our day, ought to differ from the treatment it could have justly received from an artist who wrote while yet witchcraft and demoniac possession were believed in. The tendency of the former would have been to sink the finest feature in the personality of Luther by failing to apprehend the really tragic elements which lay in the contact between Luther's intense love for children and his faithfulness to conscience: he would not have seen the available elements, in fact, owing to the power over him of commonly accepted beliefs. The later artist would escape the grotesque elements which the other would import by making the personal character of Luther, as seen in this instance, the main element; and hence, though the historical truth might in one view be sacrificed, it would be only to gain a deeper, a clearer, and more intimate knowledge of the truly tender heart of Luther. The deep and unconscious element in Dante stands for the later artist; the superficial and conscious one, in contact with common beliefs, for the mediæval one: so that he is his own best interpreter. He gives at once form and spirit; and with him these two are one.

* It is perhaps always in this way—i.e. unconsciously, and because of depth and fineness of nature—that the artist “impresses on earlier traditions the moral sense of more cultivated times.”—See *Contemporary Review*, vol. iv., p. 361, 2nd par.; and also vol. iii., p. 353, par. 1.

action, or person, not our own. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination, and poetry ministers to the effect by acting on the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices, whose void for ever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man in the same manner as exercise strengthens the limb."

So far Shelley. The principle of all true art is stated here with such clearness and beauty, that all which is left is to show more fully how it operates.

All creative literature, then (and by this we mean what De Quincey would call the literature of power in opposition to the literature of mere science or teaching, with which we have now nothing to do), may, for our present purpose, be divided into dramatic and lyrical—that which professes to represent phases of life external to the artist, and that, again, which is the emotional outflow of what are usually regarded as the artist's personal feelings and experiences. True, these do run into each other, now and again, with the most delicate shadings, but it is quite possible, in a general way, to view them distinctly. How then, let us ask, can the dramatic writer deal with immoral phases of life, and yet write morally? We answer, by self-sacrifice. Mrs. Browning abruptly closes one of her paragraphs in "*Aurora Leigh*" with the words, "Art's a service, mark;" and she begins another by "Art puts action on the top of suffering." Significantly enough, Clough ends one of his finest stanzas with the words, "Love is fellow-service, I believe;" and if we have regard to Shelley's main idea, Love and Art might, from some points of view, be taken as equivalents.* Supposing that in the present instance we do regard them as synonymous, if we follow these expressions to their roots, they will give us the true idea of all genuine art. How, then, can art be a service? We may put it thus, that at the basis of all sincerity—a phrase which has recently cropped up and got a great place in æsthetics—lies sacrifice; a point on which, it must be admitted, Mr. Carlyle has always been remarkably clear, though, generally speaking, his conception of the tests of it have been of rather a low and material order (see *passim* "*Past and Present*"). But how does this sacrifice of the individual show itself in dramatic art? In this, that the higher the art the deeper the sympathy by which the artist has passed out of his own

* We must not be thought to speak confusedly here, since in the *Fortnightly Review*—usually characterized by clearness of thought and style—Mr. R. Buchanan writes of "Works of Art or of Heart."

individual sphere into that of existences different from his own, which yet he represents as clearly, kindly, and faithfully, as though they were within his own immediate sphere. The false idea that enjoyment, or pleasure, is the prime mover in the production of art, as well as its main end, will not fall in very well with this notion; but we get thence the key to the genuineness and natural health of all true artists, and the reason of that mysterious sympathy which their works breathe, and beget in their readers because they breathe it. It is by the clear evidence of this self-sacrificing sympathy that Falstaff, Ophelia, Timon, and Iago, are truly moral characters.

Much as Mr. Lewes has spoken against the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" in "Wilhelm Meister," we cannot help feeling that it contributes much to give dramatic character to the book, and to relieve details, which, taken by themselves, were certainly immoral, though we do not say that it might not have been wrought in with more skill and less of abruptness. Stolberg was not so very unwise, after all, when he cut out this wonderful tract, and threw the rest of the book into the fire. Carlyle has remarked that each character in "Meister" moves freely in his own individual sphere. The *Schöne Seele* moves more freely than any; and she redeems other portions of the work, not so much on account of her purity and nobleness of spirit, as because of the contrast that lies between her character and that of the artist. Goethe, we can easily believe, had little of personal liking for mystical and metaphysical modes of conception and of feeling, and yet he proves by this bit of work that to such he can do justice. Perfect fairness towards characters with whom we hardly sympathize is not very easy of attainment, but Goethe in the "Beautiful Soul" has attained it, and to such a degree as almost atones for a deal which is of indifferent character in the book.

We have said that the wider the chasm between the personal sphere of the artist and that of his subject, the higher is the art. The reason of this is simple, inasmuch as the greater the force of sympathy needed to create, the stronger are the proofs of purity. For purity lies at the root of sympathy—is, indeed, the only soil in which it flourishes. The grossly impure man cannot sympathize, and because he cannot sympathize, he cannot reflect anything but his own selfish greed, and exclusive desire after pleasure. The power to *dramatically create and deal with* an immoral character, is thus a proof of purity: clearness, harmony of nature, being dependent on this as the light-giving power of the diamond is dependent on the sun.

Half-artists, in all they do, only tell their own sins and meannesses indirectly, and however much they may veil their self-worship in fine words, nature has a sure way of dealing with them in the long run; she lets them die, in spite of all their sparkle. What, for

instance, has now become of Byron, who, notwithstanding his art and play of wit, was not dramatic, and had no real sympathy, but was rather intensely personal and selfish, and therefore immoral? Chaucer is the antipodes of Byron, and this, not so much owing to difference in the things dealt with, whether sensual or the reverse, as because of the essential difference in the spirit of the two men. Byron's power is that of storm, Chaucer's that of the all-subduing sunshine.

Chaucer's tellers of filthy stories are above all natural, and they prove at once his sympathy and his purity. One not unworthy to speak on the subject—glancing at the heart of the matter—says—

"Chaucer is a king, and inherits the earth, and expands his great soul smilingly to embrace his great heritage. Nothing is too high for him to touch with a thought, nothing too low to dower with an affection. . . . Childlike, his tears and smiles lie at the edge of his eyes. . . . He can create as well as dream, and work in clay as well as cloud; and saying, 'I will make "A Wife of Bath," as well as Emilie, and you shall remember her as long'—we do remember her as long."

When we compare Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrimage" with Boccaccio's "Decameron," for instance—a comparison which is the more justifiable, inasmuch as with some they would be placed in the same category—we find them really separated from each other by all the width of the world of art. The wonderful force of sympathy is what we admire and wonder at in the one; the clever, squirrel-like agility with which the other bobs up and down, slightly changing the mask each time, is what we smile at in the other. And surely, Chaucer, within the bounds of his work, shows a mighty range of sympathy; for, from the "Parson's Tale" to the "Miller's Tale" or the "Reve's Tale," what a stretch! The difference between them is dynamic; and we may, for clearness, put it thus: If the "Reve's Tale" is the utterance of Chaucer's own personal feelings, then what painful effort it must have cost him to so enter into the Parson's modes of life and feeling as to write his tale! And if the "Parson's Tale" merely reflects Chaucer, with what yearning he must have gone forth after the "Wife of Bath!" While, again, how wholly different are either of these from the "Lay of Sir Thopas," which perhaps expresses something of individual opinion! And yet Chaucer would not, perhaps, have sworn to the whole of it on the Book! Boccaccio, in the "Decameron," on the contrary, shows scarcely any real sympathy, but only pride in his own power of exaggerating, and, by exaggeration, making simply disgusting the vices of the priests, whose better chances of learning the ladies' secrets, and getting their confidences, he seemed to grudge them with surprising *sincerity*. Boccaccio's stories mostly deal with

the same subject-matter; men and women are treated by him as though they were made of two things—wit and wantonness—and nothing more; there is no exercise of sympathy, and no true variety either of topic or character, as in nature; and hence we say they are unreal, not because they are sensual, but because they are false, one-sided, and unnatural. The roots of all of them, like half-starved, thirsty trees, turn and twist, and work themselves in the same direction, towards the one little living stream in Boccaccio—his shrewd sense of the ridiculous in contact with the sensual. On that ground he does possess some power of humour; off it, he is but a common man—an Ithuriel without his spear, a Samson shaven of his locks. It is a phase of life this which may be real enough; but it is certainly not the only reality, nor the main one, and it is a very subordinate element in the highest art. There is a sense of self-satisfaction, of chuckling, low enjoyment about them, alien wholly at once to the classical spirit and to the dramatic self-sacrifice which lies at the basis of all high art.

Properly speaking, Boccaccio's "*Decameron*," notwithstanding its form, is lyrical, and not dramatic: for the writer never properly passes out of his own sphere. A circumstance, however, which should not be overlooked is, that real artists, in dealing with coarse phases of life, are as plain, rude, and direct, as nature herself, and seem to use least of all artistic resources in presenting these, as might be seen by a comparison of the treatment of the *Wife of Bath* with that of *Emilie*. Our old writers have recourse to no verbal trickery to colour and disguise; and instances in scores might be got in confirmation from Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Ben Jonson, were it needful; but every honest reader will at once endorse this statement, and will call to mind many such passages.

An instance from contemporary literature occurs to us, bearing out our idea of Sympathy. Tennyson has only written one truly dramatic piece of art, the "*Northern Farmer*," and it is especially noticeable that, notwithstanding the maidenly purity Tennyson has shown in everything lyrical, here, having passed clearly out of his own personal sphere, he can so sympathize with the rude, stolid, old Saxon nature, as to make him tell faithfully that episode in his life about Bessie Marris's "barn," so that the poem is not only moral, but the more so as it is seen to be the truer and more real, because of the honest telling of this very circumstance.

III.

We have thus a law of Sympathy by which the morality of the dramatic artist is guaranteed, and we have also a law which protects us from immorality in the lyrical sphere—the law of Reserve. It is

quite true that these do, at certain points, intersect and run into each other, but only in the same way, and in the same degree, as do the elements with which they respectively deal. What doubtless distinguishes the dramatic from the lyrical is this, that in the one there is a positive abandoning of the personal sphere, or a passing beyond its limits; whereas in the lyrical the personal element itself is *thrown forward* into an atmosphere of the imagination, where it is purged from all that is narrow, local, or specially distinctive of the man. For all purposes of criticism, however, the two laws may be viewed separately, and the distinction will tend to give greater clearness of thought on the subject. The law of Reserve then expresses itself in this way, that all that pertains to the individual, whose necessary forms of utterance must be mere details, shall be dissolved in a subtle play of suggestion, which imparts a human universality to the work. There is no lyrical art where this is wanting, so that really all true lyrics, from one point of view, tend to become dramatic again—a fact which Browning knows well, and which Carlyle had full view of when he awarded the palm to Burns as a song-writer over everybody but Shakespere, and when, too, he gave the preference to the “Jolly Beggars” over “Mary in Heaven,” and the rest of that type, probably to the surprise of many.

The law of Reserve indeed is specially stringent in its requirements where immoral phases of life are to be lyrically dealt with. The artist, with the utmost distinctness, must indicate the dramatic line between his own sphere and that of his subject. Burns, in one or two of his songs, has failed in this, and we turn from them in a sort of loathing pity; but there is not, perhaps, in the whole range of art, a greater triumph of the subliming process of the healthy dramatic imagination, in opposition to the self-involved artistic imagination, than these same “Jolly Beggars,” which become strictly moral through the fine reach of sympathy shown throughout. These poor, crack-brained wanderers, in shelter at “Poesie Nancy’s,” were surely far enough from ordinary sympathy; but, with grand self-denial, Burns for a time banished Clarindas, and even Highland Marys, from his mind—he relinquished the lower lyrical sphere for the higher one, and made even beggars immortal; and if ever either beggars or “prostitutes were made immortal,” it was in this way. Indeed, this element is largely present in nearly all Burns’ songs; and hence their healthy natural variety, in which point they differ from one large section of Beranger’s, with their indescribable sameness of spirit, arising from his evident proclivity towards low phases of life—a fact which has been noticed by Goethe, a critic, one would fancy, not likely to err on the side of fastidiousness. He says:—“Beranger has the same relation to his contemporaries as Horace or Hafiz; but as he belongs to the lower class, the licentious and

vulgar are not very hateful to him, and he treats them *with a sort of partiality*." In other words, Goethe admits that there is a large non-natural element in Beranger's works—non-natural inasmuch as it betrays individual limitation, and to that extent they are not art. But, perhaps, Cecco Angiolieri surpassed all others in his sincerity in a low passion. He is so sincere in his adulterous worship of Bechina, the shoemaker's wife, that he can produce nothing but *Bechinates*. He drives his master, Dante, into the strangest development, refusing to see anything in him save merely a sort of artistic sexualism. Unfortunately, however, he has no sympathy, and his self-conscious sonnets—at least, all we have seen of them in the *Italiano Parnaso*—are only a higher sort of loose, dyspeptic talk, like that Mr. Carlyle says any sickly tailor in London will throw you off, if you will but listen to him.

The result of all we have now said seems to be this—that so long as the artist himself is under the influence of passion, or can write of it with the partiality one always feels toward a present pleasure, his work will be false, his experience not yet having reduced itself to unity. Till he can faithfully suspend all individual regards, and view it as an objective totality, he has not done this, and writes mere autobiography, however clever and finished it may be in the external form. This law seems to have been ever present in Goethe's mind after he had done with Werther, and this fact furnishes Mr. Lewes with matter for one or two fine paragraphs.

The more common form, however, in which we have immorality nowadays is the confusing of these two spheres, the lyrical and the dramatic; which has a decided tendency to pruriency and vice. By the prevailing determination to clothe purely lyrical moods in independent dramatic forms, a real line of distinction is being completely effaced, and a wholly false realism justified. The trick of setting up a number of adventitious names or masks, under which the better to figure personal and private moods and experiences, has, since the days of Byron, been most falsely held dramatic, however much evidence there may have been of want of hold on that essential and deeper variety of character in which true dramatic unity consists. The common sense of the theatre was, after all, a good test of what was essentially dramatic in conception; for while lower minds thirst for variety, and cultured ones for unity, the latter often seek too intently after a merely abstract unity, like that of the metaphysician, which can never be found in reality; and so the check of the common judgment, which is apt at catching broad verisimilitudes, and abandoning pre-conceived ideas, may often be of value. There is nothing more hateful than hypocrisy, and this attempt at confusing these two worlds is the highest species of artistic hypocrisy. The

incompleted experience which has never really purified itself from the clay of personal likings and proclivities, will infallibly show itself in want of concentration, and in the protrusion of separate details, which are either meaningless in a dramatic point of view, or offensive in a lyrical one, because wanting that intensity of utterance which high modes of experience ever take in reality.

Chaucer's coarseness, for instance, we can easily see does not belong to Chaucer; it is something wholly objective to him, and to which he must do justice, as he does to the highest and purest. We should not like to dogmatize on the point, but we cannot help thinking that Robert Buchanan has sometimes offended in this regard; and what vexes us most with him is, that in his "London Poems" he seems sometimes to offend out of mere *malice prepense*, and the desire to have a fling at the proprieties. "Little Milliners" and "Jane Lewsons" are utterly unworthy to be set alongside of "Liz." Mr. Buchanan, notwithstanding rare powers, may wreck on the Scylla of a revolt against his time, and in this respect he would do well to take a lesson from the Laureate.

We have certainly no ill-feeling towards Mr. Swinburne, and shall not show in detail how he has offended in this point by merging all difference of character in a determination after morbid analysis. Nor shall we speak at length of Mr. Carlyle, for the same reason, though his tendency to confuse characters essentially and radically different—characters such as Dante and Diderot, Knox and Marat, Mirabeau and Richter, Burns and Voltaire—by the projection over them of the shadow of a second individuality, has done not a little to feed that sentimental sympathy which, through several able hands, is being ministered to the present generation by means of fiction, and by which all the good old distinctions as to character and conduct are made to glimmer off like painted glass—cleverness nowadays being held to redeem vice, and "sincerity" to make immorality moral. Carlyle, however, pays the penalty of his intense and self-conscious reading of the individual conceptions into everything he deals with in this way—that somehow the reader cannot separate him from his characters, even when, with a half-grim half-humorous chuckle, he tells of their depravities, as he does of Diderot, of Marat, of Mirabeau, or of the diabolic trial of the young Prince Frederick's virtue in his last work. It is lucky for us of the present day that Mr. Carlyle's greatest sins have been committed in the sphere of history, where frequently an appeal to simple fact disturbs the arbitrary balance he had erected on which to set his characters; for, strangely, in his fiction he has been far more faithful—Teufelsdröckh and Abbot Samson being much more consistent with his formal teachings than his historic heroes are.

We will not be regarded as having wronged Mr. Buchanan when

we frankly confess that his article in the *Fortnightly Review* of September 15, last year, on "The Immorality of Authorship," has been the magnet which has mainly drawn our scattered thoughts together into this form. Of that article we are constrained to say that it seems only too consistent with some traces we have just indicated having met with in his more recent poems. By the doubtful use of the phrase "sincerity" throughout that article he formally and distinctly obliterates the distinction between the lyric and dramatic, and gives loose to pruriency and vice on every side by failing to guard against the intrusion into art of those personal regards which are ever destructive of that totality of conception in which consists the essence of art. But properly Mr. Buchanan is not so much to blame for this as Goethe is, though we should certainly not have expected that a man of Mr. Buchanan's attainments would have allowed himself to be blindly led in this matter, as it is too evident he has been. For notwithstanding the testimonies of reviews and newspapers, from the *Times* and *Saturday Review* downwards, as to the originality of the article and the daring boldness of its style, truth compels us to dissipate this illusion. Mr. Buchanan thus succinctly states his doctrine:—

"So distinctly does nature work, indeed, that what is one writer's immorality is the morality of another writer; so delicately does she work that what shocks us in one book plays lightly through the meaning of another, and gives us pleasure. Immoral subjects treated insincerely leave an immoral effect upon those natures weak enough to be influenced by it at all; the same subject treated with the power of genius and the delicacy of art, delights and exalts us. . . . *Wherever a gay sincere heart has chosen immoral subjects, and succeeded in not only making them tolerable but pleasant, nature has stepped in with the magic of genius to spiritualize the impure.*"

That is but a poor re-rendering, and indeed the whole article is but an amplification, of the clever remark made by Goethe to Ecker-mann one day in the year 1827:—

"I find a highly remarkable contrast to this Chinese novel in the *Chansons de Beranger*, which have almost every one some immoral, licentious subject for their foundation, and which would be extremely odious to me if *managed by a genius inferior to Beranger: he, however, has succeeded in making them not only tolerable, but pleasing.*"—*Conversations*, i. p. 350.

Had Mr. Buchanan even gone to the original, he would not perhaps have used the tell-tale words we have put in italics. The kernel of the matter lies there, and whatever merit may be claimed for Mr. Buchanan's article, certainly it cannot claim to be original in any sense whatever; though it makes only too clear to us the medium through which Mr. Buchanan has been infected at once with his æsthetics and his love of Beranger and the "gaudriole."

H. A. PAGE.



STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

L.—JOHN HALES.

THE spiritual earnestness of the Reformation speedily passed into an intense dogmatism. It did so in Luther himself. The hard opiniativeness of the second stage of his career is as remarkable as the stormy enthusiasm of his earlier years. The rush of spiritual feeling which carried him so far gave way to an obstinate resistance to further advance, which he did not himself originate, and which seemed to him opposed to the integrity of Christian doctrine. As in the history of the great Protestant, so in Protestantism itself, dogmatic authority soon laid the rein upon the free spiritual impulses out of which the movement came. The ages succeeding the Reformation were dogmatic in the highest degree. The spirit of inquiry in which it originated seemed arrested or confined within very narrow channels. The clash of opposing systems rather than the movement of free thought agitated the Churches.

But it was in the nature of Protestantism, so long as it remained in any degree true to itself, to start fresh springs of thought, and to open up always deeper and more comprehensive questions. It could only lose this character of inquisitiveness by losing so far its own principles. In Germany, for a time, it almost did this amidst the tedious and unreal controversies into which the first life of the Reformation there degenerated. The vitality of thought was longer preserved in the Reformed or Calvinistic Churches by the Arminian

Controversy. The more attentively this great controversy is studied, the more will it be found to have been one not merely as to certain points of doctrine, certain theories of Salvation, but, moreover, as to certain vital principles regarding the interpretation of Scripture, and the fundamental grounds and data of belief. In the former point of view it has lost all interest, nearly as much as the special controversies, regarding justification, which vexed the Lutheran Church, and wearied and embittered the last days of Melancthon; but in the latter point of view it suggested inquiries of real significance which remain to our own time. What might have been the issue of these inquiries had there been a possibility of free discussion in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it is difficult to say. The spirit of free thought might have been antedated, and the Protestant Churches have been spared a long epoch of dogmatic formalism on the one hand, and of sceptical negation on the other. But as it was, the development of opinion became irretrievably entangled with political interests, and the living stream of inquiry which might have quickened and fertilized all the Protestant Churches was driven underground only to re-appear here and there in a few exceptionally fresh, healthy, and audacious minds.

England was happily destined to be the chief nursery of such minds. This may seem astonishing when we contemplate the weakness of the early Protestantism of England, its want of vital energy and consistency, in comparison with the Protestantism of Germany, of Switzerland, or of Scotland. No form of religious thought appeared more unlikely, looking to its birth, to issue in a healthy and vigorous development. Yet the result was owing in no small degree to this very feebleness of origin. The future growth sprang from the commingling of elements at the root, from the combination of Catholic tradition, biblical inspiration, and mere statecraft, which entered into the English Reformation. This mixture of forces gave an air of weakness and inconsistency to the primary movement; but it prevented it from taking any predominant dogmatic character. It served to keep alive the play of thought. The two chief tendencies of faith and opinion which from the first it embraced,—the Catholic and Puritan,—the hierarchical and biblical,—evoked, in their struggle for the mastery, a spirit higher than either—a spirit of real inquiry into the sources of belief, and the foundations of ecclesiastical order. Out of this struggle came the springs of rational thought which liberalised the Church of England. Hooker's great work, while ostensibly in defence of one of these tendencies, really transcended the dogmatic limits of both, and reached a height of free philosophical argument, which Protestantism had hitherto nowhere attained. And throughout the first half of the seventeenth century it

will be found that the conflict of the hierarchical and Puritan elements originally embraced in the English Reformed Church, had a marked bearing on the course of religious thought. Other influences, of a general intellectual character, no doubt contributed to keep this thought alive in England more than elsewhere. But two causes were chiefly influential—the reaction of the Arminian Controversy and the internal divisions in the Church. *John Hales*, of Eton, who first claims our attention as a religious thinker in the seventeenth century, was present at the Synod of Dort, and very much impressed by what he saw and heard there. And he and Chillingworth and Jeremy Taylor were all deeply implicated in the home conflict, and more or less sufferers from it. Strangely, too, while it is the significant distinction of the theological genius of these men, that it rises, like Hooker's, far above the dogmatism of either the High Church or Puritan party, they were all, like Hooker, allied by personal affinities to the High Church side. They were all personal friends of Laud; they were alike devoted to the Royal cause; and Taylor has even been accused of abandoning, in some degree, the higher principles of his early years for the hierarchical tendencies which once more came into favour at the Restoration. On the other hand, I only know a single case in which the progress of free religious opinion in England was helped from the Puritan side. Milton is the only such case, and great as he is in other respects, he carried into his religious liberality certain elements of dogmatism,* which leave him, in this respect, behind the writers we have mentioned, and show the harder school of opinion out of which he came.

We propose, in a series of papers, to sketch the course of religious thought as it developed itself within the Church of England in the seventeenth century. What we mean by religious thought, it must be already apparent, is something quite different from "dogmatic opinion." The latter has its own value; and the seventeenth century, as every one knows, is characteristically the age of dogmatic opinion in Germany, in Geneva, in Holland, in Scotland, in England. There are many who regard it with special reverence on this account. There are those, we dare say, to whom the few names we have mentioned, along with others that will follow, have no significance, save as ranking among other theological names which they regard as the special glory of that century of dogmatic theology. But from our point of view these names have quite a distinct value and significance. While other names may shine with a lustre which we do not dispute, these shine with an unexampled lustre as the pioneers of free

* His treatment of Popery, for example, as beyond the latitude of toleration, a point in which all the writers mentioned are in advance of him.

religious thought in the first half of the seventeenth century. They appear to us the few men in whom the life and principles of Protestantism really survived. They were inquirers, and not merely theologians; they were thinkers, and not dogmatists. They carried on the movement of thought in Religion while others paused in the earnestness of practical labour, or in works of polemic and dogmatic zeal, which, however valuable to the side which they espoused, have long ceased to exercise a living influence on the course of opinion.

It is interesting to be able to associate with this higher spirit of theological inquiry in the seventeenth century a character so noble and beautiful as that of (the second) Lord Falkland—Sir Lucius Cary, the friend of Clarendon's youth. According to Clarendon,* this young nobleman assembled around him at his home at "Tew, or Burford, in Oxfordshire, within ten or twelve miles of the University," a society of choice spirits with whom he was in the habit of discussing the theological questions of the day. Falkland's own conversation is described as "*one continued convivium philosophicum or convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good-humour, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable." And to this *convivium* there gathered—

"Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who reached thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or restraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they would desire in the library, and all the persons together whose company they would wish and not find in any other society. There Mr. Chillingworth wrote and formed and modelled his excellent book against the learned Jesuit, Mr. Nott, after frequent details upon the most important particulars; in many of which he suffered himself to be overruled by the judgment of his friends, though in others he still adhered to his own fancy, which was sceptical enough even in the highest points."

Falkland himself is painted as a great student and lover of books, who had—

"Read all the Greek and Latin fathers, all the most allowed and authentic ecclesiastical writers, and all the councils, with wonderful care and observation; for in religion he thought too careful and too curious, an inquiry could not be made amongst them whose purity was not questioned, and whose authority was constantly and confidently urged by men who were furthest from being of one mind amongst themselves; and for the mutual support of their several

* "Life of the Earl of Clarendon," p. 36, Oxford ed. (Clarendon Press).

opinions in which they most contradicted each other, and in all those controversies he had so dispassioned a consideration, such a candour in his nature, and so profound a charity in his conscience, that on those points in which he was in his own judgment most clear, he never thought the worse nor in any degree declined the familiarity of those who were of another mind, and which without question is an excellent temper for the propagation and advancement of Christianity."*

Such are parts of the vivid and striking portrait which Clarendon has given us of his friend, surrounded at Burford by many of the choicest intellects of the time. There are none of his many portraits touched with a more loving, picturesque, and finished hand. There is a kind of ideal perfection about the moral and intellectual features which leave the impression that the statesman, in looking back through many troubled years upon the friend of his youth, saw him in the imaginative haze so apt to invest old scenes and old friends, rather than in the clear light of fact. Thanks to this picture mainly, Falkland stands upon the page of English history as a singularly interesting and heroic figure. His early death at the battle of Newbury, his thoughtful, pathetic nature, his genial humour, the very carelessness of his personal appearance and ungainliness of his figure, have all helped to heighten the effect of his intellectual and moral enthusiasm, and to bring out the impression of his attainments and virtues. We can see before us the short, restless, and ungraceful figure; he was "smaller than most men," and his "person and presence in no degree attractive or promising; his aspect, so far from inviting that it had somewhat in it of simplicity;" and fancy we hear his voice, "the worst of the three, so untuned that, instead of reconciling, it offended the ear so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to nature for its recommendation unto the world." Yet this unpromising casket contained a most rare and precious jewel:—

"That little person and small stature was quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs and most harmonious and proportioned presence and strength evermore disposed any man to the greatest enterprise. And that untuned tongue and voice easily discovered itself to be supplied and governed by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said caused another kind of lustre and admiration, and even another kind of acceptance from the persons present, than any ornament of delivery could easily promise itself or is usually attended with; and his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him. His gentleness and affability was so transcendent and obliging that it drew reverence and some kind of compliance from the roughest and most unpolished and stubborn constitutions; and made them of another temper in debate in his presence, than they were in other places. He was in his nature so severe a lover of justice and so precise a lover of truth that he was superior to all possible temptation for the violation of either; indeed so rigid an exactor of perfec-

* "Life of the Earl of Clarendon," p. 37.

tion in all those things which seemed but to border upon either of them, that many who knew him very well did believe that he was of a temper and composition fitter to live in *republica Platonis* than in *facie Romuli*."

Among those who surrounded Falkland at Burford there were theologians of very different tendencies, as their subsequent careers proved. But there can be no question as to the prevailing temper of discussion in a society in which Chillingworth and Falkland himself, and probably Hales, were the influential spirits. Hales is not mentioned among the list of Divines who flocked thither from Oxford, because by this time (about 1632-40) he had left Oxford, and was settled at Eton. But considering his connection with Chillingworth in the composition of the "Religion of Protestants," and the manner in which Clarendon associates him with the group who met at Falkland's house, it is more than probable that with all his love for the quiet seclusion of Eton, Hales would occasionally be found "resorting" to the neighbourhood of Oxford, to join so congenial a society. Such minds would sufficiently give a liberal tone to the discussions. The genuine spirit of religious inquiry cannot, indeed, be better expressed than in the words already quoted descriptive of Falkland's method and temper in discussion. They are words which might be strictly applied both to Chillingworth and Hales, in both of whom meet the same fine intellectual balance and careful fairness, the same "dispassioned consideration," "candour," and "charity," which Clarendon attributes to his friend. Much of the same temper is no less characteristic of Hammond, although united in him with a narrower intellectual vision, and a less natural and rational, in a word, a more scholastic mode of argument. Sheldon and Morley were men of a somewhat different stamp. The intolerance of the Act of Uniformity has cast a permanent shade over their reputation, and eclipsed any character for liberality that they may have earlier enjoyed. Men who acted the part they did at the Restoration could scarcely ever have had very strong instincts of rational toleration; yet the former was the chosen friend of Chillingworth, and the latter had already in the time of Falkland "fallen under the reproach of holding some opinions not grateful to those Churchmen who had then the greatest power in ecclesiastical promotions."* They were

* "Clarendon's Life," vol. i. p. 42. Morley is said to have been a "great Calvinist" (Wood's "Athen. Oxon.," vol. iv. p. 154); and this may, after all, have been the main reason why he was obnoxious to the ruling ecclesiastical powers before the outbreak of the civil war. He appears to have been the wit of the party at Burford. Some of his "sharp answers and replies," uttered in "accidental discourses, were reported," Clarendon says, "to his prejudice. As when once asked by a grave country gentleman (who was desirous to be instructed what their tenets and opinions were), *what the Arminians held*, he pleasantly answered, '*that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England.*'"

both men of great ability. Sheldon, distinguished "for learning, gravity, and prudence," "born," as one of the guests (Sir Francis Wenman*) at Burford used to say of him, "to be Archbishop of Canterbury;" and Morley no less remarked, "for his great wit, readiness, and subtlety in disputation."† Inflexible partisans as they became, they were as yet unhardened, and free to enter with enthusiasm into Falkland's inquiries and disputations. The atmosphere of the *Convivium Theologicum* was evidently a free atmosphere, where diverse opinions were welcomed, and from this very diversity of opinion may have sprung much of the latitude and toleration which distinguished its most prominent members. Sheldon may not have learned forbearance, nor Morley sympathy, nor even Clarendon fairness and width of thought; but a lustre of theological discussion, from which emanated the "Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation," must have been an extraordinary stimulus to free thought, and the nursery of a higher spirit than pervaded at the time either of the great parties then struggling for ecclesiastical and political ascendancy.

We begin our sketches with a notice of Hales. He was considerably older than Chillingworth, although his writings belong, in the main, to the same period. Of the details of his life there is almost nothing to record beyond the facts contained in that singular repository of information to the Oxford Worthies of the seventeenth century, Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses."‡ Like many a scholarly life before and since, it presents no variety of incident. Hales was present, however, as I have already stated, at the Synod of Dort; and he has preserved in his letters a curious picture of that famous convention. I have sought to weave this picture with some fulness into the narrative of his life, and then to describe what appear to me the most interesting and significant features of thought in his brief writings, or the "Golden Remains," which contain all that came from his pen.

JOHN HALES.

John Hales was born at Bath in 1584. His father was "steward to the family of the Horners in Somersetshire."§ He was educated in his native city in "grammar learning," and at thirteen years of

* • "Clarendon's Life," pp. 41-42.

† Ditto, p. 42.

‡ There is indeed a thin volume entitled "An Historical and Critical Account of the Life and Writings of the Ever-Memorable Mr. John Hales," published in 1719, from the pen of P. Des Maizeaux, author of a similar volume of a more elaborate and valuable character on Chillingworth. But this volume contains few facts beyond those given by Wood, although, as we shall find, it throws some light upon the accessory features of his later life.

§ "Athen. Ox.," vol. iii. p. 409, Bliss's ed.

age entered a scholar of Corpus Christi College. Here he took his degree in July, 1603, and very soon began to attract attention by the remarkable character of his attainments. "The prodigious pregnancy of his parts," says Wood, "being discovered by the hedge-beaters of Sir Henry Savile, he was encouraged by them to stand for a fellowship of Merton College." He obtained this fellowship in 1605—"in which election he showed himself a person of learning above his age and standing." "Through the whole course of his scholarship," Wood adds, "there was never any one in the then memory of man that ever went beyond him for subtle disputation in philosophy, for his eloquent declamations and orations; as also for his exact knowledge of the Greek tongue." His Greek scholarship formed a special bond betwixt him and Savile, who was then engaged in his famous edition of Chrysostom, in which he found the young scholar eminently serviceable. Their friendship was a lasting one, and the friends were afterwards associated at Eton as they had been at Oxford.

Shortly after obtaining his fellowship he appears to have entered into orders, and obtained some fame as a preacher. In 1612 he was appointed Greek Professor; and the founder of the Bodleian Library, Sir Thomas Bodley, having died in the following year, Hales was appointed to deliver his funeral oration. The oration is published among his writings, under the title of "*Oratio Funebris habita in Collegio Mertonensi, a Johanne Halesio. Anno 1613. Martii 29, quo die Clarissimo Equiti D. Thomæ Bodleio funus ducebatur.*" In the month of May* of the same year he was admitted a Fellow of Eton. This is all that we learn of his life during these years. It is not till November, 1618, that we see him in the full daylight of his own letters written from Holland. Thither he accompanied Sir Dudley Carlton, Ambassador to the Hague, as his chaplain, and seems to have gone to Dort to report the proceedings there for the interest and benefit of his "right honourable and very good lord." He held no official commission to the Synod, and took no part in its proceedings along with the Deputation from the Church of England. He appears only as an interested onlooker. But this very fact gives a certain piquancy and liveliness to his letters, and our readers will not regret to have their attention called to some of his critical and descriptive touches. Moreover the attitude of the Remonstrants or Arminians, and the arguments employed by them in their conflict with the majority of the Synod, have a significant bearing upon our general subject.

He was commended to "Mr. Bogermannus,"† the President of the Synod, who gave him facility for making himself acquainted

* The date of his admission, which I could not otherwise find, I learn, by the kindness of a friend and the courtesy of the Provost of Eton, was the 24th May, 1613.

† John Bogermann, a zealous opponent of the Remonstrants.

with the business transacted day by day, and reporting it. His letters open on a scene more edifying than much that otherwise engaged the Synod—the appointment of a committee to translate the Scriptures. This is on Monday, the $\frac{10}{23}$ November, 1618. On the following day we have a curious glimpse of the state of practical religion in the provinces in the midst of all the doctrinal disputes which had so long rent them asunder. The Synod gave itself to consider the prevailing “defect of the afternoon sermons and catechising, especially in the country villages.”* This was attributed to three causes—pastoral negligence, pluralities, and the “difficulty of reclaiming the country people on the Sundays, either from their sports or from their work.” Various stringent remedies were proposed and adopted; among others, that “the ministers should give good example by bringing their own family to church.” The several deputies from England and Switzerland were “desired to deliver their custom in this behalf.” “My Lord Bishop” (Carleton, Bishop of Llandaff)† stated that “the magistrate imposed a pecuniary mulct upon such as did absent themselves from divine duties; which pecuniary mulct generally prevailed more with our people than any pious admonitions could.” The deputies from Geneva said that “every Sunday they had four sermons!”

He then describes,‡ on the $\frac{10}{23}$, a sermon preached by “Mr. Dean of Worcester” (Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich) “a polite and pathetic Latin sermon, made in the Synod house,” from Eccles. vii. 16, “Noli esse justus nimium, neque esto sapiens nimis.”

“After a witty coining upon his text, how it should come that righteousness and wisdom which are everywhere commended unto us should here seem to receive a check, he showed how men might seem to be too just by too strictly keeping the letter of the law when sitting in places of justice, or by inflicting too heavy punishment; next, in the second word *sapiens nimis*, he taxed the Divines by presuming too far in prying into the judgments of God, and so came to reprove the curious disputes which our age hath made concerning predestination; that this dispute for its endlessness was like the mathematical line *divisibilis in semper divisibilia*, that it was in divinity as the rule of Cos is in arithmetic.”

It is pleasing to recognise thus early Hall’s mild and liberal spirit. His earnest exhortations to peace and union were taken in good part. “The Praeses,” it is said, “gave him thanks for his good pains.” It

* Letters from the Synod of Dort. Hales’ Works, vol. iii. p. 7.

† George Carleton, who does not appear to have been in any way connected with the ambassador, had also been of Merton College, and is said by Wood to have been a severe Calvinist (vol. ii. p. 423). The other Deputies from England were, besides Dr. George Carleton, Dr. John Davenant, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; Dr. Samuel Ward, Master of Sidney College; and the well-known Dr. Joseph Hall, mentioned in the text, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. Dr. Hall’s health after a short period requiring his return, he was replaced by Dr. Thomas Goad.

‡ Ditto, p. 20.

would have been better, no doubt, if the Synod had taken his words to heart, and acted upon them.

During this time the Remonstrants, or Arminians, had not yet arrived; and for some days still their coming, or at least their appearance at the Synod, was delayed. In the interval the Synod busied itself with various practical questions as to the best modes of catechising, and whether there should be one or several modes adapted to different classes of persons, the education of the clergy, and the celebration of baptism. In reference to this last question, the chief difficulty was as to the baptism of children born of those who were called "ethnic parents." It was decided that the children of such parents should "by no means be baptized till they came to the years of discretion"—"a strange decision," says Hales, "and such as, if my memory or reading fail me not, no Church, either ancient or modern, ever gave. When it was objected, 'What if they were in danger of death?' their answer was, that the want of baptism could not prejudice them with God, except we would determine as the Papists do, that baptism is necessary to salvation. Which is as much," he adds, "to undervalue the necessity of baptism as the Church of Rome doth overvalue it."*

It is obvious in this, as in other matters, that there was considerable difference of opinion, and still more of spirit, between the representatives of the Anglican Church and the dominant party in the Synod.† On the great question at issue, however, with the Remonstrants there was at first apparently perfect unanimity. Of all connected with the Church of England, Hales himself—not even excepting Hall—was probably the most liberal minded, and it is impossible to mistake his bias when the Remonstrants are first introduced, and Episcopius makes his first appeal against the competency of the Synod. Before the end, however, and under the force of certain arguments of Episcopius, or of others, a considerable change passed upon his sentiments.

It was on the 6th December, *stylo novo*, that the Remonstrants, headed by Episcopius, appeared at the Synod.‡ "In the midst of the Synod house a long table was as if set apart for them, for it had been hitherto void, no man sitting at it. Here chairs and forms being set, they were willed to sit down." Whereupon Episcopius, standing up, made a short speech, in which he prayed God "to give a blessing to this meeting, and to pour into their minds such conceits as best fitted men come together for such ends; then he

* Letters, p. 42.

† The Synod was not a numerous body. The Dutch and Walloon clergy numbered thirty-eight. There were five University Professors and twenty-one "Seculars," or Lay Elders. The foreign Divines numbered twenty-eight, and of these the English had the precedence.

‡ Letters, pp. 45-6.

signified that, according to their citation, they were now come 'ad collationem instituendam' concerning that cause which hitherto with a good conscience they had maintained."*

On the 10th of December Episcopus opened the conflict of his party with the Synod, and the letters of our author assume a higher interest. He characterizes by no means in a complimentary manner the speech made by the leader of the Remonstrants on this occasion, and the opinions expressed by him. Episcopus recited, he says, † "*e scripto*, a long and tedious speech of two hours at the least; consisting of two general heads: first, of exceptions they had against the Synod, 'tanquam in judicem incompetentem;' secondly, of a conceit of their own, what manner of a Synod they thought fit it should be which was to compose these controversies in hand." The Remonstrants objected to the Synod as entirely composed of the adverse party, and "it was against all equity and nature that the adverse party should be judge." They objected also because this dominant party had schismatically separated themselves from their brethren. They desired a Synod composed of "certain select men who had taken part with neither side,"—a mere '*chimæra saltans in vacuo*,' adds our author; "such a synod as never was nor can be." "I think it could scarcely be found in the Netherlands, though the sun itself should seek it." Failing this, they wished that a Synod should be formed of "an equal number of both parties, each with their several prelates and assessors, who should debate the matter betwixt themselves;" and if they were unable to agree, the civil magistrate, as a '*Deus e machina*,' was to be called in and "prescribe the modèramen," from which there was to be no appeal. "Of the same thread was the whole of their speech," says Hales, contemptuously adding, "When they had well and thoroughly wearied their auditory, they did that which we much desired—they made an end."

Obviously our author has no bias towards the Arminian side. According to his own representation of the purport of their demands, his judgment seems severe and one-sided. But on the very next appearance of Episcopus he expresses himself more favourably. "Standing up," he says, ‡ "Episcopus required that a little time might be granted to them, and forthwith uttered an oration '*acrem sane et animosam*,' about which, by reason of some particulars in it, there will grow some stir." He then gives an abstract of the speech, which it is impossible to read without being struck by the wisdom, ability, moderation, and courtesy of the speaker. Hales himself, in some parts might be supposed, speaking according to the wisdom of his later writings, for example in the following statements:—

"They (the Remonstrants) thought it sufficient if the chief points of religion

* Letters, p. 46.

† Ditto, p. 58.

‡ Ditto, p. 69.

remain unshaken. That there had been always sundry opinions even amongst the fathers themselves, which yet had not broken out into separation of minds and breach of charity. That it was impossible for all wits to jump in one point. It was the judgment of Pareus, a great divine, that the greatest cause of contention in the Church was this, that the schoolmen's conclusions and cathedral decisions had been received as oracles and articles of faith. That they were, therefore, unjustly charged with the bringing in of a sceptic theology; they sought for nothing else but for that liberty, which is the means between servitude and licence."

He proceeds to describe the points against which he and his friends had opposed themselves:—

"First, against those conclusions concerning predestination, which the authors themselves have called *horrida decreta*. Secondly, against those who for the five articles, so called, have made a separation. Thirdly, against those who cast from them all those who in some things dissent from them; and lastly, against those who taught the magistrate should, with a hood-wink obedience, accept what the divines taught without further inquiry."

He maintained that "the smaller part does not necessarily make the schism, nor the major part the right." Although they had been overborne, they were not defeated:—

"The Scriptures and solid reason shall be to us instead of multitudes. The conscience rests not itself upon the number of suffrages, but upon the strength of reason. *Tam parati sumus vinci, quam vincere*. He gets a greater victory that being conquered gains the truth. *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, amica Synodus, sed magis amica veritas.*"*

Such are fragments of this remarkable oration of Episcopius, "delivered with great grace of speech and oratorical gesture." It is not wonderful that it impressed Hales, and that he should have been at pains to report. He then gives a description of various altercations between the Synod and the Remonstrants as to the order of proceeding, and the delivery of which are called the "considerations" of the latter, by which are meant, apparently, certain proposals of change, particularly in regard to the confession and catechism, which on former occasions had been urged by the Remonstrants.

Various incidents of interest follow. The reception of the Scottish commissioner, Walter Balcanqual, who reports that "the king, at his coming away, did charge him, *verbis sublimibus*, to exhort them unto peace," is described in a separate letter on the 20th December:—

"The Scotch nation," according to their Commissioner, "had evermore so linkt itself to this people (the Dutch) that it hath always laboured to endeavour the peace of this state, and now it was ready to do as much for the peace of the Churches amongst them. They had very straitly bound unto them the Scottish Church (*demeruitis ecclesiam Scoticanam*) by so kindly welcoming him."

The lighter humorous aspects of the Synod are not forgotten:—

"Old Goelenius (one of the foreign divines) could not let the Remonstrants pass without a jest, such a one as it was; for being asked, for judgment, lo

* Letters, pp. 73-4.

put off his hat, and told us that the Remonstrants were '*Canonici irregulares*, regular irregulars,' and put on his hat again. Where the sap of the jest is, I know not; but the gravest in the synod had much ado to compose their countenances."*

These glimpses, like all real insight into ecclesiastical assemblies, renew our astonishment at the importance that subsequent generations have attached to them and their decisions. All of them are found more or less to present aspects ridiculous from their absurdity or shocking from their violence and unfairness, when the veil is once lifted, and we see them for a moment as they appeared to an onlooker. If old Goclenius play the fool, the "*præses politicus*" (Mr. Bogermannus) plays the tyrant. Upon a decree of the States being read to the Remonstrants, Episcopus required a copy of it:—

"The Præses asked him why? *Ut pareamus*, said Episcopus. 'No,' said the same Præses, 'it is only that you may find some words to cavil at; and, therefore, they should have none. It was sufficient that they knew the meaning of it.' This at first," Hales adds, "seemed to me somewhat hard; but when I considered that these were the men which heretofore had, in prejudice of the Church, so extremely flattered the civil magistrate, I could not but think this usage a fit reward for such service."†

Our author is far from himself here. He forgets his charity as well as lays aside his judgment. In appealing to the civil magistrate the Remonstrants may have been mistaken; but they only consistently maintained an opinion which they were quite entitled to hold as a party, which many good men have held in every age, and which both parties—Calvinists and Remonstrants alike—held when it suited them. But supposing that they had thereby judged wrongly, this would be no justification of a clear wrong done them by the "*præses politicus*" of the Synod in refusing them a copy of a decree directed against them. The truth appears to be that Hales was somewhat wearied with the importunity and calm resistance of the Remonstrants. The slowness and delays of the business troubled him; for he speaks of the session at which these things took place, Friday 21st, as "a long, a troublesome, and a fruitless session." He is puzzled also about his movements. The Synod is adjourned to Thursday of the following week, and his honour the ambassador had evidently wished him in the interval to return to the Hague; but he excuses himself as a poor traveller:—

"I am but a silly traveller, and conveniently I cannot travel without a guide. The days being short, and the tide coming somewhat late, night would quickly come. Now for me to go by night, having neither language nor any to conduct me, must needs be very inconvenient."

During the next three weeks or so—that is, from 27th Dec. to 15th Jan. (1618-19), the business of the Synod came to "a great

* Letters, pp. 87-8.

† Ditto, p. 90.

crisis," as it is described by our author. He sets forth the main details in a very graphic way, still showing, upon the whole, strong sympathy with the dominant party. So far evidently the foreign deputies tried to mediate between the parties, but without success. The Remonstrants continued firm in their attitude of resistance. The points in dispute were, *first*, as to the order to be held in discussing the articles; whether the question of reprobation were to be handled after the five articles, or whether it should be handled in the first place, as the Remonstrants desired. "They pretended," says Hales, "their doubts lay especially there; and that being cleared, they thought they could shew good conformity in all the rest." The *second* difficulty was the objection of the Remonstrants to be assailed with "interrogations, which they very much disdained as pedagogical." The *third* was as to their "liberty of disputation," whether it was to be limited by the discretion of the Synod, or large and unlimited, according as it pleased them.

The first of these points particularly excited a very vehement discussion, in which Episcopius, as usual, on the side of the Remonstrants, and D. Gomarus, on the side of the Synod, are the prominent figures.

"The point of reprobation," said Episcopius, "is that '*quod maxime nos agere habet*'—he could not endure that doctrine concerning the absolute decree of God; that God should peremptorily decree to cast the greatest part of mankind away only because he would. Corvinus answered that he could not '*Salva conscientia versari in ministerio*,' till that point was cleared. Isaacus Frederici that '*præcipuum momentum*' was in that question. Others that on the question of election they had no scruple; all their doubt was on the point of reprobation; and, therefore, their conscience would not suffer them to proceed further in disputation till that matter were discussed."*

On the other hand, Gomarus,†

"That saw that his iron was in the fire (for I persuade myself that the Remonstrants' spleen is chiefly against him), began to tell us that Episcopius had falsified the tenet of reprobation; that no man taught that God absolutely decreed to cast man away without sin; but as he did decree the end, so he did decree the means; that so as he predestinated man to death, so he predestinated him to sin, the only way to death; and so he mended the question," adds our author, whose sympathies cannot stand such a strain as this, "as tinkers mend kettles, and made it worse than it was before."‡

Reiterated discussion was of no use; the Remonstrants were "called in," and the President, "after a short admonition," requested to know whether they would proceed according to the order desired by the Synod; but as invariably they declined to do so.

* Francis Gomar was the great opponent of Arminius at Leyden, where they were colleagues as Professors of Divinity in the first decade of the 17th century. In the year 1618, at the close of which the Synod of Dort opened, he was settled as Professor of Hebrew and Divinity at Groningen, where he died in 1641. He was partially educated in England, and was a Calvinist of the extreme school.

† Letters, pp. 94-5.

‡ Ditto, p. 96.

Evidently they saw that their cause was prejudged. In truth, they had been summoned, not as *Episcopus* signified on his first appearance, "ad collationem instituendam," not to conference, but merely to give in an account of their opinions, and leave them to the judgment of the Synod. This was urged quite fairly against them, according to the terms of their summons. They could not claim to be exempted from these terms, and yet they would not yield without a free discussion in all things, and especially on the point of reprobation, which they knew was the weak point in the Contra-Remonstrants' doctrine. They had no alternative but ignominiously to submit to condemnation, or to take up an attitude which they should have taken up primarily, and refused to appear under such a summons at all. Virtually they declined the judgment of the Synod as *pars adversa*. When driven to it, *Episcopus* said, "We are resolved, *agere pro judicio nostro non pro judicio Synodi*;"* words which one of the seculars or political members of the Synod, "willed" should be noted." At length, on the 14th January, they were dismissed with bitter reproaches by the Præses:—

"'I will dismiss you,' he said, 'with no other elogy that one of the foreigners gave you—*quo coepistis pede eodem cedite*—with a lie you made your entrance into the Synod, with a lie you take your leave of it, in denying lately that ever you protested yourselves provided to give answer on the articles, or to have had any such writing ready, which all the Synod knows to be false. Your actions all have been full of fraud, equivocations, and deceit. That, therefore, the Synod may at length piously and peaceably proceed to the perfecting of that business for which it is come together, you are dismissed. But assure you, the Synod will make known your pertinacy to all the Christian world; and know that the Belgic Churches want not *arma spiritualia* with which in time convenient they will proceed against you. *Quamobrem vos delegatorum et Synode nomine dimitto, exite.*' So with much muttering the Remonstrants went out; and *Episcopus* going away, said, '*Dominus Deus judicabit de fraudibus et mendaciis*;' Sapma, '*Exeo ex ecclesia malignantium.*' And so the Synod brake up."†

Thus were the Remonstrants thrust from the Synod of Dort. The issue was probably inevitable. The Synod was entitled to vindicate its jurisdiction and the terms on which it had been convened, which the Arminians had so far accepted by obeying the summons. Yet the result was unhappy, and the mode of their dismissal in the highest degree undignified and unbecoming. It was very soon felt that a great mistake had been committed. Hales gives expression to this feeling:—"The most partial spectator of our synodal acts," he says, "cannot but confess that in the late dismissal of the Remonstrants with so much choler and heat, there was a great oversight committed." There appears to have been some idea of trying to repair the mistake. But this was found to be impossible. As our author remarks, such

* Letters, p. 100.

† Ditto, pp. 123-4.

mistakes of public action are "with less inconvenience tolerated than amended." The Synod could not retrace its steps without loss of dignity; and so another example was presented of the folly of ecclesiastical assemblies convened under the impulse of sectarian zeal, rather than of enlarged Christian enlightenment, and an honest wish to deal fairly and charitably with different questions which must always divide men so long as they are serious subjects of thought.

After the dismissal of the Remonstrants from the Synod of Dort the interest of Hales' letters very much diminishes, although they continue for about a month longer. Then, on the 9th of February, 1619, they suddenly terminate. After about three months' attendance he was evidently well wearied of the business. Several causes contributed to this. His own interest in the dogmatic distinctions under discussion, never very keen, grew languid with the apparently interminable altercations and delays. He was no zealot; and while approving, upon the whole, of the position of the dominant party, he was clear-sighted enough to see the unfair violence with which men like Gomarus maintained their opinions and assailed those of others. A certain Martinus, of Brema, having, after the departure of the Remonstrants, ventured to state some scruples "about the manner of Christ's being *fundamentum electionis*," Gomarus started up and exclaimed, 'Ego hanc rem in me recipio,' and therewith cast his glove, and challenged Martinus with the proverb, "Ecce Rhodum ecce Saltum," and required the Synod to grant them a duel. The Synod was glad by fair words to pacify the combatants, and according to custom the session was concluded with prayer. But, slyly adds our author, "zeal and devotions had not so well allayed Gomarus his choler, but immediately after prayers he renewed his challenge, and required combat with Martinus again, but they parted for that night without blows." Hales plainly felt himself less and less at home amidst such scenes of polemic violence.

Another feature of the proceedings shocked his sense of justice, while it necessarily abated his interest. The main business of the Synod was transacted, not in public, but in private. The real conclusions were pre-arranged at private sessions, and the "evening sessions," which appear henceforth to have been the only public ones, he says, "are only to entertain the auditory, not to determine anything at all."* It had been at first debated in the Synod "whether they should admit of hearers, or do all in private." Old Sibrandus was very hot against the auditory, and thought it not fit that any care should be had of them, as being only "*mulierculæ et pauculi juvenes incauti*;" a com-

* Letters, p. 118. In the same letter he says, "All this business of citing, referring, examining, must needs seem only as acted on a stage, if the Synod intemperately beforehand bewray a resolution," p. 149.

plaint in which our author admits there was some reason ; " for many youths, yea, and artificers, and I know not what rabble besides, thrust in and hurtle the place ; and, as for women," he somewhat ungalantly adds, " whole troops of them have been seen there, and the best places for spectators reserved for them ; while they must needs expose the Synod to the scorn of those who lie in wait to take exception against it." The decision, however, was in favour of the public, as it generally is in such cases.

Hales' language, in speaking of the auditory, almost implies some feeling of personal affront, for we must remember that he was not, like his brother divines from England, a member of the Synod. He was merely there himself as an auditor and reporter, seated, probably, among the " youths, artificers, and I know not what rabble besides," without even the means of light to carry on his reporting, as he tells us in a letter a few days later. " I would willingly," he writes, on the 29th January, " have given your honour an account of his speech " (a speech by Altingius, one of the Palatine Professors, whose discourse appeared to him " the most sufficient " of any he had yet heard) ; but " it was in the evening, and the auditory are allowed no candles, so that I could not use my tables." We do not wonder, therefore, that a few days further we find him intimating that if he had his lodging discharged he would willingly leave. He inquires, like a prudent man, whether his " honour was to answer the charge of his lodging, or the public purse." " I would willingly be resolved of it," he continues, " because I have a desire to return to the Hague ; first, because the Synod proceeding as it doth, I do not see that it is *operæ pretium* for me here to abide, and then because I have sundry private occasions that call upon me to return."

So after a single letter more, which contains no further hint of his movements, he returned, and we hear no more of him in connection with the Synod of Dort. His presence there, however, was not without a lasting influence on his opinions. His letters help us but slightly to trace the progress of this influence, but his subsequent writings make it plainly manifest. There is a story told by his " intimate friend," Mr. Farindon,* according to which he himself attributed a distinct change in his theological sentiments to a speech of Episcopius in handling St. John iii. 16. " There he *bid John Calvin good night*, as he often told." There is some confusion, but probably also some truth in this story. The only reference we find, in his letters, to John iii. 16, is not in regard to Episcopius, but Martinius of Breme, to whom allusion has been already made, and who founded much on this famous text. Martinius

* See page 21.

was evidently an able man, of liberal and at the same time evangelical sentiments, and it is possible that his arguments drawn from this passage of the Gospels may have moved our author. There is, on the other hand, no evidence from his own correspondence that his opinions were at the time much affected by anything Episcopius said.

Of the gradual change in his sentiments there can be no doubt, and there were probably many concurring causes for it. Of a calm, reflective, and patient temper—gifted with a shrewd, quiet insight and a great natural love of fairness, he could not be an auditor for three months of an assembly like that of Dort without feeling that the truth did not all lie on one side. The spectacle presented to him—of extreme orthodoxy with unchristian choler, of contentious zeal aiming at triumph, rather than of earnest thoughtfulness anxious for the truth—could not but start new trains of inquiry in a mind so open and candid as his. It naturally forced upon him the general question of the value of theological dogmatism, and the grounds on which men seek to control each other's opinions as to Christian truth. All his writings prove that this was the form in which a theological change matured in his mind. His was no passage from one extreme of opinion to another. If he bade John Calvin good night, he did not say good morning to Arminius. He did not pass from one side to another. His mind was of far too high an order, his gift of spiritual insight far too delicate and subtle, to admit of his doing this. When he left the narrowness of Calvinism, he did so not because he became possessed by some other narrowness, but because he saw from a higher field of vision how little dogmatic precision has to do with spiritual truth, and how hopeless it is to tie and confine this truth under definite creeds and systems. We shall find abundant evidence of this immediately.

The outward facts of Hales' life, on his return to England, are very shortly summed up. As a Fellow of Eton College, he continued associated with the friend of his youth, Sir Henry Savile, now Provost of Eton, who in turn enjoyed the advantage of his scholarly sympathy and fellow-labour as formerly at the University. In the year 1639 he was preferred to a canonry at Windsor, with the express approbation, there is reason to believe, of Laud, who, previous to this, had some special correspondence with him regarding his famous tract on Schism, in which his religious views first became known. He led, in the main, the life of a retired scholar, "highly esteemed by learned men beyond and within the seas, from whom he seldom failed to receive letters every week, whenever his judgment was desired as to several points of learning."* According to the same authority, he occasionally came forth from his retirement to mingle with the world.

* Wood's "*Athenæ Oxon.*" iii. 411.

"When the King and Court resided at Windsor, he was much frequented by noblemen and courtiers, who delighted much in his company, not for his severe and retired walks of learning, but for his polite discourses, stories, and poetry." He cultivated poetry as well as divinity. "He was, besides, known to be an excellent critic," says his biographer, Maizeaux. "His company was much desired by the greatest wits and most celebrated poets of his time, and Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, William Davenant, Ben Jonson, &c. He used often to meet them, and held very well his part in those ingenious conversations." His name appears in Sir John Suckling's "Sessions of Poets;"* and a poetical Epistle by the same writer is evidently addressed to him, although his name is not prefixed. Both give us a very pleasing glimpse of Hales—of his mingled sweetness and gravity, his retired studiousness and fondness for subtle argument. He is represented as

"Putting or clearing of a doubt,
Whether predestination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die
And live at once eternally."

He is exhorted to "leave Socinus and the schoolmen," and "come to town," that men may have the benefit of his wisdom and know that "oracles are not yet ceased."

"There you shall find the wit and wine
Flowing alike; and both divine.
Dishes with names not known in books,
And less among the college cooks,
With sauce so pregnant that you need
Nor stay till hunger bids you feed.
The sweat of learned Jonson's brain
And gentle Shakespere's easier strain,
A hackney coach conveys you to,
In spite of all that rain can do." †

There is a pleasant story preserved of our author's high appreciation of Shakespere's genius. He is reported to have said, in the course of "those ingenious conversations" which he had with Sir John Suckling, Ben Jonson, and others, that if "any topick" was produced "finely treated by any of the ancient poets, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespere." ‡

* "Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil.
Apollo had spied him, but changing his mind,
Prest by and called Faulkland that sat just behind."

† Life by Maizeaux, p. 59.

‡ The story is given by Rowe in his account of Shakespere's life, and quoted in the

He lived at Eton a contented and happy life till the outbreak of the civil war, when, no less than his friend Chillingworth (although not so prominently), he became involved in its troubles. It is pitiful to read of the straits to which he was reduced in that miserable time. He had said very characteristically in his prosperous days that *he thought he should never die a martyr*—playfully alluding, no doubt, to the comprehensiveness of his theological opinions; but he endured scarcely less than the hardships of a martyr. He lost both his Fellowship and the Canonry, on what special grounds we do not learn, but no doubt because he would not retain them on the terms exacted by the new authorities. He was forced at length even to dispose of his books—"one of the best collections that a person of his station ever enjoyed"—in order to procure the means of subsistence. He had recourse to private tuition, but he was prevented somehow continuing this occupation. At last he retired to Eton, and lodged in the house of a widow whose husband had been his servant. Here he appears to have been very nearly reduced to want. His friend, Mr. Farindon, found him in mean lodgings, with only a few books of devotion in his chamber, the remnant of his magnificent library, and "for money about seven or eight shillings," "and besides," said he, "I doubt I am indebted for my lodging." He was weary of this "uncharitable world," as well he might be, and as he anticipated his death to be not far off, gave some general instructions as to his burial in the churchyard and not in the church. This is the last glimpse we get of him. He died at Eton, on the 19th of May, 1656, and was buried according to his desire, "in plain and simple manner, without any sermon, or ringing the bell, or calling the people together." So he had enjoined in his will, which is a very characteristic document in its quaint simplicity. Those who knew Mr. Hales, reports Wood,* said that he had "the most ingenious countenance they ever saw; it was sanguine, cheerful, and full of air." His stature was "little and well proportioned, and his motion quick and nimble."

The writings of Hales, so far as known to us, are contained in three small volumes, edited by Lord Hailes (Sir D. Dalrymple), and published at Glasgow about the middle of the last century by the well-known printers of the name of Foulis. They seem to comprise all that he ever wrote or designed for publication. During his lifetime he published or permitted to be published only one or two

notes to Maizeaux's "Life of Hales," p. 60. It is also told in a still stronger form by Dryden in his "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," p. 32 (1693). But neither Rowe nor Dryden mention the authority on which he gives the story.

* "Athenæ Oxon," iii. 413.

sermons which he had preached at Oxford and St. Paul's Cross, and a sermon on duels which he had preached at the Hague. The tract on Schism was also published during his lifetime, but apparently in an unauthorized and imperfect form.* After his death his friend Mr. Farindon undertook to prepare a collection of his writings, and to prefix to it a memoir; but in writing to the London bookseller who had urged him on the subject, he says,† "I am like Mr. Hales in this, which was one of his defects, not to pen anything till I must needs." The result was that he died before he had completed his preparations. Dr. Pearson, the well-known Bishop of Chester, so far took up his unfinished task, and the "Golden Remains of the Ever-Memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton College," &c., appeared in 1659, but without any memoir. The Bishop prefixed, however, an Epistle to the Reader, in which he drew a careful "character" of the author, "a man, I think, of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit as ever this or perhaps any nation bred." Second and third editions of the "Remains" appeared in 1673 and 1688, and also in 1677 a new volume containing several additional tracts without preface or advertisement. In the edition before us, which professes to be complete, all these writings are collected and presented in a uniform shape, prefaced by various "Testimonies" concerning the author.

The value of Hales' writings consists not in any elaborate treatment of theological questions, but in the singular spirit of enlightenment, of calm penetrating comprehensive wisdom, which pervades them. They contain no special treatise to which subsequent ages have appealed as a model of theological exposition or argument. They are only tracts, sermons, or letters; and the sermons are neither rich with the jewelled eloquence of a Jeremy Taylor, nor weighty with the solid reasoning and systematic power of a Barrow. But there is in all our author's writings exactly that which so many theological writings want, the light of a bright, open-eyed, candid intelligence which sees frequently far beyond the range of the most powerful systematic intellect straight to the truth—"an acute and piercing wit," a wise, calm, and "profound judgment." Great reader and student as he was, versed in a various and even (according to Bishop Pearson) a "universal" erudition, he is yet entirely free from the pedantry of learning, a very rare attainment for his age. His accumulated knowledge of books and systems never encumbers him. He never, or but rarely, uses it as materials of argument, or as stuff for dilating and parading arguments in themselves worthless, after the prevailing fashion. But all his knowledge has become an enriching basis of his own thought, and raises him above "the vulgar

* Wood's "Athen.", iii. 414.

† Maizeaux, p. 69.

reach of man" to see for himself clearly and widely. It has entered into the very life of his quick and genial intellect, and contributes to the wealth of his meditative insight, and his tolerant, comprehensive, and sweetly-tempered genius.

The simplicity and breadth of his religious thought are astonishing for his time. He goes to the heart of controversies, and distinguishes with a delicate and summary skill "what is essential to religion from what is but accidental." The "conceits of men" are separated from what is "necessary and absolute," and the truth presented as something distinct from men's opinions about it, something higher and better than their best definitions. He is consequently tolerant in the highest degree of differences of opinion, and reserves all his indignation for the perversity of will which turns such differences into causes of estrangement among Churches.*

"It is not the variety of opinions," he says, "but our own perverse wills, who think it meet that all should be conceited as ourselves are, which hath so inconvenienced the Church. Were we not so ready to anathematize each other, where we concur not in opinion, we might in hearts be united, though in our tongues we were divided, and that with singular profit to all sides. It is 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' Ephes. iv. 3, and not identity of conceit, which the Holy Ghost requires at the hands of Christians."

Then he gives an instance in which there is plainly a reminiscence of the Synod of Dort.

"I will give you one instance, in which, at this day, our churches are at variance; the will of God, and his manner of proceeding in predestination, is undiscernible, and shall so remain until that day wherein all knowledge shall be made perfect; yet some there are, who, with probability of Scripture, teach, that the true cause of the final miscarriage of them that perish, is that original corruption that befel them at the beginning, increased through the neglect or refusal of grace offered. Others, with no less favourable countenance of Scripture, make the cause of reprobation only the will of God, determining freely of his own work as himself pleases, without respect to any second cause whatsoever. Were we not ambitiously minded, every-one to be lord of a sect, each of these tenets might be profitably taught and heard, and matter of singular exhortation drawn from either; for on the one part, doubtless it is a pious and religious intent, to endeavour to free God from all imputation of unnecessary rigour and his justice from seeming injustice and incongruity: and on the other side it is a noble resolution, so to humble ourselves under the hand of Almighty God, as that we can with patience hear, yea, think it an honour that so base creatures as ourselves should become the instruments of the glory of so great a majesty, whether it be by eternal life or by eternal death, though for no other reason but for God's good will and pleasure's sake. The authors of these conceits might both freely (if peaceably) speak their minds, and both singularly profit the Church: for since it is impossible, where Scripture is ambiguous, that all conceits should run alike, it remains that we seek out a way not so much to establish an unity of opinion in the minds of all, which I take to be a thing

* P. 34, vol. ii.

likewise impossible, as to provide that multiplicity of conceit trouble not the Church's peace. A better way my conceit cannot reach unto than that we would be willing to think that these things, which with some show of probability we deduce from Scripture, are at the best but our opinions, for this peremptory manner of setting down our own conclusions, under this high commanding form of necessary truths, is generally one of the greatest causes which keeps the Churches this day so far asunder; whereas a gracious receiving of each other by mutual forbearance in this kind might peradventure, in time, bring them nearer together."

This mode of thought is now sufficiently familiar. But it was far from familiar in Hales' time, and it may be inferred from his letters that it had only gradually grown up in his mind as the fruit of much reflection and experience of religious controversy. His spiritual insight, his sense, moderation, and candid deference to facts, had borne him out of the current of religious partisanship, and opened up to him a higher vision than was common to his contemporaries. His mind was evidently one in continual quest of truth. He did not take up his opinions and then no more trouble himself to examine them. He was continually going deeper in search of principles, and mastering them with a clearer sight, so as to recognise their true meaning and bearing, and the modifications which they undergo. A healthy modesty, and constantly penetrating and subtle delicacy in consequence, mark his conclusions. He is reverential in the highest sense, and yet keenly original. He is reserved, and yet he never hesitates to speak out his mind in the face of what he must have known to be cherished prejudices. The following passage from his tract "Concerning Schism and Schismatics," which attracted Laud's notice, is very significant:—

"It hath been the common disease of Christians from the beginning not to content themselves with that measure of faith which God and the Scripture have expressly afforded us; but out of a vain desire to know more than is revealed, they have attempted to discuss things of which we can have no light, neither from reason nor revelation; neither have they rested here, but upon pretence of church-authority, which is none, or tradition, which for the most part is but figment, they have peremptorily concluded and confidently imposed upon others a necessity of entertaining conclusions of that nature, and to strengthen themselves, have broken out into divisions and factions, opposing man to man, synod to synod, till the peace of the Church vanished, without all possibility of recall. Hence arose those ancient and many separations amongst Christians occasioned by Arianism, Eutychianism, Nestorianism, Photinianism, Sabellianism, and many more, both ancient and in our time, all which indeed are but names of schism, howsoever in the common language of the fathers they were called heresies. For heresy is an act of the will, not of reason, and is indeed a lie, not a mistake, else how could that known speech of Austin go for true, *Errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo*? Indeed, Manichæism, Valentianism, Marcionism, Mahometanism, are truly and properly heresies, for we know that the authors of them received them not, but minted them themselves, and so knew that which they taught to be a lie. But can any man avouch that Arius and Nestorius, and others that taught erroneously concerning the Trinity, or the person of our

Saviour, did maliciously invent what they taught, and not rather fall upon it by error and mistake? Till that be done, and that upon good evidence, we will think no worse of all parties than needs we must, and take these rents in the Church to be at the worst but schisms upon matter of opinion. In which case what we are to do, is not a point of any great depth of understanding to discover so be distemper and partiality do not intervene. I do not yet see, that *opinionum varietas, et opinantium unitas*, are *adversaria*, or that men of different opinions in Christian religion may not hold communion in *sacris*, and both go to one church. Why may not I go, if occasion require, to an Arian church, so there be no Arianism expressed in their liturgy? And were liturgies and public forms of service so framed as that they admitted not of particular and private fancies, but contained only such things as in which all Christians do agree, schisms on opinion were utterly vanished. For consider of all the liturgies that are or ever have been, and remove from them whatsoever is scandalous to any party, and leave nothing but what all agree on, and the event shall be, that the public service and honour of God shall no ways suffer, whereas to load our public forms with the private fancies upon which we differ, is the most sovereign way to perpetuate schism unto the world's end. Prayer, confession, thanksgiving, reading of Scripture, exposition of Scripture, administration of sacraments in the plainest and simplest manner, were matter enough to furnish out a sufficient liturgy, though nothing either of private opinion, or of church-pomp, of garments, of prescribed gestures, of imagery, of music, or matter concerning the dead, of many superfluities, which creep into the churches under the name of order and decency, did interpose itself. For to charge churches and liturgies with things unnecessary, was the first beginning of all superstition, and when scruples of conscience began to be made or pretended, then schisms began to break in. If the spiritual guides and fathers of the Church would be a little sparing of incumbering churches with superfluities, and not over rigid, either in reviving obsolete customs or imposing new, there were far less danger of schism or superstition, and all the inconvenience were likely to ensue would be but this, they should in so doing yield a little to the imbecillities of inferiors, a thing which St. Paul would never have refused to do. Meanwhile, whosoever false or suspected opinions are made a piece of the church liturgy, he that separates is not the schismatic, for it is alike unlawful to make profession of known or suspected falsehoods, as to put in practice unlawful or suspected actions."

The following are his opinions on Church authority, from the same tract—

"They do but abuse themselves and others that would persuade us that bishops by Christ's institution have any superiority over other men further than of reverence, or that any bishop is superior to another further than position as agreed upon amongst Christians hath prescribed. For we have believed them that hath told us that in Jesus Christ there is neither high nor low, and that in giving honour every man should be ready to prefer another before himself, Rom. xii. 10; which saying cuts off all claim most certainly to superiority by title of Christianity, except men can think that these things were spoken only to poor and private persons. Nature and religion agree in that neither of them hath a hand in this heraldry of *secundum sub et supra*; all this comes from composition and agreement of men among themselves."*

What Laud thought of these sentiments it would be curious to

* Vol. i. p. 131.

learn. It is evident that he was not satisfied, both from what Clarendon says* and from the letter which Hales addressed to him. There is something, we confess, too deprecatory in this letter. He apologizes for the tone of the tract in that it was intended to be merely a letter to a friend, and that a certain liberty is natural to such a composition; further, that he is "by genius open and uncautelous." For its substance, however, he pleads consistently, and if it contain errors, he has at least sought the truth with earnestness.

"For the pursuit of truth," he adds, "hath been my only care ever since I first understood the meaning of the word. For this I have forsaken all hopes, all friends, all desires which might bias me, and hinder me from doing right at which I aimed. For this I have spent my money, my means, my youth, my age, and all I have, that I might remove from myself that censure of Tertullian, *suo vitio quis quid ignorat?* If with all this cost and pains my purchase is but error, I may safely say that to err hath cost me more than it has many to find the truth."

Deferential as is his language, the principles he has laid down seem to him incontrovertible in the light of his clear and penetrating reason. Like many a man, he is willing to concede for himself any deference to existing authority. He would willingly live at peace, but he felt at the same time the instinctive necessity of a true mind not to yield what he felt to be the truth. Practically, bishops may be good. "What obedience I owe to episcopal jurisdiction, I have already plainly and sincerely opened unto your Grace." He had no wish to dispute the fact of ecclesiastical authority; but he must be allowed to own what his reason and conscience alike compel him to own as to the source of this authority.

"Let titles of honour and dominions go as the Providence of God will have, yet quiet and peaceful men will not fail of their obedience; no more will I of ought, so be that God and good conscience command not the contrary. A higher degree of duty I do not see how any man can demand at my hands, for whereas the exception of good conscience sounds not well with many men because oft-times under that form pertinancy and wilfulness is suspected to couch itself, in this case it concerns every man sincerely to know the truth of his own heart, and so accordingly to determine of his own way, whatsoever the judgment of his superiors be, or whatsoever even befall him. For since in cases of conscience many times there is a necessity to fall either into the hands of man or into the hands of God, of these two whether is the best I leave any particular man to judge, only I will add thus much, it is a fearful thing to trifle with conscience, for most assuredly according unto it a man shall stand or fall at the last." †

This principle of the rights of conscience and of private judgment in religion, which lies at the foundation of all Protestantism, Hales elaborates in a special sermon, upon the whole, the most signifi-

* Life, vol. i. p. 46.

† Vol. i. p. 142.

cant of all his sermons. He sets forth the craving men have after "infallibility," and shows them where alone it is to be found—with themselves and with God.

"An infallibility there must be; but men have marvellously wearied themselves in seeking to find where it is. Some have sought it in general councils, and have conceived that if it be not there to be found, it is for certainty fled out of the world. Some have tied it to the Church of Rome and to the bishop of that see. Every man finds it, or thinks he finds it, accordingly as that faction or part of the Church upon which he is fallen doth direct him. Thus, like the men of Sodom before Lot's door, men have wearied themselves, and have gone far and near to find out that which is hard at hand. We see many times a kind of ridiculous and jocular forgetfulness of many men, seeking for that which they have in their hands; so fares it here with men who seek for infallibility in others which either is, or ought to be, in themselves: as Saul sought his father's asses, whilst they were now at home; or as *Ædipus* in the Tragedy sent to the oracle to inquire the cause of the plague in Thebes, whereas himself was the man. For infallibility is not a favour impropriated to any one man, it is a duty alike expected at the hands of all, all must have it. St. Paul when he gives this precept (Gal. vi. 7) directs it not to councils, to bishops, to teachers and preachers, but to all of the Galatian Churches, and in them to all of all the churches in the world. Unto you, therefore, and to every one, of what sex, of what rank or degree and place soever, from him that studies in his library, to him that sweats at the ploughtail, belongs that precept of St. Paul, 'Be not deceived.' . . . But if any man should reply upon our blessed Apostle, and tell him, 'Am I like God that I should look not to be deceived?' this cannot excuse him, for behold, as if he had purposely meant to have taken this objection away, the Apostle joins together both God and us, and tells us, as God cannot, so we must not be deceived."*

He amplifies the subject in a decisive manner, well conscious of the novelty of his views. A man must know, he argues, not only *what* he has to believe, but *why* he is to believe.

"I comprise it all in two words, *what* and *wherefore*. They that come and tell you what you are to believe, what you are to do, and tell you not why, they are not physicians, but leeches; and if you so take things at their hands, you do not like men but like beasts. I know that is something an hard doctrine for the many to bear, neither is it usually taught by the common teachers. But it is, nevertheless, true, that every man must bear his own burden, and this burden consists not merely in the substance of what we believe, but the reasons why we believe. That part of your burden which contains *what*, you willingly take up; but that other which comprehends *why*, that is either too hot or too heavy, you dare not meddle with it; but I must add that also to your burden, or else I must leave you for idle persons; for without the knowledge of *why*, of the true grounds or reasons of things, there is no possibility of not being deceived. Your teachers and instructors, whom you follow, they may be wise and learned, yet may they be deceived; but suppose they be not deceived, yet if you know not so much, you are not yet excused. Something there is which makes those men not to be deceived; if you will be sure not to be deceived, then know you that as well as they. Is it divine authority? you must know that as well as they. Is it strength of reason? you must know it as well as they. You can never know that you are not deceived until you know the grounds and reasons

* Vol. iii. pp. 149-50.

upon which you stand; for there is no other means not to be deceived, but to know things yourselves.—I will put on this doctrine further and convince you by your own reason. It is a question made by John Gerson, sometime Chancellor of Paris, ‘Wherefore hath God given me the light of reason and conscience, if I must suffer myself to be led and governed by the reason and conscience of another man?’ ‘Will any of you befriend me so far as to assail this question? for I must confess I cannot. It was the speech of a good husbandman. ‘It is but a folly to possess a piece of ground, except you till it.’ And how then can it stand with reason, that a man should be possessed of so goodly a piece of the Lord’s pasture as is this light of understanding and reason, which he hath endowed us with in the day of our creation, if he suffer it to lie untilled or sow not in it the Lord’s seed?’*

He then inquires into reasons why “men are so generally willing in points of religion to cast themselves into other men’s arms, and leaving their own reason to rely so much upon another man’s.” He finds the explanation partly in the natural sloth of men who “are well content to take their ease and call their sloth ‘modesty,’ and their neglect of inquiry ‘filial obedience;’ partly in the fault of the ministry, who are afraid to advise men ‘to search into the reasons and grounds of religion,’ in case it ‘breed trouble and disquiet,’—in this manner acting as the Sybarites, who, ‘to procure their ease, banished the smiths because their trade was full of noise;’” but also in the fact that “the dregs of the Church of Rome are not sufficiently washed from the hearts of many men.” He feels that the Protestantism around him of the “common teachers” is but a poor and imperfect Protestantism, which does not reach to “the uttermost grounds” on which religious knowledge, like all other knowledge, must rest. There is no other way than going to the root of the divinely planted reason and conscience in each of us.

“David found this by his own experience. ‘I am wiser than my teachers,’ said he, in his Psalm cxix. v. 99. Why? because he believed them? this would never have made him so wise, much less wiser; why then? ‘For thy testimonies,’ saith he, ‘are my studies.’ Therefore is he wiser than his teachers, because that, knowing all that they could teach him, he stayed not there, but by his own search and study he arrives at a degree of knowledge beyond his masters. St. Basil, in his sermons upon some of the psalms, takes a sort of men who thought it a sin to know more of God than the traditions of their Fathers would give them leave; and would not advance or improve the knowledge of the truth by any faculty or industry of their own. Beloved, there is not a more immediate way to fall into the reproof of St. Basil, and to hinder all advancement and growth of Christian knowledge amongst the common sort of men, than this easy and slothful resolution to rest themselves on others’ wits.”†

Having thus vindicated personal inquiry and individual thoughtfulness as the basis of all true religion, he considers, in conclusion, the various substitutes on which men repose when they put off the care of their faith and religion from themselves on other men; and

* Vol. iii. p. 152-3. †

† Ditto, p. 160.

condemns them in succession. The passages are too long to quote here, but are well worthy the attention of the reader.*

These are but a few of the numerous passages full of wise and truthful thought to be found in Hales' three volumes. We have confined ourselves mainly to one aspect of his writings, but they possess many independent merits. He is before his age, not only in his reach of thought on general religious questions, but also as an expositor of Scripture. Some of his sermons are fine specimens of exegetical argument, as for example, those "Of the Sin against the Holy Ghost," and "On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," both in the first volume. It is quite singular how the loads of technical difficulty under which these two subjects have been obscured disappear under his clear, quiet, direct analysis, keeping close to the facts of the case, and laying them bare in the face of the pseudo-interpretations which have turned attention away from the facts. He is strong for the "literal sense" of Scripture,—“the literal, plain, and uncontroversable meaning, without any additions or supply by way of interpretation.”† His elaborate sermon in the third volume of "The abuses of hard places of Scripture" is a mine of wise and just criticism which it is strange to think has produced so little effect as it has done. This is a reflection, indeed, which constantly occurs in the perusal of such a writer as Hales. The reader is constantly coming upon remarks and trains of thought which astonish him by their coincidence with the last lessons of Christian criticism and philosophy. That "the Bible must be interpreted like any other book" would not have been any novelty to him, only he would have added that with all our pains in interpreting it, there would still remain "hard and intricate texts," in regard to which our duty is to wait and pray for light and not rashly to attempt any solution. It is the craving of men for certainty in matters which God has left in obscurity, and which no wit of man can penetrate, which is the chief source of controversy in the Church.

"I verily persuade myself that if it had pleased those who in all ages have been set to govern the Church, to have taught men rather not to have doubted than to have expected still solutions of their doubtings; to have stopped up and dammed the originals and springs of controversies, rather than by determining for the one part to give them as it were a pipe and conduit to convey them to posterity; I persuade myself, the Church would not have suffered that inundation of opinions with which at this day it is overrun."‡

"When we seceded from the Church of Rome our motive was, because she added unto Scripture her glosses as canonical, to supply what the plain text of Scripture could not yield. If in place of this we set up our own glosses, thus to do were nothing else than to pull down Baal and set up an ephod; to run round and meet the Church of Rome again at the same point in which at first we left her."§

* Vol. iii. pp. 161-66.

† Vol. ii. p. 36.

‡ Ditto, pp. 43-4.

§ Ditto, p. 36.

Again, in the same sermon, which abounds in pertinent and choice sayings which a reader instinctively pencils as he proceeds :—

“ If he that abases the prince's coin deserves to die, what is his desert that instead of the tried silver of God's Word, stamps the name and character of God upon Nehushtan—upon base brazen stuff of his own ? ”*

There are few theological writers who present more scattered “ beauties,” both of thought and expression—sayings which surprise the reader for their quiet profundity and ripe store of meaning. A quaint humour also plays along his page at times, and a quick, frequent variety of illustrations which make his sermons and tracts not only interesting but attractive reading. If one reflects how difficult it is to read some of the best theological writers of the seventeenth century—men like Andrews or Hammond on the High Church side, or Owen, or even Howe on the Puritan side, this will seem no ordinary praise. And it is simply the result of the complete rational activity of the man, of the life of thought within him, which fuses together his stores of knowledge, and gives them forth in breathing and not dead forms. This life animates all he does. His wealth of illustration, if sometimes excessive and occasionally irrelevant, is never tiresome. Drawn from a copious and diversified learning, it is never put forward for the sake of effect ; there is no air of ostentation or of pedantry about it ; it is the natural play of a richly cultured mind. His patristic and classical allusions come in rapid and easy succession, nimbly tripping up one another in their course, as if they ran a race in his fertile brain. It is no uncommon thing to find Aristotle, Chrysostom, and Cicero or Horace, all stud-ding a single page of a sermon, and fitly lending point or beauty to the thought. A happy phrase or sentence from one father suggests a happy phrase or sentence from another, and both are wrought with felicitous touch into the texture of his own composition. As in the following example, which strikes us as quite a *curiosa felicitas* :—

“ Prayer added unto diligent labour is like a sweet voice to a well-tuned instrument, and makes a pleasing harmony in the ears of God. ‘ The good housewife,’ saith Chrysostom, ‘ as she sits at her distaff and reaches out her hand to the flax, may even thus lift up, if not her eyes, yet her mind unto heaven, and consecrate and hallow her work with earnest prayer unto God.’ † ‘ The husbandman,’ saith St. Jerome, ‘ at the plough-tail, may sing a hallelujah ; the sweating harvestman may refresh himself with a psalm ; the gardener whilst he prunes his vines and arbours, may sound some one of David's sonnets.’ ” ‡

But we cannot add to our criticism. We have quoted enough to show what Hales was as a writer, but especially as a thinker—what a genuine breadth of reason and of spiritual apprehension there was in

* Vol. ii. p. 27.

† De Anna, Sermon. iv. § 6.

‡ Epist. lib. ii., ad Marcellum.

him. The combination which he presents of simplicity and grasp of view—of modesty and depth—of sobriety, and yet freedom of judgment, is particularly interesting. Liberal as are his opinions for the age, there is not a trace of rashness or intemperance of statement. He sees the folly of mere deference to authority in religion. He exposes the prevailing vice of theology in all ages—the substitution of human opinion or “conceit” in the place of Divine Truth. Yet he has no words of harshness. He sees at the same time very well that it is not the clergy or any particular class of men that are mainly to blame for this, but rather the natural sloth and prejudice of human nature. He is content, therefore, to unfold the evil and point the remedy. He knew human nature too well, and he had studied human history too intelligently, to suppose that he could speedily enlarge men’s thoughts on such a subject as religion. He held up a higher light in his own teaching, but he was aware how many, from weakness of reason or strength of passion, would continue to turn away from it. He was no more fitted to be a reformer than a martyr. His reason was too wide and large, and he felt all the difficulties of a subject too keenly to thrust his own views impatiently or violently upon them. He was, as Clarendon tells us, fain to keep his opinions to himself, as being far from confident that they might not harm others less calm and sensible than himself, “who might entertain other results from them than he did.” This led him to be “very reserved in communicating what he thought himself on those points in which he differed from what was received.” And there is something to be said in behalf of this spirit of reserve. A constant experience makes it evident that there are certain minds constitutionally incapable of any freedom of opinion in religious matters. They neither desire it for themselves nor understand it in others. A freedom of speculation like Hales’ startles and confuses them without awakening in them any higher thoughts. They seem only capable of receiving the truth in some partial half-superstitious form; and if the superstitious vesture is stripped away, Truth itself is apt to follow in their case. They have none of our author’s power of discriminating the essential from the accidental in religion. And Hales knew this very well. He knew, also, the violent and harmful prejudices which persons of this contracted turn are apt to entertain towards those of a more liberal turn. He had not himself escaped the charge of Socinianism which was more strongly urged against his friend Chillingworth. To a man of quiet, scholarly temper such charges are odious. It is not only that they feel them unmerited, but that they also feel that no vindication they could make would be intelligible to the men who urge them. For those who deal in such charges are invariably incognisant of the deeper grounds of religious

opinion. They judge of religious differences merely from the outside—from superficial resemblance or antagonism. With no finer edges either to their intellect or their conscience, with no subtlety or depth of spiritual imagination, they cannot penetrate below the most obvious distinctions of belief; and especially they cannot understand minds which, like Hales', are constantly seeking a unity of religious conception,—which delights in search after such a unity to strip off the scholastic folds in which religious opinion has been swathed, and to see Divine Truth according to the "simplicity which is in Christ."

But reserved as Hales was, as to some of his opinions, there was one point on which he seems to have expressed himself frequently with a frank boldness:—

"Nothing troubled him (Lord Clarendon adds) more than the brawls which were grown from religion. And he, therefore, exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions; and would often say that he would renounce the religion of the Church of England to-morrow, if it obliged him to believe that any other Christian should be damned; and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned who did not wish him so.

"No man (adds Clarendon) more strict and severe to himself; to other men so charitable, as to their opinions, that he thought that other men were more in fault for their carriage towards them than the men themselves who erred; and he thought that pride and passion, more than conscience, were the cause of all separation from each other's communion; and he frequently said that that only kept the world from agreeing upon such a liturgy as might bring them into one communion."

It is sufficiently obvious that, quiet and unobtrusive as Hales' life may have been, he was a man of marked influence upon a few higher minds. Personally he had no ambition, and apparently but little activity. He kept aloof from the fierce practical controversies of his time. It was his nature to do so—to brood and meditate on the principles underlying religious controversy, rather than to take any active part in it. His intellectual refinement—his sympathies with the Past—his love of the concrete, and tolerance of the historical results to which Christian usage and opinion had gradually grown in England—made him incline to the High Church party, with which he ultimately threw in his lot, and whose misfortunes he shared. We cannot in any circumstances conceive him a Puritan. Those instincts of political liberty which were the highest and most aggressive element of Puritanism, if not uncongenial to him, could only have feebly influenced him, while his ideas of religious freedom were plainly of a more thorough and comprehensive, in a word, of a more rational, character than Puritanism has ever shown itself capable of attaining. The importance attached by the Puritan party to

minute matters, details of worship, or special interpretations of doctrine, were scarcely intelligible to such a mind as his. Their dogmatic handling of Scripture, their love of formal theory and abstruse logic, only repelled him. He stands, indeed, significantly apart from the two great parties of his time. He is a High Churchman without narrowness; a friend of Laud, who must yet have hated in his heart and deeply felt the folly of Laud's tyranny. In freedom of thought, and clearness of faith, he far excels any Puritan, certainly any Puritan divine, of his day. He is evangelical without dogmatism, and preaches grace without despising philosophy. He is the representative—the next after Hooker in the Church of England—of that catholicity yet rationality of Christian sentiment, which has been the peculiar glory of this Church. Conservative in feeling—liberal in opinion—he hates extremes. Such a man is too often forgotten in his own day. He is pushed aside amidst the more active partisans on either side. But his words remain words of wisdom, when the zeal of contending factions has died away; and the seeds of true and noble thought in them never die, but spring up into a long delayed but sure harvest of life and blessing.

JOHN TULLOCH.



MR. MUNRO'S LUCRETIVS.

S. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura Libri Sex. With Notes by H. A. J. MUNRO, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Now revised throughout and enlarged. Cambridge: Deighton & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1866.

THE second edition of Mr. Munro's "Lucretius" is before us, speaking at once conclusively for the industry of the editor, and for the acceptance of his labours by the public of scholars. Its differences from the first edition rather touch the finer points, which the higher flight of scholarship alone reaches, than the broader features, whether of philosophy or of language, in which it stands related to the interests of "humanity" and literature. We, therefore, propose to omit those points in our present remarks, merely stating as information derived directly from the editor's acknowledgments in his "Postscript" to this edition, that some fuller development of the critical merits of Marullus and Pontanus, some additional illustrations from Livy, especially from Madvig's late recensens of the concluding books, as well as from Juvenal, Fronto, and some other authors, and some benefit derived from public and from private criticism, especially from an article in the *Reader*, in December, 1864, form the most important parts of the new matter. The arrangements which governed the publication in this edition have been also so far modified as to enable the text and notes to appear as a separate work from the translation, an undoubted benefit to the purchaser, and therefore to the publishers, and, we trust, to the editor also. We think that as regards external form, the edition is hardly yet so convenient as it might be made. The volume is too bulky. This is a matter of mere weight and

measure, but it has its importance. None but a book of mere reference should be allowed to contain such a mass of stout paper and such a bulk of subject-matter between its two boards. Mechanical difficulties check the *ingenii ardor*; and none but a quadrumanous reader could properly keep the places at once in text and notes, and at the same time turn to the numerous passages constantly required in the poem itself for illustration of the one before the eye. Now, as the introduction and text, with its critical footnotes, occupy 307 pages out of 693, the balance being devoted to the notes and index, the suggestion of a division into two volumes of nearly equal size is obvious. When a book once becomes too heavy to hold in the hand, such a division into two offers every advantage to the manipulation of the student, who means to make the most both of his author and of his editor. We think also that, as Lucretius is a writer who more than any other Latin poet teems with express repetitions or tacit references to himself, room might be found, by a little economy of the two somewhat ample blank margins on either side of the text, for a column of marginal references opposite the passages which they would illustrate, running down the page. Those who are sensitive to the naked beauties of a page of pure text would probably scout this fringe of mechanical accessories, but we speak in the interest of the student, and have in view the economy of his time; against which such fastidiousness, however scholarly, is of light account. We think that in a philosophic work dealing largely with abstract ideas, and requiring, therefore, a considerable portion of the text to be before the eye at the time, the removal of the notes into separate pages by themselves is a measure securing, on the whole, the balance of advantage. But since texts and notes are intended to be in most cases studied together, the call for a division into two volumes becomes the more imperative. These remarks, however, touch only the externals of the book; the next which we have to make goes a little deeper, although it also involves, as will be seen, a question of arrangement.

A large portion of the notes, especially those in the earlier books, turn on questions of physics, some of them involving very abstruse conceptions, and the entire work has a philosophic frame-work reducible to theses on a few general principles, to the refutation of arguments against them, and to the statement of some of their results and applications. Considering the important influence exercised on the history of speculation by the views which, although in part derived from Democritus and Leucippus, were expounded by Epicurus and poeticised by Lucretius, it was worth while to have given a more continuous and comprehensive treatment to the science of his author than the editor has bestowed upon it. The method which he

has pursued gives us a series of fragmentary discussions on detached points of the theory, interrupted, of course, by the numerous questions of scholarship which crop out in the detailed consideration of nearly all the passages which have a scientific subject-matter. These discussions are obviously united only by frequent references made from one to the other. To have digested all the scientific commentary in a series of essays with copious references to the special passages the subject-matter of which they illustrate, and to have kept all this apart from the pure scholarship, would, we think, have been a more satisfactory mode of treating these questions; and it is one for which the editor has evidently ample resources at his command. This would have been the rather appropriate in a case where the commentary does not accompany the text on the same page. The necessary counter-references to such essays, enabling the reader to know where to turn for the elucidation of scientific questions as they arise, might then have been easily incorporated with the commentary itself. Something, moreover, of a skeleton argument to each book would have been an amiable condescension to the many tiroes who will doubtless be led to make their first acquaintance with Lucretius under the able guidance of the present editor. These essays should, of course, be strictly on the Lucretian development of the principles of the Epicurean physics, not more widely on those principles as held by the Epicurean school generally. But, indeed, a single page or two at most might have summed up in outline the history of the atomic theory down to the poet's own time, and would not have been out of place. The necessarily disjointed discussions on the several parts of the argument as they occur, although in themselves highly terse and luminous, yet lack that relation to a whole, and that mutual cohesion, which would enable a reader new to the work to grasp effectually the views which it unfolds with masterly power. Those views, however antiquated now, yet were dear to the poet as his life's breath, and form the animating principle of his poem—the greatest didactic poem which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

On the susceptibility of the subject chosen by his author for poetic treatment, the editor indulges in a pardonable enthusiasm. He says, p. 313-4 :—

“Is then the Epicurean system well or ill adapted to these (poetical) purposes? As a poet in that age could scarcely be the inventor of a new system of philosophy, Lucretius could hardly help adopting some one of those which were then in vogue; if not the epicurean, then the academical or peripatetical or stoical. To construct a poem out of either of the two first, with its barren logomachies, wire-drawn distinctions without a difference, would have been truly to twist a rope out of sand; of course I am speaking of these two systems as they were in the days of Cicero and Lucretius.

Well, then, the stoical? I unhesitatingly assert that for all the purposes of poetry, both its physical and ethical doctrines are incomparably inferior to those of Epicurus. Read the 'De Natura Deorum;' compare their one wretched world, their monotonous fire, their rotund and rotatory god, their method of destroying and creating anew their world, with the system of nature unfolded by Lucretius, grand and majestic, at least, in its general outline. Then look at their sterile wisdom and still more barren virtue, with their repudiation of all that constitutes the soul of poetry. Lucretius, on the other hand, can preach up virtue and temperance and sober reason with as loud a voice as any of your stoics; and then, what inexhaustible resources does he leave himself in his *alma Venus* and *dux vitæ dia voluptas*! Virtue, at all events, he can praise on the broad ground accepted by the general feeling of the world, if he is unable to adopt the narrow and intolerant views of his adversaries."

We must demur to the attribution to the Academic philosophy of such "barren logomachies and wire-drawn distinctions without a difference," as would leave it useless for poetical purposes. Surely many dialogues of Plato contain much that is of close kin to poetry. If we look no further than the *Timæus*, the *Phædo*, and the *Gorgias*, the physicality is surely not inferior to that of the Epicurean atoms and void, the morality is the loftiest as well as the most poetical which the purely heathen world knew. But Mr. Munro says, "I am speaking of these two systems as they were in the days of Cicero and Lucretius." This restriction, however, as applied to poetry, is unmeaning, since it is a poet's prerogative to cull from all the material produced by all ages up to his own whatever most fully meets his end, and whatever best suits his genius. If we conceive a poet with gifts at all parallel to those of Lucretius attempting to teach in a poem on the same scale Platonic principles, it would be unreasonable to conceive him at the same time as abandoning the fountains of Plato in order to draw so near the dregs as the Platonists of his own day, if any genuine Platonists still existed. The fact is that, as a living school of distinct and characteristic thought, Platonism proper soon ceased. It contributed its full quota to the flow of Greek philosophy, but that flow was determined into new channels. It gave off its results, and became a factor in the speculative energy of mankind, besides leavening largely with its actual tenets those of later schools. To omit all this, and to look merely at the *caput mortuum* which Platonism pure and proper had become in the period of Lucretius, and that with a poetical purpose distinctly in view, would be like plucking the pen feathers before the bird mounts on the wing.

Then again as regards Stoicism. In its high and dry theory it is repulsive enough, and far too abstract to yield material to the plastic hand of the poet. But in its moral effects on mankind, and in its concrete historical aspect, it makes a grander figure than all the ancient schools together. Its physicality was perhaps incurably dull,

and *qua* theory intractable for poetic purposes. But you may get the sun, moon, and stars, earthquakes, volcanoes, and descriptions of the spring into any system of physics whatever. The invocation to *Alma Venus* might, with a stoical Lucretius, have become one to Mulciber, as the lord of that fire which generates and tempers all things. In the passages relating to the *anima*, the Stoic would find an immeasurable advantage arising from the grandeur of the vista which immortality opens, instead of the poor and peddling arguments by which Lucretius seeks to prove in Book III. that the soul is disceptible and perishes with the body. But, further, admitting the superior poetic qualifications of the physical theory of Epicurus to be for argument's sake as high as the editor may please to put it, that theory is only in a secondary sense and from an Epicurean point of view necessary to the argument. For the object proposed is to free the human mind from the terror of the gods, and if not to make it wise, yet to make it, by being thus disenthralled, capable of wisdom. For the Stoic, who, as Cleanthes does in his hymn, would uphold the majesty of Zeus, and regard the honouring him as a function of human nature, there would be no bugbears to be exorcised by the spell of *corpuscula* and an *inane*, and the whole region of physics might either be skipped or kept subordinate. Again, although the ideal wise man be frigid and lifeless as a snow image, yet the historical characters which stoicism has moulded, and the power of sustaining lofty aims which it has inspired, are among the grandest ethical elements which human nature has displayed. Until tragedy with its forms of terror and of pity shall have ceased to be poetry, or the wise man struggling with adversity to be a spectacle worthy of the gods, the stoic point of view must be admitted to have high poetic capabilities, while it would open on every side whole vistas of heroic struggle and martyr-like endurance; embracing, in short, all the most memorable episodes of biography. However, all this capacity is unfortunately latent, and has never been put to the proof. Persius died too young to give probably even a fair sample of what he might have been. We say this with a full consciousness that that unrealised possibility might have been as likely for worse as for better. And besides Persius we have not a Stoic in the lists. Manilius is not worth mentioning. His writing is no more poetry than the leaves, stalk, and thorns are the rose. We therefore fully admit that Lucretius chose rightly in choosing what suited him best, and have no grudge against him for not "writing up" the "rotatory" divinity and the "primæval fire."

The poet suffered in the estimation of his countrymen from their own want of the speculative faculty; and no doubt from the circumstance that the driest portion of the subject, being that which relates to first principles, comes by the law of method necessarily first. The

theory of the *primordia rerum* requires for its exposition a subtlety of phenomenal analysis in which very few Roman readers were likely to be qualified to follow their teacher. The applications which he makes of the theory to solve the question of the nature of the soul, of vision, and of the substance, motion, &c., of the heavenly bodies, have a more vivid human interest; but the extent to which the genius of the poem kindles up in the fifth book with this more genial glow of the subject is yet hardly recompense enough to beguile the tediousness and, to an average educated Roman, the repulsiveness of the earlier disquisitions. The poet seizes with true poetic instinct on all such passing features of his theme as admit of imaginative handling, and while rigorously faithful to the exactions of his prescribed method, yet works ever with an eye for the picturesque. Thus the sacrifice of Iphigenia in the first book springs naturally from the reflections on the horrors of superstition, which form the first meditation on his theme. So does the famous passage with which the second book opens, from the resources which philosophy offers against those and other errors. The poet's mind felt perfectly the law of association, and this logical quality makes his rebound to the picturesque from the prosaic appear a natural transition. His fascinating pictures are enwoven in the fabric as the threads spontaneously run, not patched on as a constructive device by cold-blooded after-thought. This gives, even to his longest illustrative passages, with the exception, perhaps, of the last of all—that upon the plague at Athens—a naturalness which Virgil does not usually achieve, whose praises of Cæsar in his first Georgic, of Italy in his second; whose cattle-plague in his third, and tale of Aristaëus in his fourth, all seem to labour under the very defect which is the opposite to this excellence of Lucretius. These are the results of a studiously decorative mind, self-critical, and resolving that an embellishment is now necessary to relieve tediousness. They consequently hang on the didactic texture of the poem somewhat like pictures against a wall.

The poet, however, must be admitted, we think, to be obscure in parts—in some parts where, for didactic purposes, it was most desirable he should be perspicuous. It is difficult to trace the natural history of a particle of Epicurus' system. The passage which tells us most about it is i. 599—634. In this the poet assumes that the actual atoms consist of or contain smaller entities, which he calls *cacumina*. The existence of these latter is assumed in order to assign an extension, and therewith solid bulk, weight, colour, &c., to the atom which contains them. In this passage the atom is called a *corpus*; and the term *cacumen*, adopted to represent an indefinitely small portion of its bulk, is probably, as the editor remarks, borrowed from the points presented by a visible solid body having an angular

outline—say a diamond when cut—and means “the apex of the angle, which, before it vanishes, appears to sense to be without parts and the least conceivable, and not to belong to what is on one side more than to what is on the other side.” This is very just: that which seems to sense to be without parts is taken to express that which the poet says is *actually* without parts (601-2), “*id nimirum sine partibus extat et minima constat natura*,” viz., the small element of the atom—the smallest thing in the Epicurean system. But then, if these *cacumina* are *sine partibus*, they will pack in infinite numbers into that which has parts, extension, &c.,—viz., the Epicurean atom; and thus they will be unable to save the theory from the supposed difficulty of the infinite divisibility of the finite, for which purpose it appears they were introduced (see 615—9):

“Præterea nisi erit minimum, parvissima quaque
Corpora constabunt ex partibus infinitis,
Quippe uti dimidiæ partis pars semper habebit
Dimidiam partem nec res præfiniet ulla.”

If it be replied that they are only intellectually conceived of as divisible, not supposed capable of actual discription, why then this is equally true of the atom: its *cacumina* cannot exist out of it; it is, therefore, practically indiscerptible. It may be conceived of as capable of unlimited division. The theory is as safe without the introduction of the *cacumina* as with them; and the danger against which they are supposed to secure it is after all a mere bugbear, arising, as the editor says, on the authority of Newton, from the fallacy of assuming equality to exist between all infinities. “Thus the Indian atomist, Kanadi, declared there would be no difference in size between a mustard seed and a mountain, a goat and an elephant, each alike containing an infinity of particles.”

The facility with which the poet uses the same term in different senses is another bar to his perspicuity, until a reader has been won to such a vivid sympathy with his author as will enable him to divine, as by instinct, the special sense put upon a word or phrase in any particular passages. This source of ambiguity is acknowledged by the editor in his note on v. 815, and might be exemplified by the use of such words as *corpus*, *semina*, and the like, in various parts of the poem.

Many of the arguments used by Lucretius in support of his various theories, although *primâ facie* ingenious, are singularly inconclusive. In the passage iii. 634—669, the attempt is made to prove the perishable quality of the soul by its discerptibility, and this discerptibility by the fact of some of the functions of life—as warmth, muscular palpitation, and the like—remaining for a brief while in severed members. Here it seems strange that it should not occur to so acute

an observer as the poet that, supposing such a wound were instantly staunched, bound up, and healed, the patient would have lost a portion of his body and be conscious of it, but would have lost a portion of his soul and be unconscious of it, which seems inconsistent with any theory of consciousness. The soul may be impeded in some of its intended actions by the loss of a member, and so it may if a man has his hands tied, but the soul itself remains evidently intact. So with regard to the passage in iv. 230—268, regarding “images” as the media of sight. These images appear to be certain fine pellicles which all objects are perpetually shedding off from their surfaces. How the process can go on perpetually and yet leave the objects themselves undiminished, since the pellicles yet have materiality sufficient to affect the senses, is unexplained. The poet, we may observe, especially insists on this materiality, 232—3:

“Necesseset
Consimili causa tactum visumque moveri;”

and since he elsewhere says that whatever is immaterial can have no contact with the senses, the point seems plain. Further, these have actual contact with the visual organ; they are, in 217—

“Corpora quae feriant oculos visumque lacessant;”

and so, in 257, they are—

“Ea quae feriant oculos simulacra;”

while in 248—9, the intervening atmosphere which they propel

“Per nostras acies perbabitur omnis
Et quasi perterget pupillas atque ita transit.”

How so small a surface as the pupil of the eye can have contact with the *simulacrum* of any object, however big, which is manifest to the vision, so as to recognise it in all its parts, the simulacrum being evidently intended to have the dimensions of the object, is not explained by the theorist, and does not seem to have caused him any difficulty. Further, how any one theorizing, however superficially, upon eyesight, could have wholly passed over, as Lucretius does pass over, the obvious fact that the eye itself is, in some sense, a mirror, showing us our diminished image when we look into it—whence the name *pupilla*, “little doll,” or “puppet”—seems very strange.

There is another passage (v. 564—591) even more singular, if we understand it aright, not in its overlooking or leaving plain facts unexplained, but in its contradicting them. It is closely founded on a passage of Epicurus, quoted by Mr. Munro *ad locum*. The poet is seeking to prove that the sun and moon are about the same size as they appear to our senses—a trifle larger or smaller it may be, but not much. It thus concludes:

"Postremo quoscumque vides hinc aetheris ignes ;
 Quandoquidem quoscumque in terris cernimus ignes,
 Dum tremor est clarus, dum cernitur ardor eorum,
 Perparvum quiddam interdum mutare videtur
 Alterutrum in partem filum, quo longius absunt ;
 Scire licet perquam pauxillo posse minores
 Esse vel exigua maioris parte brevique."

Which seems to mean that, "since whatever fires we see on earth, so long as their blaze is discernible, show very little difference in size (*filum*) either way (*i.e.* for larger or smaller), in proportion to their greater distance, so the luminous heavenly bodies may be inferred to be, in fact, a mere trifle larger or smaller than they apparently are." Surely a blaze on the earth's surface, like any other object, is seen diminished by distance. In a house on fire, the flame appears smaller when seen a mile off, just like the house itself, than when seen at a hundred yards. There is no doubt a difficulty, when a conflagration is seen in the sky by night, in telling whether it is one mile off or four, if the thing which is on fire is not seen; but this is chiefly because we cannot then tell how large is the mass which is being thus consumed. Given clearly the size of the burning material, a calculation can easily be made of its distance, and therefore of the distance of the fire. Yet, possibly some confused notion of this difficulty may have been in the poet's mind, or in that of Epicurus before him, when this curious argument about the size of the sun and moon was penned.

We will just note, in passing, the reading *libant* in the beginning of the passage of which we have cited the concluding lines. Amidst a conflict of readings Mr. Munro prefers—

"Nil illa his intervallis de corpore libant
 Flammarum, nil ad speciem est contractior ignis,"

where other authorities give *librant*, *limant*, and *vibrant*. We think he has seized the happiest. The word *libant* means "lose" or "waste," and line 260 of the same book might have been cited in justification of it:—

"Ergo terra tibi libatur et aucta recrescit."
 "Thy earth then wastes and is renewed in growth."

Hence the above two lines mean:—"They (luminous bodies), by such remoteness, lose nothing of the volume of their radiance; their glare is no way less broad in appearance."

But most astounding among the Lucretian "facts" of nature, which the poet asserts as with the assurance of an eye-witness, is that of the origin of the human race, in v. 805-20. The redundancy of warmth and moisture, according to him, produced in favourable localities certain *uteri*, catching hold of the earth by roots. These interesting zoophytes opened under the influence of warmth, and the

earth, then young, we must suppose, and juicy, began at once to exude milk for the infant contained within. The poet, like Topsy, "specks we *grouched*." Something like a pumpkin must, according to him, have been the primordial type of humanity. All things were in keeping; the winds were in their infancy too, the seasons knew no extremes, the herbage was "*molli lanugine abundans*." To such absurdities are men driven in order to avoid a creation in the proper sense of the word. The notion of the human infant, which requires more maternal care and for a longer period than any other young creature, being thus "dropped," like a pea from an over-ripe pod, and left "miawling and puking" on the bare breast of mother earth, sounds like a nursery tale turned to the account of a cosmogony. This, however, from the nature of the case, we will admit, must have been meant to be taken in a speculative sense merely. But what shall we say of the equally grave historical statement, as it appears to be intended, that not only elephants, but bulls, boars, and lions, were used in the line of battle by early races of men, v. 1308—1340; but that they were found to slaughter both parties of the combatants so impartially, that the practice was soon dropped. Perhaps Lucretius had heard of the hunting leopards of the East, and dogs have been known to be trained to fight in actual war. On these slender presumptions, or on none, he must have based his theory, which he propounds as if he were asserting a well-established fact. These examples show the weak side of Lucretius; it is a pity that the editor while extolling, and justly, his logical acumen and sagacity in exposing popular fallacies in certain passages, has not cared to point out that a considerable amount of absurdity and fatuousness must be scored on the other side, in order to adjust our critical estimate of the poem. We will only add that for a writer trying to popularize philosophic theories, some of them very abstruse, the poet is often extremely long-winded, and often involves himself in repetitions and forced illustrations which of the "*obscurum*" make an "*obscurius*." How uncommonly short, terse, and clear, Horace or Pope would have put things by comparison! But the Romans of the præ-Augustan age probably thought that, when they once got hold of a real native poet, they could hardly have too much of him. "*Erat quod tollere posses*," said Horace of Lucilius. We doubt not he would have said the same of Lucretius, and have charged the contemporaries of the latter with praising *nimum patienter*. The fact is, the national literary taste had never been thoroughly trained, nor was so until later. The Romans of 80 B.C. had no sufficient specimens between the meagre dryness of legal formulæ and the rhetorical copiousness proper to the forum or the rostra. Even Plautus, and so Shakespeare, occasionally writes round and about a point, and over and over it, in a

way which we rather tolerate than enjoy. Still, his contemporaries enjoyed it, even as we are to suppose the pumpkin-born fetus enjoyed the milkiness of the primeval earth. But for nearly all the purposes of scholarship this quality of redundancy yields something valuable, and we marvel not that such a thorough scholar as Mr. Munro feels no distaste for it, or at least expresses none.

An interesting question in the history of Latin literature arises from the fact of Jerome in his additions to the Eusebian Chronicle having preserved (following, or, as Mr. Munro thinks, "servilely copying" Suetonius) an anecdote that Cicero corrected (*emendavit*) the books of Lucretius, written in the intervals of insanity. "Both Lachmann and Bernays," says Mr. Munro, "decide that Quintus (the brother of the famous orator) must be meant. There is little or nothing, however, in what we know of Quintus to make this likely. And why should not Marcus be the editor? he does not appear to have been very actively employed during those months" (the end of 699 and beginning of 700 A.U.C.); "and moreover he was one of those busy men who always find time for any fresh work they are called upon to do. . . . The poem must have been given to the world exactly as it was left by the author, with nothing added to or taken from it to all appearance. If Cicero then was editor, he probably put it into the hands of some of his own amanuenses, or entrusted it to the large copying establishment of Atticus." A passage in a letter of the younger Pliny confirms this view, that Marcus, not Quintus, was meant by Jerome, by the statement in general terms, *M. Tullium mira benignitate poetarum ingenia foris*. A more important notice occurs in a letter of M. Cicero to his brother Quintus, dated by Mr. Munro in February, 700, which "thus concludes according to the MSS. : *Lucretii poemata ut scribis ita sunt multis luminibus ingenii multae tamen artis sed cum veneris virum te putabo si Sallustii Empedoclea legeris hominem non putabo.*" This is plainly corrupt. "Nearly all the editors are now agreed" in inserting *non* before *multis*, "but sense alone must determine the right reading: to put *non* before *multae tamen artis* is quite as easy an emendation." Mr. Munro putting a colon after *ingenii* corrects the rest as follows; *multae tamen artis esse cum inveneris, virum, te putabo; si, &c.* We hardly think this is happy; the *cum* as contrasted with the *si* in the following clause seems rather forced, even when explained by Mr. Munro, "if, *when* you have had time to study him, you discover much of art as well." We would venture to suggest a comma at *ingenii*, and a colon at *artis*, and then for *sed cum veneris* the correction *si deum inveneris*. The whole might then be viewed as forming such a handsome eulogy on Lucretius as would suit a poet with whose posthumous work Cicero's own name had been

publicly coupled; meaning, "if you shall have found him to be divine, I shall deem you a man indeed." This involves a further by-play of words between *deum* and *virum* besides that between *virum* and *hominem*, and would certainly go far to obviate the objection of "a brilliant critic in *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 67, p. 52," who "calls in question this tradition (Jerome's), and finds it difficult to get over the fact that Lucretius is dismissed by Cicero in a dozen cold words."

But another view of the passage thus corrected is possible: in it might be seen an obvious allusion to Lucret. v. 8—12:—

"Deus ille Deus fuit, inclyte Memmi
Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam quo
Nunc appellatur sapientia, quique per artem
Fluctibus e tantis vitam tantisque tenebris
In tam tranquillo et tam clara luce locavit."

Which is re-echoed by Cicero himself with something of scornful indignation in "Tusc. Disp." i. 48, a passage cited by Mr. Munro on ii. 1092, as follows, "soleo sæpe mirari nonnullorum insolentiam philosophorum qui naturæ cognitionem admirantur eiusque inventori et principi gratias exultantes agunt eumque venerantur *ut deum*," &c. This of course implies that, in the feeling which on the supposition of our emendation he is prepared to impute to Quintus, M. Cicero would not have joined; and something of banter would be then conveyed by the words *virum te putabo*. But possibly there is no such deliberate meaning in the words at all. A recollection of the passage above quoted from the fifth book, and the by-play between *virum* and *hominem*, which was in his mind as he wrote, perhaps determined the form of the compliment which he was paying to the poet, and, by implication, in some measure to himself.

Not the least pleasing part of Mr. Munro's introduction to the work which he edits, is the generosity with which he acknowledges the labours of previous editors, especially Lambinus and Lachmann. Of the latter he says that—

"His long experience and disciplined acuteness have enabled him to go beyond existing MSS. and to tell us much of the lost original archetype, as I call it after him. Note I. will show that many difficulties are cleared up by this knowledge. This archetype then, though it is not certain that A* was taken immediately from it, was written in thin capitals, like the Medicean of Virgil; the words were not separated, but in the middle of verses points were put at the end of clauses our MS. had twenty-six lines in a page, excepting those only which concluded a book Four portions, omitted in their place by B,† come together at the end, and these each formed a leaf of the archetype which had fallen out of its place and had been put at the end."

In two other passages "an inversion," or a "mutilation," is "ac-

* The older and better of the two Leyden MSS. of J. Vossius.

† The other Leyden MS. of nearly equal importance.

counted for by the accident of a loose leaf being turned the wrong way." The uniformity in the numbers of lines in the displaced portions appears to have put Lachmann on the scent of the number of lines in a page, when the number of pages could of course be calculated, allowing for the partly filled pages at the ends of books. Mr. Munro, however, thinks that he has erred with regard to one hiatus, which is to be accounted for by the fact of a page of the archetype having been lost before the first copy was made from it.

This introduction, moreover, contains some remarks of high interest on Latin orthography, which cannot be too heartily welcomed as a protest against "the apparent unwillingness of scholars in this country to accept even the smallest change in what they look upon as the usual or conventional rules of spelling."* Here, again, he assigns to Lachmann the first palm, who—

"In this, as in so many other departments of philology, seems at once to have produced conviction in the minds of the majority of the most thoughtful scholars, in Germany I mean; for in our own country most men seem to scout the question as unworthy of serious attention: a great mistake, for Latin orthography is a most interesting and valuable study to those who care to examine it, and touches in a thousand points the history, grammar, and pronunciation of the language."

Madvig, Ritschl, and Ribbeck, as well as others, have in Germany caught the spirit of Lachmann and worked on his principles, yet we seem likely to retain in England a system of spelling in Latin as entirely "insular" as our pronunciation of it.

The notes which deal with questions of scholarship show an affluence of reading and a facility of selecting such as the ripest scholarship alone can yield. Nor are those which deal with the philosophy of the poet less exhaustive of their respective questions; only we conceive they suffer from appearing detached, and lack that breadth of view which the annotator's mind, more continuously embracing the subject, could easily afford them. The older and rarer Lucretian forms of words are duly compared with their modern analogues, as the old ablative in *i*, *parti*; and so in inscriptions, *corpori*; the variations of orthography in Lucretius himself, as *rusum* and *rursum*; accusatives or nominatives in *i*'s and *e*'s; the adverbial forms, *sēlius* and *sēquius*; and there is a multitude of similar proofs of the careless case of the older writers about the precise forms of words. The extent to which later poets were indebted to Lucretius is shown by whole crops of quotation from Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. One from Virgil, a

* A further protest against this fondness for a corruption wholly modern and indefensible, which has added two spurious letters to the Latin alphabet, may be seen in a letter addressed to Professor Mansel on the subject of the "Public School Latin Primer" (Parker, Oxford, 1867). It is there made apparent that the compilers of that work have shunned recourse to the real sources of a genuine orthography, viz., inscriptions and MSS., and followed the debased traditions of the 15th century.

harvest in itself, covers nearly two pages, 493-4, and yet of course has left plenty of loose stalks behind for careful gleaners. The ἀπαε λεγόμενα are carefully noted. Moreover, partly in the notes, and partly among the readings at the page foot, we have the etymological defence of such forms as *condicio*, *permities*, *accēdo*, *peremo*, and the like, clearly made out. It might be worth while to venture a hint here and there, where a slight inconsistency appears or a point might be more broadly laid down, or, more rarely, where an obvious illustration has been omitted. Thus the *aplustre* of ii. 555 is the ἀφλαστον of Homer, and, as we see from Juvenal, *victaque triremis aplustre* (Sat. x. 136-7) was the part of a captured ship commonly selected for a trophy. Why, if *oriundi* be a very rare example of the *i* subsiding in another vowel (ii. 991), is *cuius* in i. 149, which Mr. Munro would make monosyllabic, not referred to there? If we understand Mr. Munro rightly, *cuius* in i. 149 is there to be read as *cuus* or *quus*, here *oriundi* as *orundi*, the *i* being as he says, "altogether suppressed." The principle of the two cases then appears identical. It is not, indeed, necessary to take *cuus* there as one syllable; it might be read *cui-us*, or, as we should pronounce, *kui-us*, the first *u* becoming consonantal. This would follow the analogy of the many adjective pronouns which make *ius* in the genitive. We think, again, that the most rigid laws of construction in ii. 559 would hardly require *coniuncta* to be a neuter plural; it should follow *vicata*, which agrees with *potestas* just before. The plurality is derived from the two genitives, *corporis atque animi*, which depend together on *potestes*, as in the parallel instance quoted from ii. 400. Examples in Shakespeare of a plurality given to the verb when the subject is singular, from such plurality of genitives depending on such subject, are not uncommon.

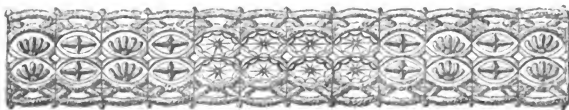
Of patient attention given to fine points of detail we may give instances in the note on the position of *que* or *ve* as compared with that of *et* or *nam*, p. 467-8, note on ii. 1050; and in that on the preference assigned to *derigo* over *dirigo* by Lucretius, as corroborated by the best MSS. of Virgil and Cæsar, as also by "the ancient and sole MS. of the last books of Livy," p. 661, note on vi. 823. As judicious emendations or preferences of disputed readings we may exemplify i. 68, *fama deum* for *fana deum*; i. 657, *nasci*, for corrupt forms or vague conjectures, such as *muse*, *mu* (the word was the last on its page, and on an outside margin, and had become illegible in the archetype), *mussant*, *multi*, &c., 1000 *inferna* for *aeterna*; ii. 1126, *dispessa* for *dispersa*; vi. 242, *cremare* for *cicere* (the end of the word in the archetype being here lost through similar causes); vi. 550, *ezultant*, *scrupus quicunque vidi* for the corrupt *exultantes dupuis cumque vim*.

The notes on the lower part of each page of the text contain not only

the purely critical matter of various readings and the authorities on which they rest, but, where occasion requires it, an argument stating the editor's view of the weight properly belonging to what is so adduced. This unusual fusion of arguments with statements of fact probably arose from the necessity of dealing with such questions on the face of the page on which they arose, and to the text of which they related. They could not properly be relegated to the notes at the end. At the same time the frequency with which they occur, in itself undesirable, is excused by the state of the Lucretian text and the necessity of some such vindication of the editor's preferences. Yet we think that they often contain remarks which had better have been forborne; *e. g.*, on v. 471, "*secuta et Y (i. e. our A) says Havercamp. This is quite false: though he had A and B before him, he has chosen to copy out this as well as three-fourths of his worthless various readings from the bookseller Tonson's London edition of 1712. . . . This is but one out of a thousand instances of his unprincipled sloth;*" on v. 947, "*clarigatat late, Lach., who sneers at Forbiger;*" on v. 970, "*Lach. deals with this passage in a most arbitrary way . . . a more unconvincing note than this I never read, or more sophistical objections to the text;*" on iv. 446, "*ac vera ratione, Is. Voss. in MS. notes, for aque ratione, the scribe wrote ra only once: 'quidam codices,' says Creech: that is, he had heard indirectly of Vossius' correction;*" on iii. 1068, "*quem Lach. quom, his note is most unsatisfactory, and, to me, almost unintelligible;*" on iii. 58, "*Lamb., angry though he was, was too true a scholar to treat Gif. as Gif. treated him. Nor does what he here says of his friend Muretus call for the petty malignity with which the latter in his var. lect. ii. 17, speaks of him after his death.*" The discussion of readings or conjectures should, we think, be treated more drily, and outbursts of indignation and strokes of satire, if appropriate, had better be kept apart.

Lucretius has enjoyed few but distinguished editors: the first was, we suppose, M. Cicero; the latest is Mr. Munro. He will similarly command, we think, readers "*fit, though few;*" for we can hardly dignify with the title those who get through a couple of books in order to know his style, and to compare this with other specimens of literature for the purposes of tripos scholarship. Yet he is a poet in whom every Latin scholar will have a few chosen passages on which he will dote. If we had not Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, we should not know to what an extent later poetry was indebted to him; as it is, they have supplanted him in the affections of posterity. Such is the penalty paid for a subject-matter deficient in human interest, save for those who sympathize with its speculations. Lucretius will be a popular writer when Virgil, Horace, and Ovid are forgotten—"and not till then."

HENRY HAYMAN.



THE REPUBLICANISM OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

Essays on Reform. London: Macmillan and Co. 1867.

Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes. By a JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

The Resources and Prospects of America. By SIR MORTON PETO, Bart., M.P. London: Strahan. 1866.

New America. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1867.

WE have read with curiosity and interest the first volume on our list. These essays represent the views of the more advanced section of the younger Liberals, and they show us what cultivated minds think of the future of this country, and of the effects of a representation extended till it includes the mass of the working classes. Most of the writers are young, speculative, and sanguine. But Mr. Goldwin Smith, once a learned professor, finds a place among them; and Lord Houghton, though long conversant with public life, and having served in the House of Commons an apprenticeship which generally disciplines the most roving spirit, contrives, in spite of years, to cherish the poetical imaginations which unite him with inexperienced authors.

We are far from disputing some of the doctrines laid down by these ingenious writers. In a former article we have stated why we wish the working class to find a fair representation in Parliament, and we have ventured, writing apart from the passions of politics, to decide, with certain safeguards (all of which the Liberals under Mr. Gladstone's guidance seem anxious to discard), for the admission of a household suffrage. But our difference with the essayists is a wide one, and we shall indicate, as we proceed, on what points it turns. At the outset we offer one general remark on the

character of the work. Distinct as the essays are in authorship, they have a family likeness.

Mr. Roebuck, an independent member, and one who, both from his antecedents and his present position as the representative of a great popular constituency, cannot be classed either with aristocrats, dull squires, or timid legislators, thus expresses himself in the debate of March 25th last:—

“Now, before I say distinctly why it is that I support any Reform, I will state two things, one of which I do not hope to effect, and the other which I do not desire to effect. That which I do not hope to effect is to better the character of this House. I believe, sir, that this House, since it has been reformed—that is, since the year 1832—has produced a body of legislation such as the history of the world cannot offer. Since this House was reformed a series of acts has been passed, creating greater changes in a shorter time, safely, quietly, and for the benefit of the community, than any recorded in the page of history. It may be said that I have all my life been in opposition, and it may be asked how it is that I have come to such a conclusion. When I entered this House I was very young, I was very sanguine and very impatient. I am now old, and having lived a life of very wide experience, and having witnessed many remarkable events, I hope I have learnt something by it, and the conclusion to which I come is that the House of Commons, with its tentative process, and caution, and care, and prudence, has been much wiser than I was when I was young and impatient. I do not say that the combating of minds and of different opinions in this House is not productive of great benefit. I want the timid to meet the bold, the hasty to meet the slow, and the courageous to meet the diffident. That, sir, has been my part in this House. I believe that the fact of urging on others, who would not have gone so fast had it not been for the clash of opinions, has wrought out benefits which one side of the House would not of itself have conferred. Therefore it is that I do not hope this House will, as far as regards the country, improve its character or increase its wisdom by Reform. The other remark which I wish to make in order to guard myself in what I shall presently say, is this—that I am not one of those who seek Reform to carry out what is called the natural rights of mankind. I know that ‘natural right’ is a favourite phrase with some, and that we are told men have such a right to the suffrage. I deny the whole principle. A right is a creature of law; and where the law has not produced it, it does not exist. If it be said the man has a right to it, that is merely giving the thing as a reason for itself, and is no argument at all. Therefore, although great men have talked about rights, and about natural rights, and on two remarkable occasions they have been made use of to no very good purpose, I dismiss them without further remark.”

Now, these views, which fall from a practical statesman, are as different from the views of the essayists as our Saxon English is from the language of the Flowery Land. When we read this volume, its abstractions, predictions, demonstrations, and conclusions, it seems to us that we pass from the facts of history and life to the cloudy land of dreams. We could imagine that it was written by some Orientals, living a century after the Flood, when the earth was imperfectly peopled, and societies were beginning to crystallise,

who had sat down on the flank of Mount Ararat, to discourse in pleasing fancies on the coming progress of mankind. But that a number of accomplished Englishmen, acquainted with history, knowing what befell ancient and modern institutions, who have travelled and seen the state of other countries, and read in the newspapers the events of their age, should throw aside all these lessons, while they predict the fortunes of the future, is certainly remarkable. If these writers—eight of whom, out of twelve, are Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge—fairly represent the intellectual tone of the coming generation, and are soon to form our statesmen, we confess that we shall look with even increased anxiety to the coming destiny of the English government.

The first essay is from the pen of Mr. Brodrick, and is characterised by the candour and ability which mark his mind. It treats of a question interesting at all times, and practical: what object Parliament should keep in view when it handles Parliamentary Reform. Is it, as Mr. Lowe contends, "the happiness of the people at large," the preservation of order, and the preventing the tyranny of one class over another? This definition Mr. Brodrick condemns, and maintains (quoting the dictum of Mr. Gladstone) that every citizen has a moral right to vote, "unless he is incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger." We may pass lightly over Mr. Brodrick's argument, which is ingenious and temperate, because, though we might state it differently, we are not disposed to dispute it. We are not inclined to question the dictum of Mr. Gladstone, rightly understood. In parliamentary debates we agree with Mr. Roebuck, and doubt the wisdom of introducing the topic of abstract rights. That topic has never engaged our Parliament in England. It belongs to German legislators, it savours of Abbé Siéyès and the *Assemblée Constituante*. In England we are apt to regard practical results, and not to care for recondite causes. But, though in parliamentary discussions we prefer a different mode of statement—and we thought at the time, and think still, that Mr. Gladstone's dictum was a sign at once of his sincerity and his indiscretion—we admit that such questions are appropriate to essayists and interesting to philosophical minds. And, whatever the premises of our syllogism are to be, whether abstract rights or national well-being, the conclusion follows, as we think, irresistibly, that the popular will in a free country must be carefully considered, and that, if there prevails a strong and persistent opinion among a majority of the nation, that persons, who ought to enjoy the franchise, are shut out, that opinion cannot safely be disregarded, and must in the end prevail.

When we turn to the fourth essay, by Mr. Dicey, which may be styled the special argument for Democracy, the plea for the

government of numbers, we find ourselves widely at issue with its author.

Mr. Dicey takes Sir Hugh Cairns, as Mr. Brodrick has taken Mr. Lowe, to task, for presuming to divide us into classes, and for venturing to talk of Parliament as a mirror of the various classes of England. We have no wish to excite by the red flag of classes the susceptibilities of our sensitive democrats, but, if they will not allow us to classify the population, they must at least admit its existence. We also are citizens, and we surely do not lose the rights of citizens, because we or our ancestors happen to have raised themselves by special industry or favourable opportunity to a higher status in the commonwealth.

They won't deny us (that is all I ask) the right to be protected in our lives and guarded in our industry; to have the fruits of our industry, whether stored up as capital or paid weekly as wages, preserved to us safely. Mr. Brodrick says truly, "that every British subject is morally entitled to be protected; that the State is morally bound to protect him against violence or aggression." Therefore, when Mr. Dicey tells us, in opposition to Mr. Lowe's dictum, "that it is not, and never has been, a primary object of constitutional arrangements to get together the best possible Parliament in point of intellectual capacity,—indeed, it would be inconsistent with the idea of a representative government to attempt to form a Parliament far superior in intelligence to the mass of the nation,"—we observe that this is really beside the point at issue. The question is not whether our future parliaments will rise or fall in the barometer of intellect. Our democratic parliament may be as speculative as the German Parliament at Frankfort, or the early Assemblies of the French Revolution. It may be as coarse and unlearned as the Congress at Washington, or the Municipal Council of New York. We may have, as its efflorescence, the theories of Siéyès, or the bullying, hectoring, and fistycuffs which diversify the debates of Congress. That we are not unlikely to fall into the latter phase, we should be inclined to infer from the language and gestures of one of those gentlemen who stand with Mr. Beales, and are accepted by Mr. Gladstone, as the representatives of modern democracy in Trafalgar Square. He said, in speaking of another democrat, that, if he did not take care, he would make his two fingers acquainted with the proboscis of his opponent,—language truly Demosthenic, which shows us the energy which may be expected in our future debates. Our question is this. Mr. Brodrick says we have a right to be protected. Shall we? Can we expect it? Oh, says Mr. Dicey, you need not fear. True, there must be "a change in the social and other influences." True, a radical reform is not without risk (p. 83).

True, there is a class feeling among workmen (p. 82), more impetuous than is found in any other class. True, the majority may commit great errors; they may "adopt a policy opposed to the judgment of the minority;" and "in the case of a direct conflict of opinion" between them, the greater number, of course, must prevail. But then, says our prophet, with a charming *naïveté*, "It is as likely as not that the majority might be in the right." But to abate this mild comfort there are some awkward recollections. We remember travelling in France in company with an ardent supporter of the Bourbon dynasty, and we asked him how, with his opinions, he could reconcile himself to the Imperial *régime*. His answer was impressive. "If you," he said, "had had the experience I have had in my early days—had heard that my parents were denounced as aristocrats, and narrowly escaped the guillotine—if you had known what it was to fly from your country as an *émigré*, and spend your best years in exile, you would be thankful for any government, even that of bayonets, which secured your property and your life." Is it not conceivable, we ask our sanguine essayists, that the roughs and the rabble may exercise in England the power which they once exercised in France; and, having frightened away or plundered capital, they may then rush with the fury of famine on all who have roofs to shelter them, or coats to wear? And if the theorists say to us, "That is an old story, nearly a century old," what do they say to the modern history of 1848 and 1851? and the outbursts of insurrection in France during these years, and the dangers to person and property, and the conflicts in the streets, and the doctrines of the Communists, and the theories of men like Louis Blanc, as able as Mr. Bright, and as influential? They can't have forgotten all this, or if they have, we must be allowed to remind them that it was these outbursts, which Cavaignac could hardly suppress, that drove men, in a paroxysm of terror, to seek shelter under a throne resting on bayonets. These things are not old. The French empire is new. It owes its strength to these reminiscences. It may fall when they are forgotten. But are we through the visions of youth to forget the hard lessons of a late experience? Before Mr. Dicey can allay our fears, he must tear some ugly chapters out of modern history.

It is no answer to this to say that such is not the experience of democracy in the United States. Compare things which are like—new societies with new—old countries with old. Our people cannot shoulder their mattocks and walk across the Missouri; emigrate to waste lands and huge prairies. Packed within our little island, jostling against each other, competing in the labour market, the frugal, the steady, and the moral thrive; the vicious and the idle go down. These make the roughs of London, the rowdies of Liverpool, and the rabble



of Birmingham. These are the classes *dangereuses* of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and of Lyons. In our dreams for the future of Europe, it is well to remember the lessons of its past times. If we will not, our writings may be pleasant essays, but for all practical purposes they are worse than idle, for they will mislead;—nothing so mischievous as the confident assertions of unpractised dreamers. If any of these young writers had ever had a taste of real life, if they had stood face to face with weavers and artizans, and had heard their arguments and learned their expectations, this experience would have steadied them, and have brought them down from the flights of transcendentalism to a more sober view of sublunary affairs. To such writers we address the warning of Burke, "If like children they cry for the moon, like children they must cry on." What they expect is impossible, and what they wish is unattainable.

We recommend to them to read carefully the second volume on our list. That gives us a correct view of the habits and customs of artizans; not the inferior labourers, not the rude peasant, but the skilled mechanic of our towns. It tells us how he lives, how he spends his leisure, how he reads, and what he thinks; his use or abuse of his holidays, his footings in drink, his Saint Monday (a very foul saint), his Saturday nights how spent, and his Sunday afternoons, his dancing academies, music halls, penny theatres, free-and-easies. Let our theorists read these writings, make themselves familiar with the facts, and we shall listen with greater confidence to their assurances. If the upper classes, according to the view of Mr. Leslie Stephen (another essayist), are selfish, corrupt, hampered by routine and red tape; if they (88-9, 106) "use their power in their own interest, causing corruption to take more refined but not less demoralizing methods" (87); if their tendencies are narrow and ignorant (119); if our public men (such is Mr. Stephen's accurate review of modern politicians) "bully in refined language, tell lies, or receive bribes, in accordance with all the usages of society" (p. 86); what, I venture to ask, is likely to be the action of those whom our Journeyman Engineer has photographed with a clearness which cannot be obscured? Pipes in their mouths, but a good many queer notions in their heads, and some very bad habits in their lives. Granted that each class of society has its faults: the higher, luxurious selfishness; the middle classes, love of sordid gain,—are we therefore to suppose, when we have swamped both these classes under a flood of artizans and labourers, that we shall not find other causes of still worse mischief and corruption? I contend that the combination of all classes is wise; but, if history is not a fable, the worst of all things for good government is the predominance of the class (wherever it is found) which reads little, thinks less, and drinks much.

The essays of Mr. Kinnear and Mr. Cracroft we pass by. They are such exaggerations that it would be alike unprofitable and tedious to review them. The essay of Mr. Bryce is that of a classical scholar, who gives us interesting but inapplicable information respecting the democracies of Greece or Rome. Sir George Young's essay will be hailed by Mr. Lowe, as in that are described, very fairly, the deeds of our reformed Parliament from 1833.

Mr. Rutson's essay is curious, and characteristic. It shows us how a clever man, if he will but indulge his fancy and utterly neglect facts, will arrive at preposterous conclusions. He tells us that we are the only country which has, in fact, enjoyed for years Parliamentary Government. He admits that our Parliaments have done great things—have given us freedom, wealth, comfort, knowledge, science, literature, beyond any country in the wide world (285-6). He says that of late years we have introduced important practical reforms (287). These things are so notorious that Mr. Rutson cannot be blind to them, but he must make a case against the gentry and the middle classes of England. So he finds out that our schools are bad, our universities worthless, Ireland worse than Poland, our towns wretched, our peasants brutal and neglected; and all this is owing to the selfishness of our gentry and the self-satisfied sordidness of our merchants and tradesmen. It is, as he says, the selfish conservatism of the territorial aristocracy and the predominance of the middle class (291-3) which does all the mischief, keeps back the bursting aspirations of an intelligent people, and dwarfs our statesmen to the paltry height of shabby intriguers. And the cure—which is to give us real statesmen, to open the eyes and enlarge the hearts of our representatives—is to introduce and give supremacy to the working class. How is it possible to read this declamation without a smile?

We should differ from Mr. Rutson, probably very widely, as to the causes of the state of Ireland. That is a large question on which we will not enter; but, inasmuch as for half a century Ireland has engaged the thoughts of Parliament, is it likely that the introduction of English working men into our Legislature will solve a problem which has taxed the wits of every statesman from Pitt to Peel, from Grey to Russell, and from Grenville to Gladstone? To tell us with a serious face that we have only to admit Messrs. Beales, Potter, and Ernest Jones, and that our Irish difficulty will then cease, is a little too much for our gravity—*risum teneatis, amici*. Mr. Rutson says that our towns are over-crowded, and the population debased; that in the country our peasants are uneducated and brutal. Is it possible that Mr. Rutson has never read any work of political economy?—Adam Smith, or Malthus, or Mill? Has he never inquired into the movement of our population, and the causes which affect it, and the results

which flow from it—high-priced land from dense population, dear houses in close streets, keen competition for work, affecting the rise and fall of wages? Has he never looked into the annals of our own times, or the labours of the last thirty years—the factory Bills, and the sanitary Bills, and the cottage building, and the regulations in town and country to secure air and decency in the houses of the poor, and the attempt to restrain public-houses and beershops, and to promote savings-banks and friendly societies, and to resist the countless evils which degrade our peasants? Has he never heard of these things? never watched the labours of philanthropists in and out of Parliament—labours carried on for the last forty years, before the essayists were born, or when they were dreaming their childish dreams? Yet in spite of these efforts, patient, multiplied, and diverse, society is still afflicted with the moral leprosy that covers with inveterate sores the poor body of humanity.

Does the essayist really imagine that these problems will be solved, and these chronic evils cured, the moment that the Bealeses and Bradlaughs and Perfitts take their places on the benches of the House of Commons? And is it possible that we can confide in reasoners who in their hopes are so vain, and in their memories so brief? Visions of fancy won't cure social disorders. The promises of quacks are different from the painstaking of scientific experiment. Apply the galvanism of universal suffrage, and you will leave the diseases of society pretty much as you find them. I don't say that nothing can be done by laws and statesmanship. A great deal has been done within these last thirty years. We may carry on, though in a less degree, the same work. But legislation, as has been proved in the institution of beershops, often aggravates, in place of removing, social evils. Secular education, as in the United States, withdraws moral restraints, weakens religious sanctions, and inflames popular passion. But, admitting that we make no mistakes, and that all our laws tend to good, a bad constitution, in which are the seeds of natural diseases, cannot be cured by legislative physic, nor can law avail against the rooted habits which afflict so deeply our vexed and suffering world.

I might predict that we are likely to intensify rather than to diminish these evils. But let us not prophesy; let us reason. Turn to other societies, or learn from analogy. On this subject (the case of the Colonies) we have an able essay by Mr. Pearson. It offers a remarkable contrast to many of the essays. It is candid, judicious, and practical. It states facts fairly. It admits difficulties. It draws rational conclusions. Mr. Pearson's object is to remove our want of confidence in the government of the Australian colonies, because of their democratic institutions, but he admits frankly that there is ground for the pre-

judice which exists. Laying aside the mischief of the convict system, which has ceased, so that, "in fact, convicts are no longer a visible evil in any part of Australia," he shows us that in the twenty years between 1839 and 1859, our middle class, pressed by want or tempted by opportunities, founded by their rapid immigration the bulk of the Australian colonies. "They carried with them the ideas of the middle classes at home—a strong feeling for an extended suffrage, a desire for cheap land on a simple tenure, and a determination not to repeat the experiment of a State Church." Having thus abandoned an Established Church from conviction, they dropped the House of Peers from necessity. Great landowners did not exist. Landowners with special privileges were therefore impossible.

Still, so strong was the impression (the very opposite of Mr. Goldwin Smith's) that a distinct Chamber, independent of the popular will, was desirable, that the colonies cast about to make what they did not find; and while any man, not a pauper or a criminal, may enter the Legislative Assembly, the Legislative Council, though varying in different colonies, has this characteristic in all, that it is composed of older and wealthier men, cannot be dissolved at pleasure, and is elected for a longer term. The proof, how useful it is to be independent of the popular will, lately appeared in the colony of Victoria. In that colony the governor was wrong, the ministry were wrong, the vast majority of the Chamber were wrong, and the opinion of the press was eminently wrong, yet the Legislative Council, standing on good sense and right, beat them all.

Mr. Pearson tells us that the ballot and voting papers work well at colonial elections. The evidence he supplies on the first point is imperfect, but his statement in regard to voting papers well deserves consideration, for he describes it as a specific both against bribery and intimidation.

No doubt the prejudice felt against large farmers, who got, by squatting, valuable runs, can easily be explained; but it is a fact not without significance to us, that these farmers, the wealthy men of Australia, have been shouldered out of Parliament by lawyers and others who appeal to popular prejudice against this very humble aristocracy. Their treatment by the Australian Commons is thus summed up by Mr. Pearson (p. 196):—

"Their lands are taken from them and sold by auction, or their rents are raised perhaps tenfold, or they find their runs fringed with the small farms of a yeomanry who invade their commonage, put up their lands for sale, and bid against them in the labour market. . . . As the struggle has been long and exciting, it has created a class of popular politicians, and the sheep farmer, the aristocrat of Australia, finds himself *supplanted in the two houses* by merchants, lawyers, and tradesmen."

And what, we naturally ask with some curiosity, is the type of

these popular representatives? Mr. Pearson's admissions show that they do not stand high. "Old Australians are a little apt to think that there is a *steady process of deterioration* in the character of the men elected to the several Parliaments." And the work is like the workmen. Mr. Pearson is hopeful "that the *faulty statutes* will before long be reframed" (p. 197); but that is his fancy. Wages are low, and "they are accordingly crying out to stop assisted immigration, and impose protective duties on all articles that can be made in the colonies." In fact, in Australia, as in the United States, democracy leads to demands for a *protective system to the working man*, and a clamour for higher wages. Mr. Mill may learn with advantage that at Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria, any one holding or preaching the sound doctrines he has published on political economy, is denounced as a secret agent of Conservative reaction, and a disguised aristocrat; that the Liberal party maintain that exportation of gold from the colony is suicidal; that the excess of imports over exports marks a yearly loss; that capital is the antagonist of labour, or, as one of the Liberal Ministry gravely stated, "the accumulation of capital is ruinous to the labourer." The duty of the Government is to find work for those who want it, and at the wages which the labourer prescribes!

These are the doctrines of colonial politics under a system of universal suffrage. Mr. Pearson gives us another class of facts.

Railroads, he says, are unpopular in Australian parliaments because jobs on the roads attract and engage constituents, and tradesmen and yeomen dread the competition of railway contractors. No money for religion—all left to voluntary chance. Little money for schools,—who cares to educate when you only want bodily muscle and sinew? But other colonists have told us that the composition of the Australian Chambers is most unsatisfactory. They are filled with Irishmen of the worst description; lawyers who push their own interests with little scruple; and inferior merchants who pander to the passions of the most ignorant of the voters. The results are thus given in one of our most advanced Liberal journals (the *Scotsman*, April 20, 1867):—

"Handicraft at Melbourne is protected against ready-made goods from London and Glasgow, and now growers of grain, cattle, and sheep demand and are about to receive protection. The result is, that the prices of all things, except beef and mutton, are high. Butter, 1s. 5d. per lb.; cheese, 1s. 8d.; eggs, per dozen, 1s. 11d. Government expenditure is great; a population in Victoria of 604,000 pays government expenditure, £3,321,000. Each person in the colony pays yearly of taxes, £5 9s. 10d.; with us and all our supposed abuses, each person pays £2 6s. 2d. But if we deduct our debt, with which Victoria has no concern, the comparison is, British taxation, per head, £1 8s., against £5 9s. 10d. in Victoria."

The experience of Australia is therefore more decisive than encouraging for our future.

Pass from our own colonies to the United States. We have already glanced at the distinction between them. Elements are harmless there which are explosive here. The safety-valve of escape to the Far West, from the high pressure of prices and wages on the eastern sea-board, is an expedient which we in England cannot enjoy. A costly and repulsive sea voyage to an unknown country restrains that constant movement of population which is so free to the prairies and the woods of the West.

One of these essays deals with the question of the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith treats us to his experience of the American Commonwealth. If ability and confidence could qualify a writer, and make him an authority, no one would be more deserving of consideration than Mr. G. Smith. But we have read too many of his works and speeches not to feel that his prejudices disable his judgment. This essay combines his characteristic faults. It presents a singular contrast to the essay of Mr. Pearson. The candour, reserve, and moderation which appear in the one, disappear entirely in the other. It is the angry pleading of a vehement advocate. No barrister at the Old Bailey, addressing a vulgar jury, could have spoken more *ad vulgus* than Mr. G. Smith has written. He begins by assuring us that equality is the foundation of American greatness, and he recounts its advantages. It gives land to all, it secures from the land productiveness, it opens to the merchant avenues of trade; no primogeniture, no entails, no huge fortunes, no splendid idleness, no lavish luxury, but with moderate fortunes, frugal habits and thrifty lives (p. 219). And this from a gentleman who has walked the streets of New York! Of all towns in the world, none presents fortunes more colossal, expenditure more profuse, among women greater idleness, love of dress, frivolity, and waste of time and money; among all, luxuries, which, if coarse and sensual, are not less extravagant. Take the account of any traveller from Dickens to Hepworth Dixon; any testimony from merchants to diplomatists; any narrative from any quarter, and the testimony is the same.

Productiveness of land? Mr. G. Smith talks of lands lying "wasted under Austrian or Turkish despotism." Does he mean to insinuate that such is the case in England? Let him turn to the last account given us by Sir Morton Peto, and read there how inferior to English agriculture is the cultivation in the United States. In its natural productiveness, superior to ours; in skill, ingenuity, and science, far behind us—as far as the textile fabrics of the States are behind the cotton manufactures of Manchester and the silks of Derbyshire.

Freedom of Trade? Why there is no country which is so bur-

dened with an inexorable protection. The Western States are victimized by the burdens inflicted on them by the selfish policy of the Eastern manufacturing States.

This is Mr. G. Smith's first assertion, and it is difficult to imagine a greater number of ludicrous mistakes. We turn to his picture of the United States Government—its legislature and social habits. From his assurance that some day or other the faults of American society will cease, we learn how gross, in the eyes of their blindest advocate, these faults are. American youth, he tells us, leave college at a very early age. They plunge into mercantile life, and the "grasping desire of growing suddenly rich," and "a looseness of commercial morality which affects the integrity of public men," characterise them. "General Education and Free Churches" are the blessings, he tells us, which democracy brings; but, on his own showing, these blessings are scanty. Education among the rich in the States, he says, is imperfect; but what is it among the poor? On this he says little, but Mr. Fraser (see *Times* of April 18, 1867), Mr. Tremenhoe, Archdeacon Sinclair, and a cloud of witnesses, prove by facts that it is worthless, irreligious, and leads to vice and crime. Yet this education, Mr. G. Smith tells us, is "the pillar of the American State." Next he takes its political constitution, and pronounces it excellent. To be sure, he admits some defects—too much power vested in the President, a sort of monarchy is now in collision with the upright Congress. Mr. Hamilton was to blame for this. The last letter of Lord Macaulay showed his opinion of that Constitution which Jefferson framed, and which excites the admiration of Mr. G. Smith. Lord Macaulay, in his blindness, thought it radically bad, but Lord Macaulay's blunders our philosopher corrects and chastises. But what are his reluctant admissions of the results of this Republican Constitution. The Congress pays its members, which "is obviously calculated to make politics a trade into which low adventurers are drawn." "Such cultivated intellect as there is in America" (a curious sentence in all its bearings) is repelled from public life, or, as he puts it (p. 228), "the Congress draws into it comparatively little of that which is highest and really most influential in the nation." Rich men are excluded; but he offers us this consolation (p. 227), that "we never could learn that rich men were systematically excluded from the representation, or that they were otherwise politically maltreated." And he lays down this comfortable dogma, that wealth is often "useless, perhaps even noxious, to the public."

After these admissions, we don't wonder to hear of jobbery and bribery and the scandals which prevail in Congress; nor are we surprised to find that what Mr. G. Smith facetiously terms the "un-

precedented clemency of Congress in dealing with the vanquished rebels," turns out to be the sternest, coldest, and most relentless persecution which we have ever heard of in the annals of Russian despotism.

If, as Mr. G. Smith tells us, the power of the President is a blunder, what must we think of the Constitution which puts into the hands of the Stevenses, and Butlers, and Sumners, and Williamsses, and Logans, a power which, if you want a parallel for its arbitrary exclusiveness, even suppressing discussion in Congress, you must go back to one of the worst of the Cæsars, or the most cruel of the Czars? If Napoleon III. had attempted such tyranny, he would long since have been driven from his throne. What were the crimes of the *coup d'état* to the atrocity of members of Congress, who publicly declare that they wish to "let the Southern people starve, so that the vengeance of the country may be completed" (General Logan); or as Williams and Butler shout out, that when the starving people of the South have perished, "let God Almighty populate the South with people who will love our flag" (*Times*, March 30, 1867). Happily, this is too much even for the Republican newspapers, one of which (the *Round Table*) writes as follows:—

"The American nation is in serious danger at this moment of losing by a narrow and short-sighted policy in peace the towering reputation for greatness and heroism it lately acquired by a colossal achievement in arms. Two years ago we should scarcely ourselves have believed that the present time would have found us occupying *so ungenerous an attitude toward our subjugated brethren*. We would not have believed that, fighting as we avowed for liberty, sacrificing our children in hecatombs for the sublime cause of human enfranchisement and equal rights, we should find ourselves to-day proceeding to rule a gallant and half-ruined people by a system which, *if not a positively unmitigated despotism*, requires the acutest sophistry of its apologists to prove it otherwise. We are permitting the claims of a party to take precedence in our hearts over the interests of the nation. We are sustaining in behalf of the projects of partisan leaders a line of conduct which is *impolitic, oppressive*, and incapable of being persisted in without bringing reactive consequences subversive of the principles which the mass of the people profess to desire to perpetuate."*

We pick out a few more specimens of Mr. G. Smith's accurate candour. Here is one: "If by tyranny of opinions it is meant that the majority in America prevent . . . the minority from expressing their sentiments, or from acting as they please in support of their principles, nothing can be less true." This, from a writer who must have read (unless he closed both his ears and eyes) the late accounts of Congress, when, as soon as one of the minority rose to speak, the question was called for, and the debate stopped. It was thought a marvellous stretch of liberality that ten minutes were allowed to one

* *Round Table*, March 30, 1867, quoted in *Times*, April 15, 1866.

of the minority to address Congress. When we contrast with this exhibition the freedom of debate in our slandered House of Commons, the frank collision of opinion, the intellectual gladiatorship, the generous rivalry, and the ready appreciation of merit, we turn from essayists who can thus hold up to our admiration the American Constitution, with a feeling of indignant wonder. Then follows a personal remark of the Oxford Professor (p. 230): "He can testify to the fact that even reputed renegades, whose names stank in the nostrils of the party which they had left, were treated by leading members of that party with perfect social courtesy, and even friendliness, at the time of the election." This statement is one so contrary to all we ever heard, that Mr. G. Smith will excuse us if we express some hesitation before accepting it. We won't multiply opposite testimonies, but one we take from a diplomatist, an observant traveller, just returned from the States, a foreigner, not involved in our prejudices, one who from his character as well as his talents is *omni exceptione major*. We questioned him lately on this point, and his answer was, that the political passions of the States are beyond anything of which we have a conception. One example fell under his notice. An unfortunate member of Congress had refused to go along with the insane passions of his party. On returning to his western State (to meet, according to Mr. G. Smith, "perfect social courtesy and friendliness"), his father disowned him, his brother cut him in the street, and the unhappy man, rejected as an outcast, committed suicide. He added this remark: he had had a long conversation with a leading member of the Republican party in the Senate, and, on his representing to him the bad impression made in Europe by the treatment which Congress was inflicting on the South, this eminent senator told him that, though he groaned under the burden, he dared not differ from his constituents; whatever his party did, they required him to do.

It is right to add, from the testimony of our accomplished friend, that in one point the conduct of democracy in America is reassuring. There is no disposition, any more than in Australia, to lay burdens on the wealthier class, or to introduce an unfair system of taxation. Congress has honestly accepted the burdens of the war, and has grappled with them with fairness. But the influence of "needy and ambitious adventurers," who, Mr. G. Smith admits, "have too clear a field" (p. 231), is such that a system of intrigue and venality has been long established in Congress. The personal character, which with us has been guarded with so strict a purity (witness some memorable cases during the Ministry of Sir R. Peel), is low. Managers in towns, managers in States, managers in the elections, armed with the Caucus, practise bullying and bribery on a

scale which in our most venal boroughs would be surprising, and within our Parliament is unknown. What must be the working of a system which can give as its fruit such a set of councillors, governors, and elected judges as those in New York! Here is one of the latest specimens (*Times*, April 8, 1867), which shows how the system pollutes the stream of justice:—

“One day, says Mr. Kennedy, a policeman arrested an Irishman, named Sweeny, for making a disturbance in the public street. The charge was proved, whereupon Justice Connolly thus addressed the policeman,—‘What right had you, sir, to arrest this man? I have a great mind to lock you up,’ and other encouraging words. Sweeny was liberated. A man being found cruelly beating his wife in the streets, was taken before this justice and liberated at once, while the policeman was admonished to be careful, or he would find himself in prison. Seven hackmen—hackmen in New York are the greatest scoundrels in the world—were arrested for violating a certain Act. In this instance, at any rate, the police ought to have been sustained, for it is almost dangerous to arrive in this city late at night and be beset by a crowd of hackmen; but Mr. Justice Connolly said that he never knew of the law until these cases were brought forward, and, said he, ‘If I am ignorant of it, it cannot be expected that hackmen should know it.’ A policeman went into a liquor shop, and summoned the proprietor for keeping his place open during unlawful hours. The comment of the justice upon this case was as follows:—‘Moore (the liquor dealer) had a right to *shoot the officer* as a trespasser, and he would have been justified in *knocking his brains out*.’ In a similar case the justice told the dram-seller, ‘Club that officer out of your place, if he comes there again.’ To a policeman he said, ‘If some of you officers had your brains knocked out, it would be justified.’ To another officer who had arrested a man for kicking a poor creature about the head, he cried out, ‘You saw too much—you are a d—— nuisance.’

“I need not quote any further from this report. If any reader asks why a Judge should behave in this way, it will be because he has forgotten that in New York Judges are elected by Universal Suffrage, and there are more thieves and lawbreakers than policemen in the constituency. Mr. Justice Connolly merely studied to secure the approbation of the great body of his supporters. They will vote for him again at the next election, whereas the policemen could not have helped him in the least. This is one phase of life in New York.”

Take another illustration, which may show those who complain of aristocratic patronage what sort of selections will flow from the mob:—

“Every nomination to office which the President makes now is instantly rejected by the Senate, unless the nominee be a Radical. A moderate Republican stands no chance, and this excites great indignation in the moderate section of the party. This week there have been three rejections by the Senate of men who are decidedly popular in the country, on the ground that they are not extreme Radicals, although incontestably good Union men. One is General Slocum, who was nominated by the President as naval officer of the port of New York. Slocum did distinguished service all through the war. He was in the Peninsula with the army of the Potomac; he was at South Mountain and in the battles around Richmond; he took part in the great engagements of Antietam and Chancellorsville; he commanded the 12th Corps at Gettysburg, and commanded one of the two columns in Sherman’s celebrated march. This is no light record of service

in the cause of the Union, and yet the Senate has rejected him because he is not among the most violent of the Radicals. Perhaps this act will do the Radical party more harm in the country than any other upon which they have ventured. It is so obviously a fight for place and office which they are conducting. General Frank Blair was nominated as minister for Austria, and General Couch for another post, and both rejected. The public feeling is echoed in the *New York Herald*, which has hitherto been bitterly hostile to the President and warmly in favour of the Radicals. It says:—"The rejection of such men for offices demanding a far inferior capacity to theirs, and that in favour of mere partisans, can only be characterized as atrocious insolence. The whole country feels insulted in the indignity offered them. This is the worst thing that the Radicals have as yet attempted in Congress, and they may rest assured that they will be made to suffer for it." The tone of other journals on the course pursued by the party is very similar."*

But there is another effect for which we must be prepared. Not only are American representatives returned by practices which lower their character—so that, having bribed, they see no harm in taking bribes,—but with a lowering of individual honour there ensues a lowering of the character of the legislature. The vulgar abuse and threats of members are only outward signs of coarse feelings. Therefore, when you appeal to public faith or public honour, the appeal is laughed at in Congress. It is as irrelevant as such an appeal would be to the Bradlaughs, Connollys, and Cremers of Trafalgar Square. Take one specimen, and take it from the higher body—the Senate of the United States—and from one of its acknowledged leaders. After the Senate had pledged itself by a solemn act to admit the Southern States, on their complying with certain conditions, Mr. Sumner, the leader of the republican party, repudiated the pledge, and proposed instead to confiscate part of the proprietors' lands, in order to give a homestead to each of the liberated negroes. His arguments for these acts are worthy of the acts themselves:—

"To give a homestead to all these freedmen will be no more than to give them the vote. You have done the one, and now you must do the other. We are told that to him that hath shall be given, and as you have already given the ballot, that is in possession, you must go further, and give not only education, but the homestead. Nor must you hesitate for want of power. The time for hesitation has passed."

He contended for his resolutions on the additional ground that they were very simple. Simple enough every one will admit! Happily this proposal, though acceptable to the House of Representatives, was too much for the Senate.

There is yet another feature of a republican government, founded on universal suffrage, which we must notice, and that is—its ambition and love of war. No one can have read the American papers during the

* *Times*, April 15, 1867.

long war with the South without observing their dislike of England and defiant hostility. Now that the war is over, this feeling manifests itself in Congress; and in the Government Mr. Seward's popularity was first obtained by menaces against England. However widely the President and Congress differed, both agreed in caressing the Irish Fenians and hailing them as brethren. The attacks on Canada by that party were prepared without any check on the part of the American Government, and only when the invasion was suppressed did the United States interpose, and then to demand the liberation of the rebels. Whatever measure annoys England is popular in Congress. This feeling led to the late purchase from Russia; and one of the last motions before Congress is a notice calling attention to the union of our Northern colonies in a Confederation, as being a further entrance of monarchy on the virgin soil of America. He must be a sanguine man who expects that, notwithstanding our patient forbearance, many years will pass without some insult or injury, on the part of the United States, which will drive us into hostilities. Hitherto we have been kept from an American war, on several occasions, by the reluctance of our merchants and manufacturers to risk their property. But this wholesome restraint will snap when the working classes predominate in Parliament. They will bring a far more sensitive and defiant temper into the public councils. Democracy will then confront democracy, and in such a case we must be prepared for a war of great proportions and fierce exasperation.

Let no one imagine that, in thus analyzing American democracy and correcting the gross blunders (we ought to call them the grievous misrepresentations) of which Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay is full, that we underrate the ability and virtue which abound in the United States. The work of Sir M. Peto brings out in figures the energies of that wonderful nation. So far from denying or grudging them the credit which belongs to them, we are proud of our Saxon brethren. Their missions abroad, their missions to the army during the war, their vigour in supplying the bodily and religious wants of that great army by a voluntary combination—these fruits of Christian philanthropy, and added to these the liberality and energy which enabled them to keep up enormous armies and to extemporize a fleet of iron-clads; their tillage, their railways, their merchantmen, their commerce, their conquest of the wilderness, their fortunes made by manufacture and trade—these are proofs of industry and resource the most energetic and persevering that the world ever saw.

Mr. H. Dixon shows us, taking his views from a different point,—from the peculiarities of American fanaticism,—how the eccentricity of the most pestilent faiths is kept in restraint by the diligence of industry and the order which industry inspires. Greatly as we

condemn the system which, left to voluntarism, allows every weed to spring up and grow luxuriantly, we find, even in these mischievous sects, evidences of America's vigour.

But what must we think of a political system which, with such a nation, scattered over an area of 3,000,000 of square miles,* rising with a growth of numbers unparalleled—from 5,000,000 in 1800 to above 35,000,000 now†—with their 34,000 lawyers, 37,000 clergy, 55,000 medical men, 50,000 students, and above 50,000 men of competent and educated intelligence, can produce as its representatives such men as Butler, or Sumner, or Howard, or Williams—who degrade the character of Congress by speeches of brutal passion, and carry out acts of injustice, oppression, and wrong. The higher we estimate the American people, the more we loathe a constitution which can drive out of public life all who are great, and pure, and noble, and good. Tell me of their poets and sculptors, their historians and philanthropists, their gallant generals, their patriotic officers, their eloquent writers, their learned divines, their masterly philosophers; and then go to Congress to hear the vulgarity and the savagery of the representatives whom the mob has chosen!

Let us confess that a system which drives from Parliament every man who is honest, elevated, and virtuous, is a system which, though Mr. G. Smith and Mr. Bright may hold it out to our imitation, presents to calmer and more thoughtful minds a memorable example, with lessons of emphatic warning.

But our space warns us to conclude. One last word for Mr. G. Smith, who may be treated as the Coryphæus of this group of essayists. He has taken great pains to instil his opinions by books, tracts, and lectures. He has shown us what is our future; and, like a prophet of evil, he gloats over the evil which he foretells.

To us there appears no stronger warning than to offer, *in his own words*, the schemes of re-construction and revolution which he tells us are near. If the lovers of rational liberty and the admirers of constitutional order will not be warned by his words to withstand these pernicious changes, no words of ours could awaken them.

We take these from Mr. G. Smith's letter, lately addressed to the *Manchester Guardian* :—

"In representative institutions two things are necessary—that the nation should be adequately represented, and that there should, at the same time, be sufficient securities for stable government and deliberate legislation. We are about, though under somewhat strange auspices, to provide the first of these requisites; we must not neglect in so doing to provide for the second. Our present securities, or supposed securities, consist of a restricted franchise and a House of Lords. Both these securities belong to the *reign of feudalism and privilege*. The restricted franchise is about to fall, and vain will be all

* Peto, p. 24.

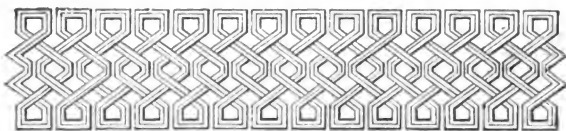
† Ibid., p. 12.

attempts to replace it by a system of paltry electoral castes, proprietary, educational, theological, or of any other kind. . . . As to the House of Lords, I have already endeavoured to show that, as at present constituted, it is for all good purposes *stricken with incurable impotence*. Being exclusively hereditary, and almost exclusively territorial, it rests upon two principles which all over the world are dead, and unless the shadow should go back on the sun-dial of history, can never be revived. Its decisive decadence, as I said before, dates from the Reform of 1832, when the Commons became a more adequate representation of the nation; and with household suffrage its nullity will be complete. When the veil of constitutional fictions is drawn aside, the fact will appear that the Government of this country has, since the Reform of 1832, been vested in a single Chamber, which virtually appoints the executive for the time being, and on the decisions of which the Crown has ceased to have any veto, while the House of Lords retains only a suspensive veto of a very feeble and precarious kind. If this is not the doctrine of the *Court Journal*, or even of *Blackstone* and the Constitutional writers, it is the real state of the case. . . . Are we to have a constitution with a single chamber or with two? That is the question which, whether we choose to consider it theoretically or not, must soon force itself practically on the nation. We have ourselves, by our supposed example, led all the world into double-chambered constitutions. Nevertheless it seems to me that reason and experience are, on the whole, against the double chamber. If it divides power, it also dissipates the sense of responsibility. The popular chamber is apt to be reckless, and to indulge its demagogic propensities, leaving it to the less popular chamber to impose the check, which the less popular chamber is often not strong enough to do. This has been felt, I believe, in the United States, though *the Senate there is a far more useful and powerful institution than our House of Lords*. I will not say that the system of political checks and balances is nugatory, but I suspect that it is out of date. I think it may exist between two governing bodies or powers, neither of which is national, such as a king and an aristocracy, or two classes of nobles, or an aristocracy and a House of Commons elected by a narrow suffrage. But in a representative assembly elected by the whole nation sovereign power will vest entire. No real check can be imposed upon it, and pretended checks will only do mischief. The best course under our present social and political conditions probably would be, having properly constituted the sovereign assembly, and provided for its election on rational principles, to recognise it as the organ of the whole nation, and to lay upon it the full weight of responsibility by frankly investing it with undivided power. My own conviction, I repeat, is, and has long been, *that our old feudal constitution has worn out; that it cannot, without changes from which our superstition shrinks, be made to serve the purposes of society in the present era; and that it is the business of statesmen to determine what change is necessary, and to conduct the operation with proper forecast, and so as to avoid any violent shock.*"

Absolute despotism in the hands of an infidel democracy!—that, according to our Oxford philosopher, is the euthanasia of the British constitution. Where Chatham and Pitt and Fox and Burke spoke and legislated, there will rant the Bradlaughs and Potters, the Brights and Goldwin Smiths of our age. For sterling gold we shall have Brummagem pinchbeck, and again a future poet will write,—

"Where England's monarch once uncovered sat,
And Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat."

AN EX-M.P.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever: a Poem, in Twelve Books. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon. London: Rivingtons.

WE own to considerable difficulty in writing a notice of this poem. There is no concealing from ourselves or our readers that its merit is very great; at the same time it is equally impossible to conceal that, as a whole, it is a failure. An author who would rival Milton on his own ground must be prepared to hear that even if in some places "*proximus*," it is indeed "*longo intervallo*;" and that in others—in the greater number—the comparison is simply his condemnation. But even where this is the case, Mr. Bickersteth's verse has about it a freshness and a charm which save it from mediocrity, and will ensure for it readers and admirers.

First of all, we think the title unfortunate. No one would imagine, by its help, that the poem was the descriptive narrative of an experience in the unseen world. The difficulty of finding an adequate title was no doubt great, but we cannot see why the search should have resulted in the adoption of one totally and hopelessly inadequate. Besides which, the words of the title, being appropriated to a description of the unchangeableness of our Redeemer, lead the reader, on opening the book, to suppose that the subject of the poem is to be His Person or work. We fell into this mistake ourselves.

We also own to feeling strongly that which has been already pointed out by our contemporary the *Guardian*, the want of verisimilitude in the *locus standi* of the narrator, or rather, perhaps, the want of any *locus standi* for him at all. He narrates to us his own death and descent to Hades; he describes the Paradise of the blessed dead, the prison of the lost, the creation of angels and of men, the fall of angels and of men (these two as related to him by an attendant angel), the entrance of darkness, Redemption, the Church militant, the bridal of the Lamb, the millennial Sabbath, the last judgment, the many mansions. But we in vain endeavour to grasp the shadowy being who speaks to us. Is he speaking in time? If so, he must be narrating a *vision* vouchsafed him of things to come. Is he speaking in eternity? If so, we must be rapt into an ecstasy in order to be his hearers. But no provision is made for either of these alternatives. Poetry at least requires verisimilitude; requires that the imagination should be guided into some semblance of compliance with the unities. We cannot help feeling that this is a great fault, and one which necessitates the recasting of the machinery of the poem, if it is to take a permanent place in our literature. An unframed picture can hardly hang in our National Gallery.

The limits of a notice will hardly permit us to enter into detailed criticism. Our remarks must be general, and our extracts few.

To our mind, the personal portions of the poem rank above the dogmatical.

The whole First Book, "The Seer's Death, and Descent to Hades," is really of high merit.

"The day wore fast.
My wife look'd up. I saw her anxious eye
Measuring the shadows more aslant, and read
Her thought, and whisper'd, "Call them to us." Soon
Our children cluster'd round my bed. Dear hearts,—
The eldest only in the bloom of spring,
The next in earliest prime of youth, the rest
In order opening like forest flowers,
A wreath of girls with brothers intertwined,
Down to the rosebud in the nurse's arms.
They were but learners in the infant school
Of sorrow, and were scarcely able yet
To spell its simplest signs. But when they caught
The meaning of their mother's words, and knew
That I was going to leave them, one low sob
Broke from them, like the sighing of the wind
That frets the bosom of a silver lake
Before a tempest. Each on the other look'd;
And every lip trembled; and tears, hot tears,
Gush'd forth, and quickly would have drench'd all eyes.
But fearing their most innocent distress
Would, like an irresistible tide, break down
The barrier of their mother's holy calm,
I raised my head upon the pillow, saying,

"Weep not, my children, that your father's work
Is over, and his travelling days are done.
For I am going to our happy home,
Jerusalem the golden, of which we
On Sabbath evenings have so often sung,
And wish'd the weary interval away
That lay betwixt us and its pearly gates.'

"Then there was silence: and my children knelt
Around my bed—our latest family prayer.
Listen—it is eleven striking. Then
I whisper'd to my wife, 'The time is short;
I hear the Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
And Jesus answering, "I come quickly." Listen,'
And as she wiped the death-dews from my brow,
She falter'd, 'He is very near,' and I
Could only faintly say, 'Amen, amen.'
And then my power of utterance was gone:
I beckon'd and was speechless: I was more
Than ankle deep in Jordan's icy stream.
My children stood upon its utmost verge,
Gazing imploringly, persuasively,
While the words 'Dear, dear father,' now and then
Would drop, like dew, from their unconscious lips.
My gentle wife, with love stronger than death,
Was leaning over those cold gliding waves.
I heard them speaking, but could make no sign;
I saw them weeping, but could shed no tear;
I felt their touch upon my flickering pulse,
Their breath upon my cheek, but I could give
No answering pressure to the fond hands press'd
In mine. So rapidly the river-bed
Shelved downward, I had pass'd or almost pass'd
Beyond the interchange of loving signs
Into the very world of love itself.
The waters were about my knees; they wash'd
My loins; and still they deepen'd. Unawares
I saw, I listen'd—who is He who speaks?—
A Presence and a Voice. That Presence moved
Beside me like a cloud of glory; and
That Voice was like a silver trumpet, saying,
'Be of good comfort. It is I. Fear not.'
And whether now the waters were less deep,

Or I was borne upon invisible arms,
 I know not ; but methought my mortal robes
 Now only brush'd the smoothly gliding stream,
 And like the edges of a sunset cloud
 The beatific land before me lay.
 One long, last look behind me : gradually
 The figures faded on the shore of time,
 And, as the passing bell of midnight struck,
 One sob, one effort, and my spirit was free.

“ I look'd, and lo
 Before us lay a sphere girdled with clouds,
 And glorious with illimitable lights
 And shadows mingling. Momently it grew
 Dilated, as with undiminished speed
 We outstripp'd lightnings in our homeward path,
 Until in vain I toil'd to mark the line
 Of its horizon. Boundless it appear'd
 As space itself, a nether sea of mist
 Unfathomable, shoreless, infinite.
 Thither our pathway led. But as we near'd
 Its extreme confines, I beheld what seem'd
 A defile in those mountainous clouds, a chasm
 Whence issued floods of radiance, pure white light,
 And rainbow tints, roseate, and gold, and blue,
 Unparallel'd on earth : though He who sees
 The virgin snows upon the Alps suffused
 With blushes underneath the first salute
 Of morning, sees a shadow of this light.
 This was the gorgeous avenue which led
 Straight to the gates of bliss—a pass to which
 The grandest and the most sublime on earth,
 From Caubul to the sunny plains of Ind,
 Were but a miner's arch. The massive sides,
 Massive they seem'd, of this ravine were built
 Of clouds which ever hung there undispersed,
 And caught on every vaporous fold and skirt
 The glory of the sportive rays that stream'd
 Forth from the happy Paradise beyond
 Innumerable. But before we pass'd
 Under that radiant canopy, I saw
 Another road far stretching on our left
 Into the outer darkness, vast and void,
 And from its depths methought I faintly heard
 The sighings of despair. Time was not now
 For mute surprise or question. On we flew,
 As shoots a vessel laden with the wealth
 Of Ceylon's isle, or Araby the blest,
 Right onward, every sailyard bent with wind,
 Into her long'd-for port. And now the air
 Grew tremulous with heavenly melody.
 Far off at first it seem'd and indistinct,
 As swells and sinks the multitudinous roar
 Of ocean : but ere long the waves of sound
 Roll'd on articulate, and then I knew
 The voice of harpers harping on their harps.
 And lo, upon the extreme verge of cloud,
 As once at Eden's portals, there appear'd
 A company of angels clothed in light,
 Thronging the path or in the amber air
 Suspense. And in the twinkling of an eye
 We were among them, and they cluster'd round
 And waved their wings, and struck their harps again
 For gladness : every look was tenderness,
 And every word was musical with joy. ”

“ Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home
 Welcome to thy inheritance of light !
 Welcome for ever to thy Master's joy !
 Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past ; }

Thy guardian angel's vigil is fulfill'd;
Thy parents wait thee in the bowers of bliss;
Thy infant babes have woven wreaths for thee;
Thy brethren who have enter'd into rest
Long for thy coming; and the angel choirs
Are ready with their symphonies of praise.
Nor shall thy voice be mute: a golden harp
For thee is hanging on the trees of life;
And sweetly shall its chords for ever ring,
Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,
With Hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours.'

"So sang they; and that vast defile of clouds
Re-echoed with the impulses of song
And music, and the atmosphere serene
Throbb'd with innumerable greetings. Sounds,
Such as no mortal ear hath ever heard,
Save those who watch'd their flocks at Bethlehem,
Ravish'd my soul, and sights surpassing words,
Till, ear and eye fulfill'd with pure delight,
I turn'd me to my angel guide, and said
Unconsciously, 'Twere good to sojourn here!'
But he, in tones of buoyant hope, replied,
'Brother, thou shalt see greater things than these.'"

The same strain of felicitous description, prevails in the Second Book, "The Paradise of the Blessed Dead." The descriptions of the Seer's meeting with his lost babes, and with the glorified from among his own flock, are very beautiful. It is in this species of poetry, rather than in the minatory and denunciative, that Mr. Bickersteth excels.

In the Third Book, "The Prison of the Lost" is described to the Seer by his attendant and guardian angel Oriel, through the medium of an episode, which is to our mind very painful. And we would similarly characterize those portions of the sequel of the poem which describe the final judgment of the lost. The mysterious gloom which dwells over the denunciations of Holy Writ is to us far more terrible than any attempts of man to carry out their dark hints in detail. Against such detail, as it advances step by step, our reason and our sense of justice rebel; and more especially so when their author, as here, strains the language of paradox to its utmost, and in his illustrative episode takes the very extremest case of disproportion between crime and punishment. No power of words, no decoy of subtle antithesis, no skilful interweaving of Scripture phrases, can ever reconcile our primal sense of justice and holiness to such descriptions of the doom of the lost as Mr. Bickersteth here presents to us. It seems a pity that they should ever have been written; because every dilution of the unapproachable terrors of God as revealed to us in Scripture, every attempt to bring them down to the level of our ordinary imaginations, opens them to the cavils of the irreverent, and tends to shake the faith of the feeble. This is our greatest objection to the work before us; and it is one which, however much we may admire the poem, we cannot lightly pass by.

With regard to the prophetic machinery which the author has adopted, much controversy has been, and much might be again raised. But we are not disposed here to enter any protest. He has followed that interpretation of prophecy which is still (inexplicably we own to us) held by a large portion of the Evangelical school.

To speak of some minor matters which the critic can hardly pass over, we have noted a few blemishes in the midst of work which, on the whole, is very careful and accurate. In Book viii. line 896, Rev. x. 6 is cited as meaning that "time, as meted on His chart, should be no more." We need hardly remind the Scripture student that the text can bear no such interpretation; and on referring to Mr. Bickersteth's own note on the passage, we find that he himself protests against it.

The author's versification, though not skilful, is yet, for the most part, unobjectionable. But we have marked some lines which should not have been passed, e.g., the opening of Book viii., "Avaunt thee, horrid war, whose miasms, bred;" and the same book, line 761, "while seven angels stood with

trumps in hand." We are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. Bickersteth's authority to state that Book vii., line 1006, "Where He had laboured longest: thence," is wrongly printed for "Where He had lived and laboured longest: thence:" and Book xii., line 339, "That gave than from excellence or cost," for "That gave them than from excellence or cost."

Sometimes we have questionable words, as in Book xii, line 18, "*moated* by the fretting waves in Patmos." The use of a participle of this kind *absolutely*, "*Mariana* in the moated grange," may be allowable, but when a qualification, "by the fretting waves," is added, hardness is produced. In the same book, line 87, we have the unusual form "*drave*," where there seems no reason for departing from the usual inflexion.

Forced and involved constructions are not often our author's fault. Yet we have noticed some. In Book viii., line 876, we have "And legions watch'd who deem'd themselves alone," meaning, "legions (of angels) watched over persons who deemed," &c., "who" being put for "those who." This is hardly allowable, though of course found in Milton. Again, in Book ix., line 494, we have the very objectionable vulgarism, "*walking in their midst*," for "*in the midst of them*."

Our review of this remarkable poem has been far shorter and less complete than we could have desired. The crowded state of our columns has prevented us from devoting an article to it, and we were anxious rather to notice it thus briefly, than to postpone its treatment indefinitely.

The Episcopal Meeting of 1867. A Letter to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

By CONNOR THIRLWALL, D.D., Bishop of St. David's. London: Rivingtons.

IN the final session of last February's Convocation, the Bishop of St. David's expressed his decided apprehension of evil consequences from the proposed meeting of the Colonial and American Episcopate with that of England and Ireland, at Lambeth, in September next. At the time he imagined himself to be alone on the Bench in his unfavourable opinion of the measure, which it seems was resolved upon at a meeting of some of the English bishops at Lambeth Palace, at the very time when an animated debate as to the expediency of addressing the Primate on the subject was going on in the Jerusalem Chamber. This letter is a formal answer to the Archbishop's circular, containing an invitation to the great gathering,—the Pananglican Synod, as it has been termed,—to which the Bishop of St. David's retains his objections, and has discovered that he is no longer solitary in his view.

The same unrivalled power of dissection which distinguishes every other writing of Dr. Thirlwall, is manifest here. He expulcates the Archbishop for the part he himself appears to have taken in the matter. Urged by the Metropolitan and bishops of the province of Canada, by his own suffragans assembled at Lambeth, and by the two Houses of Convocation, he could hardly have refused "to call together the meeting so earnestly desired." But although his Grace be not responsible for the validity of the grounds on which a meeting was sought, his circular of invitation might have been expected to contain some allusion to the circumstances of the present time, which rendered the calling it necessary or peculiarly desirable. These, however, are not to be found in it. The circular speaks in general terms of acts of common worship and "brotherly consultations." Consultations on what subjects? The Archbishop does not say what these are to be, but he does say what they are *not* to be. "Such a meeting" as is invited "would not be competent to make declarations, or lay down definitions on points of doctrine. But united worship and common counsels would greatly tend to maintain practically the Unity of the Faith, while they would bind us in straiter bonds of peace and brotherly charity." This explanation the Bishop thinks he may himself have had some share in calling forth; since its apparent design seems to be to quiet apprehensions, such as he had expressed in Convocation, as to the object of the General Council desired by the Canadian Church. But the explanation is ambiguous. In one sense, viz. that such declarations or definitions would have no legal authority, it is, indeed, a truism, but yet a truism which may exercise no influence whatever upon the proceedings of the proposed meeting. The Pope was not "competent" to define the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and yet he did so. But if it be taken to mean that the Archbishop's personal opinion and wishes are opposed to the occupying the time of the meeting with making

declarations, or laying down definitions on points of doctrine, there is nothing to show whether, in the event of the meeting not sharing such opinion, the President would think it right to enforce compliance with his own views against those of the majority.

In default of explicitness in the Archbishop's circular, the Bishop reverts to two other documents, "from which it may be conjectured with more or less of probability, what are the opinions and feelings which are likely to prevail in the meeting on this head." These are the Address to the Archbishop from the Canadian Synod, in September, 1863, and the Report of the Committee of the Lower House, appointed to consider another address of the same Synod to the Convocation of Canterbury. In both of these it is manifest that the object which stands foremost in the minds of the framers, is the assertion of doctrines which may be thought to have been affected by the decisions of the law courts in the case of the *Essays and Reviews*, and that of the Bishop of Natal. This is more especially remarkable in the Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation; for although the address to which the committee was ordered to prepare an answer, did not really contain a single allusion to these doctrines, yet the very first of the advantages enumerated as likely to result from the proposed meeting is "the affording an opportunity for the churches of the Anglican Communion to confer together upon questions or errors which may appear in *these days* to imperil the acceptance of the Faith once delivered to the Saints." In other words, the Committee was animated by exactly the same feeling as that which inspired the framers of the Address to the Archbishop — a document in which the doctrinal question is avowedly the motive of action.

Under such circumstances, the Bishop asks if it is "desirable, or, indeed, morally possible, that a great assembly of bishops should confer together on questions or errors which appear to imperil the Faith, without even attempting to come to any conclusion, but so as studiously to avoid doing so?" Yet this is the ground from which the circular warns them off. The situation is a most unfortunate one, both as regards the Primate and the stability of the Establishment. The Canadian Church addresses the Archbishop, and receives a favourable answer. His Grace finally resolves to accede to the wish expressed in the address, and not only so, but invites the bishops of the American Communion to take part in the desired meeting. Yet in the very document in which this daring step is taken, the one subject which was represented by the Canadian Synod as the main ground of their request, and put foremost among the advantages to be derived from such a Council, by the Committee of Convocation, is virtually tabooed. Well may the Bishop put the question to his Metropolitan:—

"Is there not reason to fear that our Canadian brethren may think themselves rather hardly treated, as if they had asked bread, and your Grace had given them a stone? May it not be that they would have felt less disappointment if you had withheld the boon which they so earnestly solicited, altogether, than now that they receive it clogged with conditions which must in their estimation deprive it of almost all its value?"

But what is the alternative to this disappointment? The assembled bishops may take a different view from their president of "competency." "If, indeed," they might say, "it was a scientific congress, we should own that we were not 'competent' to speak with authority on questions which might be proposed to it. But we cannot admit that the Synod of Bishops is not competent to make declarations of faith, or to lay down definitions on points of doctrine." And to the reply that what was questioned was only the practical effect of their decision, the rejoinder would be easy, "That so long as they were permitted to bear their testimony to the truth, they should be content with whatever weight it might have on the mind of the Church."

"Perhaps," concludes the Bishop, "it would turn out that your Grace and they were reasoning from entirely different standing points, which must prevent you from coming to a mutual understanding; that you were thinking of an Established Church, they of purely voluntary associations, bound by no law but the will of their members. A proceeding which, from the one point of view, might justly seem useless and mischievous, may, from the other, be regarded as necessary and highly expedient. That may be a reason why your Grace should deprecate the introduction of the subject at the meeting, but it does not prove that you will find yourself able to exclude it."

The Archbishop's circular contains a suggestion to the several bishops "to

send in a list of subjects for consideration and discussion." The Bishop of St. David's believes that there will be no scarcity of subjects, of a kind which the assembled episcopate may advantageously discuss; but he should expect of these that "the discussion they receive at a church congress, where all orders and classes of Churchmen meet, would be more instructive than one in which none but bishops take part."

If, however, the meeting is to be that which it has been openly professed by some of its principal promoters to be,—an indirect mode of bringing about that which the law of the land forbids—the issuing declarations relative to doctrine, which ultimately, through the machinery of the several synods, may restrict in one direction, and expand in another, the liberty at present enjoyed by the English Church, it cannot fail to be by far the most important step that has yet been taken towards the overthrow of the Establishment. It is well that this point should be distinctly stated, as it is by the Bishop in the conclusion of his lucid argument; and that the prelates should, when September arrives, not be ignorant what price may have to be paid for the excitement of a gathering "without example in the annals of our communion."

"If I knew or had reason to believe," says Dr. Thirlwall, "that the subjects to be brought before the meeting are such as those, the discussion of which is considered by the committee of the Lower House of Convocation as among 'the principal advantages to be derived from a council of the several Churches constituting the Anglican Communion'; if the meeting is 'to confer together upon questions or errors, which may appear in these days to imperil the acceptance of the faith once delivered to the saints'; if it is 'to provide a broad basis upon which to found attempts to bring about intercommunion with other portions of the Church Catholic'; if it is 'to discuss and affirm the common principle of a right ecclesiastical discipline as one of the notes of the true Church'; if it is 'to consider the principles upon which Constitutions and Canons applicable to the whole body of the Anglican Communion may best be framed'; if it is 'to devise a course of procedure by which ministers of the Church, whether Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, accused of denying the faith, or infringing the discipline of the Church, may be duly tried, in a mode recognised by the whole Communion as just both to the accused and the Church'; then I should feel myself obliged to make some kind of protest against these proceedings, and that which I should think most consistent with respect for your Grace, would be to stay away from the meeting. I am not anxious to hasten a separation between Church and State, and until that is accomplished, the discussion of such questions—unless considered as preparing the way for separation—would appear to me, whether the meeting is or is not 'competent' to entertain them, as premature, and much worse than a mere waste of time. I would fain hope that your Grace may be of the same opinion."

Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church. By the Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A. London: Masters.

THERE are several reasons why we could have wished to speak of this volume nothing that was not favourable. But we have found it impossible. Its strains are of that kind which no English Churchman can read without shame and disgust. They date from that border land between England and Rome, where, it is to be feared, not a few of our younger clergy are loitering, uncertain which way to turn their faces. There may be hymns more advanced than these, which we have not seen; but we shall give our readers a few specimens which will serve, we think, to place Mr. Gerard Moultrie at least among the front rank of our Romanizing lyrists. One who can address the mother of our Lord as "pura in impuris nata," and follow that address with such stanzas as these, surely need not shrink from the place we have assigned him:—

"Rosa læta tu Saronis,
Myrrha vesti Salomonis,
Arca clausa federis:
Tu cœlorum fenestella,
Domus auri, maris stella,
Mater admirabilis!"

"Expers Domina peccati.
Dei mater incarnati
Sine labe geniti."

"Sancta Mater semper-virgo."

We can call to mind a more honoured bearer of Mr. Moultrie's name, who once wrote a beautiful poem in which true honour was given to her, according to the text of Scripture, as a wife and mother.

It is characteristic of the book and the party, that while the Apostles' days have for the most part very cold and inanimate strains, the author kindles

into fervour, and covers many pages, when he comes to what his sect call the minor saints' days. In one of these, inscribed to the lesser and less worthy Augustine, he addresses his saint thus :—

"Holy Father, read the record which thou bearest in thine hand,
Of thy mitred sons in order who before thine altar stand,
Summon up the vision to us of the Canterbury line
With its hundred names recorded in the life-list under thine."

First of these is Anselm ; then

"Hard behind him, brave and blood-stained, with his sword-cleft mitre-band,
Lo ! where Becket the undaunted, martyr-primate, takes his stand :
Kings may frown, the State may threaten, what cares he ? The Church of God
O'er such foes shall tread in triumph, as in days gone by she trod :
What are crowns and what are statesmen ? Weather-vanes upon the hill :
Playthings for the shifting breezes of the fickle nation's will."

This is pretty strong for one who professes to receive a book which teaches him to submit himself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. But let us proceed ; and we find Cranmer, the father of the English Prayer-Book, thus characterized :—

"Who is this that stands uncertain at the gate, with downcast eye,
Doubtful of his right to enter to the goodly company ?
What hath he to show his Master ? Church surrendered, trust denied,
Crozier lowered to sweep the scaffold for the tyrant's harlot bride :
Love of earthly life and honour urging his remorseful heart
To the loss of Heaven ! Can such one with Christ's faithful have his part ?
Fire hath passed upon his raiment ; round his heart the red flames roll ;
Lord, accept the body's anguish for the saving of his soul."

To this condescending and not very orthodox wish succeed some stanzas in a better strain :—

"Look, O Lord, upon the work ; forgive the workman ; and forbear
To let loose thy righteous vengeance on the heresies of fear (?)
Look on England's Church, unfettered by his arm, from land to land,
Pressing on in mighty increase with the Scripture in her hand ;
Sun no'er sets upon her mission, moving on from shore to shore ;
From the rocks of Staten Island to the frozen Labrador,
Where the islets of the sunset guard the widowed diadem
On the dusky brow of Emma, set with faith's unfading gem."

But when he proceeds—

"Where beneath the Table-mountain the great Bishop gives the word
To the hosts who muster fiercely for the battle of the Lord,"

we begin again to feel how entirely we are separated from the spirit of English truth and fair dealing. If "the battle of the Lord" is to be supported by such tricks of unfair quotation and garbling as those of which the recent "Reply" of the Bishop of St. David's has convicted "the great Bishop" here alluded to, all honest men in our communion will, at least, feel "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*"

We would by no means deny to Mr. Gerard Moultrie the gift of writing a certain sort of taking poetry. But even this is chiefly at secondhand. Our readers will have traced "Locksley Hall" abundantly in the poem we have just been quoting, and most of the readable strains in this volume recall others by greater men. Even in those for which the author claims originality of metre, the imitation is striking. One of these, a poem of some merit, is "*The Loss of the London.*" In the preface we read that this Latin metre has never, to the writer's knowledge, been clothed in English dress before. Let us see. Here is a stanza :—

"Three suns rose, three suns set,	Nor moon nor stars appeared ;
Onward still, onward yet,	Onward her course she steered,
No fears may hold her :	Bolder and bolder."

We had thought this was, foot for foot, exactly the metre of the Laureate's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and, before that, of Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt."

The very same is the case with the other piece for which he claims originality of metre, the translation of the rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix :—

"O, Sion, bright with gold,
Flowing with milk thy fold,
City of gladness.

Tongue cannot tell thy bliss,
Heart sinks oppress with this
Even to sadness."

We cannot close this notice without giving an indication (we abstain from adducing specimens) of the spirit in these strains at which we pointed when we characterized them so strongly at the opening of our notice. Mr. Gerard Moultrie is the greatest offender we have seen in the direction of a certain prurency of description in those portions of the sacred mysteries of our faith which reverence and sobriety keep united. Almost any of his strains on the Incarnation will illustrate our meaning. We would especially refer to [page 2, stanza 4; page 3, stanzas 2, 3, 4; which will sufficiently indicate what we mean.

The book is full of blemishes in taste and execution. Take these two stanzas in the poem "Beneath the Cross," page 92:—

"Upon the arms outspread,
With Godhead slumbering in their thin blue veins,
The thorn-encircled head rests from its pains.
The earth, his feet beneath,
Trembles and shudders like a frightened hound:
Convulsive throes of death upheave the ground."

Or this, on Easter Even:—

"The voice of the night-wind,
Scarce heard in the distance,
Comes softly advancing

; From leaflet to leaflet,
To whisper, in trembling,
One prayer o'er its Jesus."

Or this sample of pathos:—

"Who is this that comes from Edom, with his robes from Bozrah dyed?
Say, is this the King of Glory, *with the pale thief by his side?*"—P. 101.

Or judge of the harmony and propriety of this comparison:—

"They are here,—of the departed, the unending muster-roll,
Thick as thoughts which throng the death-scene of the conscience-stricken soul."—P. 103.

Who ever saw such sapphics as these:—

"Calvary's shades have fled: the earthquake slumbers,
In the deep silent lull of Easter-even,
And from the dewy night the dawn grows brighter—
The Lord is risen!"—P. 117.

Or such alcaics as these:—

"These are the gifts which Christ giveth,—gifts of love,
Won from earth's casket,—the Bosom Virginal (?)
God was the Father, God the Bridegroom,
God born in Bethlehem, Son of Mary."—P. 132.

Or such doggrel as this:—

"Hail who in the wilderness
From the world retreating,
Didst the camel's hair put on,
Desert honey eating:

Free from carnal taint of sin;
Water was thy potion;
Thus the world thou puttest off,
Putting on devotion."—P. 215.

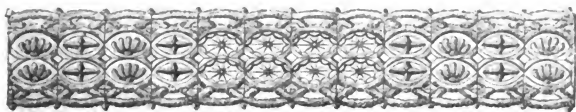
And what does the italicised line in the following mean? It occurs in a christening hymn:—

"O wake from sleep, dear child,
Arise from Death's dark night,
And Jesus, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

See his arms are open wide,
For his little ones alone!
They will press thee to his side,
Surprised white as is thine own."

In one poem (the "Altar Vigil," p. 363) the author does not scruple to relate, apparently as a fact, how even a marble crucifix in the reredos wept and turned its eyes "on priest and acolyte," and then up to heaven, pleading for pity. Surely this is going some way, when a clergyman in English orders reproduces the "*wink and weep* tricks of Roman pictures and images."

We think we have justified the term in which we introduced this book. We will say but one word more—that the best, because the soberest, poems in it are not by the author's hand, but by that of his gifted and lamented sister. While we could wish some even of these other than they are, we could wish also that they could be given us free from the admixture of the grosser and less reverential matter with which they are accompanied.



LETTERS OF ST. JEROME.—THE LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM AT ROME.

Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Stridonensis Presbyteri Epistolæ. Ed. Migne.
Vol. I.

THE letters of the great Church Fathers, from Cyprian to Gregory the Great, extending over more than four centuries, are, to an ordinary reader, the most instructive portion of their writings. They are, for the most part, the letters of men of ability and great devotion, and in the dearth of anything like a good Church historian, they form by far the truest and most lively record of Christian history. They are often written with a spirit and freedom, with an unreserved simplicity, and, at the same time, an unrestrained fire, which are a marked contrast to the more formal works of the same authors, and still more to the rapid productions of Eusebius, Sozomen, and Socrates. Thus in Cyprian we see the great Roman, the founder of the high Episcopal spirit of the Church, dealing with those who resisted his authority at once as the kindly Christian Bishop, and yet with something of the tone of a Roman Emperor, deciding with practical Roman wisdom the case of the re-admission of the *Lapsed*, and denouncing with Roman scorn the arrogant schism of the Novatians. In Athanasius we have a description far more lively than we find elsewhere, both of the orthodox devotion of his monkish supporters, and of what he held to be the judgment of God in the death of his great opponent. The early history of Basil and Gregory at the school of Athens, as it is described in these letters, their romantic friendship and singular quarrels, are a pleasing episode in the

midst of the stern struggles and bitter polemics of the Eastern Church ; while it is far more in the letters of Basil than in his other writings that we trace the versatile genius, the courage, the gifts of command and administration, which gained for him both the enmity and respect of his old schoolfellow Julian, and made him, after Athanasius, the one practical man whom the East produced, "the great Basil." In the letters, again, of the chief *Latin* Fathers, those of Ambrose contain our only record of some of the greatest scenes of Church history, in which he was himself the actor ; and if those of Augustine are of inferior interest, it is because, like almost all great orators, except Cicero, he too often sinks the letter-writer in the rhetorician. Finally, two centuries later, it is in the touching letters of the first of the great Gregories that we see the man who guided Christendom from his bed of suffering—at one time controlling the barbarian Franks and Lombards by the force of his character, at another entering into the minutest details for the direction of the converted Anglo-Saxons, with a gentle wisdom which has made even Gibbon acknowledge that "the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is one of the most edifying periods in the history of the Church."

And yet the letters of the vehement, rude Dalmatian priest, Eusebius Hieronymus, who retained through life many traces of his semi-barbarous origin, must be placed far above any that we have mentioned, both for their vigour, and still more for their historical interest. We have given a sketch of him on a previous occasion as the most eminent supporter of the early monastic system ; but this feature in his character, though it marked his whole life, is far from being the only aspect in which the most learned of all the Fathers deserves to be regarded. Far inferior both in genius and in feeling to Origen and Augustine, Jerome had certain qualities which have made him the most readable, the most modern, and (if such a word may be applied to a Father and a Saint) by far the most amusing, of Church writers. He was the first specimen among them of a thorough *literary* man,—not a *professor*, like Origen, or an *orator*, like Augustine, but a man to whom reading and study were the great delight of his life. His translation of the Scriptures is a model of terse and vigorous Latin, almost a language by itself ; and in this respect, as in others, it is deserving to be compared with our own great translation. There is an occasional boldness of thought and language in his Commentaries which startles his modern admirers, horrified his contemporaries, and drew upon him the mild rebuke (by no means mildly answered) of Augustine. But his *letters* are the best record both of his strange life and his varied ability. Here the curious stories in which he describes his love of the classics and his early hatred of the rough style of the Scripture writers, the singular vision, the

voice which he heard in the desert, "You are not a Christian, but a Ciceronian," and the flagellation which followed; the vow which he describes himself as making, and which, if he ever made it, he assuredly broke, that he would never look into the classics again; his almost boundless reading, joined to a power of memory worthy of a Niebuhr or a Scaliger, which is shown in his constant and apt quotations; the spirit with which he often compares the Scripture writers and the classics,—"*David*," he says, "is *Simonides*, *Pindar*, *Flaccus*, and *Catullus*, all in one;" his minute antiquarian learning, which makes him as much at home in *Ennius* and *Nævius* as in *Cicero*: these traits are but a few samples of the old classical spirit strong within him, which is always flashing out in his best writings, and gives life, and even grace, to his savage polemics. *Erasmus* did not hesitate to place him above *Cicero* as a letter-writer; and certainly it would be difficult to match from *Cicero* his bursts of natural eloquence or his condensed and epigrammatic invective. Such are the proverbs—"Ingenuit totus orbus, et se *Arianum* esse miratus est;" the fine description of *St. Paul*, "*Quem quotiescumque lego videor mihi non verba sed tonitrua audire*," and the constantly quoted sentiment, "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint*;" words which, few are aware, owe their birth to the old monk *Jerome*, who occasionally does not even stop short of a patristic "oath," for the words, "*O Jesu bone*," are of constant recurrence in his letters. But, in fact, he was far enough from being a mere theologian. Monk as he was for half his life, he had thoroughly known the world in its society and its vices during the other half; and he is almost as much the satirist and the painter of human life as *Juvenal* or *Horace*. His style, too, is an admirable one. He was proud of it; for the fault of underestimating his own powers was not one which could be laid to *Jerome's* charge, and he more than once describes his habits of composition. "I like," he says in a letter to the Roman noble *Pammachius*, "to write down a few follies in my note-books, to comment on the Scriptures, to show my teeth a little to my assailants (*remordere ledentes*), and thus to set my digestion into order, and by some practice in general topics to sharpen my arrows and lay them up against the time of battle." (Ep. 55.) Suffering, however, from a weakness in his eyes, he was in the habit of dictating his letters; and he often begs his correspondents, who were chiefly Roman ladies of high rank, to excuse any want of polish in his expressions. In point of force and spirit *Jerome's* letters certainly lost nothing from this habit of extempore composition; but in another respect, for which it never occurred to him to apologize, he might well have done so; for passages of more astonishing coarseness could scarcely be found in the most unreadable parts of *Juvenal*, than many of

those which he writes to his high-bred widows and virgins. This habit, considering the extent to which it is carried by the greatest Church writers, is indeed a very startling feature in the manners of the time, on which it is impossible to dwell fully. Wherever it is possible to be coarse, Jerome certainly is so; but we are far more disposed to attribute this to the spirit of his day, than to any impurity in his own mind. Whatever the cause, his plain speaking has at least helped to make his letters a most living picture both of the Christian and the still remaining Pagan society of his time. And these are the two principal aspects in which we shall at present regard them.

The period at which St. Jerome's letters were written is indeed one of singular interest, for it was the age of the final struggle between Christianity and Paganism; and it may also be called the golden age of Christian theology. We have already given the outlines of Jerome's own life in his connexion with the early days of monasticism, and shall only so far recur to it at present as may be necessary, in order to make his letters intelligible. Coming to Rome as a mere boy, fresh from the provinces, it was but natural, and is, indeed, characteristic of the unsettled temper of the times, that he should have fallen (as Augustine did) into some of the vices of the city; * but even then his life was evidently one of intense study, and after he had repented and been baptized, he passed some time in retirement in Dalmatia, and then suddenly rushed to the East, in order to gratify his passion for a monastic life. He managed, however, soon to quarrel with his monastic friends, and with the spirit of a traveller (which was a curious feature in his character) he returned to Antioch and Constantinople, and then passed through Greece on his way to Rome, making copious notes of all the places he visited, which he afterwards used with effect in his Commentaries. We find him at Rome about the year 382 A.C.; and although he had hitherto published nothing, and chiefly owed his reputation to some graphic accounts of monastic life which had been

* He describes the temptations of the city to which he fell a victim in several passages very powerfully. "Non quasi ignarus fluctuum doctus nauta præmoneo, sed quasi nuper naufragio ejectus in littus, timida navigatoris voce præmoneo. In illo æstu Charybdis luxuriæ salutem vorat. Ibi ore virgineo, ad pudicitiam perpetranda naufragia, Scyllæum renidens libido blanditur. Nolite credere, nolite esse securi. . . ." Again, in a singularly powerful, and also singularly coarse letter to the young Eustochium,—for all the coarsest passages of Jerome are in his letters to ladies,—he says, "Non erubescio infelicitatis meæ miseriam confiteri, quin potius plango me non es, quod fuerim . . . sæpe choris intereram puellarum: pallebant ora jejuniis, et mens desideriis astuabat in frigido corpore, et ante hominem suum jam in carne præmortuum, sola libidinum incendia bulliebant." (Ep. 22.) Again (Ep. 48, ad Domnionem), "Virginitatem autem in cælum fero, non quia habeam, sed quia magis miror quod non habeo."

read in the coteries of the literary Christian ladies at Rome, his fame for learning, especially as a Hebrew scholar, was already higher than that of any man of his time, and he soon became secretary to the reigning Pope Damasus, and held the scarcely less important post of a sort of professor to what may be called a ladies' college, on the Aventine, which was under the direction of the high-minded and enthusiastic Marcella.* The commencement of his letters dates from the year 370 A.C., about fifteen years prior to the period we are now speaking of; and some of the early ones, written in the desert, are amongst the most interesting of the collection. They range, however, over a period of fifty years,—from the thirtieth year of his own life, to his death at Bethlehem, about 420 A.C.; and may be naturally arranged under three heads: (1) Those written from the Desert of Chalcis; (2) those of his three years of his stay at Rome; and (3) those written during the rest of his life from Palestine. Jerome was not a man to forget the world when he entered his cell; and he has left us in this fifty years' correspondence a far more vivid picture than we could gain elsewhere of the vices of heathen and Christians, clergy and laity alike, in the last days of the great city; and of that mixture of heroism and extravagance which marked the zealous party of the revival under the monks and nuns.

§ 1. LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM IN ROME.

First, then, let us take what was the unique feature of the age of St. Jerome, the transition of the Roman world from Paganism to Christianity. It was a change such as the world had never seen, nor could see again, when the old Roman Senate, which still preserved something of the reality of independence, and was the last stronghold of Paganism, yielded reluctantly to the Emperor's command, and after a public conflict between the orator Symmachus and the great Christian champion St. Ambrose, it was decreed by Gratian that the last emblem of Rome's Pagan greatness, the statue of Victory (which the first Caesar had placed in the Senate House, which had been removed by Constantine, and restored by Julian), should be ignominiously cast out, and that it should be penal to offer a single sacrifice in any of the three hundred and twenty temples and shrines of what had been so long the Catholic religion of the world. The

* The account which he gives of this is worth quoting. It is contained in a letter to Asella, written just before he left Rome, and in which he indignantly refutes the calumnies which had been spread against him. "Pene triennium cum eis vixi. Multa me mulierum crebro turba circumdedit. Lectio assiduitatem, assiduitas familiaritatem, familiaritas fiduciam fecerat. Dicant, quid unquam in me aliter senserint, quàm Christianum decebat. Pecuniam cujusquam accepi? Obliquus sermo, oculus petulans fuit? Nihil mihi obijcitur nisi sexus meus; et hoc nunquam obijcitur, nisi quum Ierosolymam Paula proficiscitur."—*Ad Asellam*. Ep. 45 (Ed. Migne).

matter was decided by a formal vote of the Senate, and the scene may indeed at first appear to have its ridiculous side, for there is something ludicrous in the idea of Jupiter being outvoted after a keen debate.* But this is no more than may be said of other religious revolutions, and certainly of our own as much as any, when the faith of centuries was fashioned by the contradictory votes of the parliaments of Henry and Elizabeth; indeed, if we cared to pursue the parallel further we might find in the closing of many of our own churches after the Reformation, and the immediate flood of immorality, a curious resemblance to the last days of Paganism, and an instructive proof that every disruption of old belief must shock for a time the moral convictions of mankind. For Paganism had been, almost from the beginning of the world, with the small exception of the Jews, what we have just called it, the Catholic religion of civilised man. With little to touch the conscience, it was everywhere what Pericles describes it at Athens, "an attempt to relieve the mind by the daily amusement of its sacrifices;" and its power had been felt at Rome far more than anywhere else. The Roman aristocrat under the Empire was usually no believer in his gods; but the worship, and often the priesthood, of peculiar deities, had become an heirloom in most of the great families; and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour, especially after the foundation of the rival and Christian Constantinople, to support "the good old cause," "*cum populo, patribusque, Penatibus, et Magnis Diis.*" The fifteen pontiffs, the fifteen augurs, the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, the six vestals who guarded the symbols of the eternity of the Empire, on which no mortal eyes might look, the three great flamens of Mars, Jupiter, and Quirinus, still remained to remind that proud aristocracy of the days when they had been truly "*rerum domini*;" while the numerous confraternities of Salians, Lupercals, Feciales, Sodales, the thousands of priests supported by large endowments from the State, and perhaps even more, the domestic worship of the Lares, the Penates, the *Fratres Ambarvales*, still bore witness to the fact that the daily life of the highest and humblest Roman was leavened by the habits, if not by the belief, of his religion. It was indeed this habit which more than anything else upheld its sway, and from which the greatest minds were unwilling, or unable, to emancipate themselves. Scipio, whom Polybius describes as a freethinker, was assiduous in his sacrifices; Cicero, who tells us that no two augurs could look each other in the face without a smile, acknowledges to Atticus that the augurship was the highest object of his ambition; and so intense did this feeling continue to the very end, that the greatest Christian Emperors for nearly a century appeared in the astonishing character of

* Gibbon has described the scene with his usual sarcasm, c. 28.

being at once the opponents of Paganism and the Pontifices Maximi of the Pagan gods. Even Theodosius, after his absolute prohibition of Pagan worship, failed to uproot it either from the rustic population of the country or from the nobility; and if we may judge from the tone of Augustine's great treatise, the "*Civitas Dei*," it might have maintained its hold for centuries, if the bands of the Goths and Heruli had not buried Paganism under the ruins of Rome.

Stories illustrative of this singular period abound in the great Christian writers of the day. Thus St. Augustine has left us an interesting controversy with Volusianus, a young scion of the great Volusian family, who was his neighbour as pro-consul in Africa, and whose mother was a zealous Christian; he was engaged with St. Paulinus in a similar attempt to reclaim a young Christian noble named Licentius, who had been tempted into the ranks of the Pagan party by the promise of a brilliant alliance; and Paulinus himself, who became a leading Christian bishop, had been one of the most eminent members of the Pagan party in the Senate, both as consul and as governor of Gaul, before the time of his baptism. But the most eminent Pagan senator and noble of his day was Vettius Agorius Prætextatus, a man of whom we owe some new notices to the letters of Jerome. He was a character of whom the heathen party were indeed justly proud, for he represented the best features of the old Roman noble, and was, as the historian Ammianus describes him, "*præclaræ indolis gravitatisque priscae Senator.*" He figures as a chief speaker in the Saturnalia of Macrobius, the last attempt at an apology for Paganism, and we have a fine letter from the orator Symmachus to Theodosius, in which he prays that a statue may be erected to him, "although he was a man above all dignities, indulgent to others, severe to himself, simple and yet noble, and respected without cruelty." He had borne the highest offices in all parts of the empire, not only in Rome and Greece but in Illyricum, in Lusitania, and in Achaia; and both he and his wife would seem to have been sincere Pagan devotees, and to have attached themselves to that singular *revival* which was connected with the Mithratic worship of the Sun, which formed the leading feature in the eccentric belief of Julian. His wife is described as priestess of the mysteries of Bacchus, Ceres and Cora, of Isis, and of Hecate. A few years before his death, and within ten years of the final closing of all the temples, he had restored their buildings with great care, and had consecrated in the Capitol the twelve statues of the *Dii Curantes*, the guardian gods of Rome. The mere outline of such a man's life may show us that Paganism even in its last days had powerful supporters in the Senate; and Jerome's description of his death is an evidence to the intense bitterness which prevailed

between the more zealous Christian and the old Pagan party at Rome. He is describing the death of a Christian lady of great austerity whom he calls "Pauper Lea," and he adds that the benevolent object of his letter was, "ut doceamus designatum consulem esse in Tartaro." He then proceeds thus :—

"O quanta rerum mutatio! Ille quem ante paucos dies dignitatum omnium culmina præcedebant, qui quasi de subjectis hostibus triumpharet Capitolinas ascendit arces, quem plausu quodam et tripudio populus Romanus exceperit, ad cujus introitum urbs universa commota est, nunc desolatus et nudus, non in lacteo cœli palatio, ut uxor mentitur infelix, sed in sordentibus tenebris, continetur. Hæc vero quam unius cubiculi secreta vallebant, cujus vita putabatur amentia, Christum sequitur, et dicit, quæcumque audivimus ita et vidimus in civitate Dei nostri."

Prætextatus and Symmachus were both evidently "Pagans of the Pagans," whose pure blood was unsullied by the least admixture with Christianity. Indeed the Christian poet Prudentius, who celebrated the conversion of the Senate in glowing verses, and declares that six hundred noble families had become Christian,—

"Sexcentas numerare domos de sanguine prisco
Nobilium licet, ad Christi signacula versos,"—

has some difficulty, when he comes to the point, in finding more than six really *Senatorial* families who had been converted. Amongst them were the Anicii (the earliest and richest converts of all, in the reign of Constantine), the Probi, the Paulini, the Bassi, the Olybrii, and the Gracchi, to whom we should add from Jerome some of the Furiî. These, however, were unquestionably some of the noblest families in Rome, and Jerome had a perfect right—speaking as St. Paul would have said "as a fool"—to glorify the great convert Paula, though she might not be quite "Agamemnonis inclyta proles," as one,—

"Scipio quam genuit, Paulli fudere parentes
Græchorum Soboles, Romani prima Senatus :
Fratrem, cognatos, Romam, patriamque relinquens
Divitias, sobolem, Bethlemite conditur antro."

Their conversion made a great gap in the Pagan ranks, and this was sure in time to be widened by a fact which comes out very vividly in some of Jerome's letters, the numerous "mixed marriages" in families half Christian and half Pagan amongst the nobles, which usually ended by making the whole family Christian. Take for example a striking picture which he gives in a graceful letter to a Roman lady named Læta, the wife of Toxotius (the younger), who was himself the son of the "well-beloved" Paula (the elder). Most of Paula's kith and kin had, under the influence of her own strong and fervid mind, become Christians; and when Læta married into the family

it was evidently hard work for her father-in-law, the old Pontifex Albinus, to stand against the blandishments of his Christian children and grand-children. "When your little one meets her grandfather let her hang round his neck and sing the Alleluia in his ears whether he will or no (*collo dependeat, nolenti alleluia decantet*)," is the shrewd and not ungente advice of Jerome; and in his letter to Læta on the education of her daughter, which is full of his usual good sense and not without something of his usual coarseness, he gives the following lively picture of her Pagan relations; the following passage may be translated, although the forcible style of Jerome's writing will be usually best preserved by the original Latin :—

If anyone supposes that I have been too indulgent as your teacher, let him think of the whole family of your distinguished and learned father, but who still walks in darkness, and he will understand the truth of the Apostle's words, that the sweetness of the branches often makes "the root holy." You were born of a mixed marriage, the child of you and my beloved Toxotius was Paula. Who would have believed that the grand-daughter of the Pontifex Albinus would be born of the faith of the mother, *that in the presence and amid the rejoicing of her grandfather the babbling tongue of the little one would sing her Alleluias, and that the old man would fondle in his bosom the virgin of Christ.* Well and happily have we waited for this. A holy and believing house sanctifies a single unbeliever. He is already a candidate for the faith who is surrounded by a believing crowd of children and grandchildren. Let him spit in scorn, and ridicule my letter, and call me a fool and a madman; this was what his son-in-law did before he believed. Men are made, and not born, Christians. Already the gilded Capitol is in ruins. All the temples of Rome are covered with soot or with the spider's web. The city is moved from its foundations, and the swelling crowds desert the falling shrines to seek the tombs of the martyrs. (Ep. 107, ad Lætiam).

This letter refers to the rapid increase of these conversions from the Pagan nobles, and it supplies us with a still more curious illustration of some of the last struggles between Paganism and Christianity, by a description of what is called the "shutting up of the cave of Mithra." The Mithratic worship, a singular form of Zoroastrianism, had gradually gained an ascendancy among the later forms of worship at Rome, which has never been entirely explained, and it retained to the end a vitality which seems to have made it, more than any other creed, a formidable opponent to Christianity. It is said by Plutarch to have been first introduced into Italy by the Cilician pirates in the war which was ended by Pompey; it was adopted officially by Trajan, and spread in all directions from the time of the Antonines, having its chief temple at Rome in a subterranean cave under the Capitol. Bearing, as it did, a marked Oriental character, it is curious that it should have become quite as popular in the western as in the eastern parts of the empire, for no less than eighty monuments and inscriptions have been found in the Tyrol and in Transylvania. This is not the occasion for a full account of it; it is

enough to say that it evidently owed its influence to an earnestness or asceticism in its character, which (as in the case of the revolting rites of Cybele) gave it a powerful hold over the popular imagination. Its forms of initiation were severe: its votaries were required to swim a river, to fling themselves into the fire, to fast severely, to submit to scourging; while each successive *degree* was represented by the figure of a symbolical animal. It offered, too, in many respects, a marked imitation of Christianity, for it had its baptism for cleansing from sin, a kind of sacred unction like that of confirmation, a bloody sacrifice of a bull, and an offering of bread or wine, which resembled that of the Eucharist. The great Christian Fathers naturally regarded such a mockery with horror and jealousy; but it is obvious that it was to its emblematical encouragement of the moral aspirations of the best Pagans that it owed its power, and we not only find a long list of the highest dignitaries of the Senate inscribed upon its monuments, but men of real earnestness, like Prætextatus and Julian, flung themselves into its worship as the best antagonist to Christianity.*

It required some boldness to assail a worship thus firmly rooted both in the popular and aristocratic feeling; but the first Christian emperors dealt with their Pagan subjects with great consideration, and even the fiery and energetic Theodosius was content to promulgate his edicts against Pagan deities without too strictly regarding their observance. The destruction of the cave of Mithra was, however, evidently looked upon as a considerable feat, and it was carried out by one of the Christian party in the Senate—Gracchus, who happened, soon after Gratian's edict, to be Prefect of Rome, but who apparently had not at the time made an open profession of Christianity. Here, again, Jerome's sarcastic account is very characteristic:—

"Hoc Læta, religiosissima in Christo filia, dictum sit ut non desperes parentis salutem, et eadem fide quâ meruisti filiam et patrem recipias. Nunquam est sera conversio. Latro de cruce transit ad paradisum: et Nabuchodonosor, rex Babylonis, post belluarum in cremo convictum, mentem recepit humanam. Et ut emittam cætera, ante paucos annos propinquus vester Gracchus, nobilitatem patriciam nomine sonans, nonne specum Mithræ, et omnia portentosa simulacra, quibus Corax, Nymphus, Miles, Leo, Perseus, Helios, Dromo, Pater, initiantur, subvertit, fregit, excussit, et his quasi obditiis præmissis, impetravit baptismum Christi?"†

These passages may give some faint idea of the last struggles of the ancient worship in its last stronghold—Rome. They prove that it had still amongst its votaries men of great nobleness of character;

* One of the best accounts of the Mithraic worship is found in Beugnot's "*Destruction du Paganisme*," v. i. 156., and see also M. de Broglie's "*L'Eglise et l'Empire*," v. iii. 166.

† Ep. 107

and even Jerome, with all his fierceness against Prætextatus, is elsewhere ready to acknowledge that "there is an infinite diversity amongst the heathen, some running greedily after vice, while others, by the purity of their morals, are devoted to virtue." In some of its worst forms Paganism lingered on for ages; and, if our space permitted, it would be curious to trace it, both in its occasional explosions and in the long struggle which it maintained among the rough peasantry of Gaul and Italy against the Christian missionaries of the fifth and sixth centuries. One single example will end our sketch.

When Alaric was at the gates of Rome in 408, the Senate and populace were seized with the old idea that the desertion of the Roman deities was the cause of their misfortunes. Their first act was to strangle Serena, the widow of the great Stilicho and the niece of Theodosius, whom the Pagans hated for a marked insult which she had offered to the worship of Cybele. They then even meditated an open restoration of Paganism, and the Prefect of the city, Pompeianus, collected the Tuscan diviners, who promised, by the help of their incantations, to call down fire from heaven on the barbarians. They demanded, however, as a preliminary, the restoration of the ancient sacrifices; and it was only from this insult to the Emperor that the Senate recoiled. This last burst of Pagan feeling was the cause of the greatest work of Christian antiquity, the "*Civitas Dei*" of Augustine. After this time no writer ventured to enter the lists on behalf of Paganism.

§ 2. MORALS OF THE TIME.

II. But the most interesting part of St. Jerome's Letters is that which describes the manners, both Christian and heathen, of his age. Here all his power of sarcasm comes into play, and he gives us the most curious contrasts, often in the life of the same individual, between the decrepit vices of the ordinary Roman, and the fiery and ascetic self-devotion of his earliest Patrician converts. Dealing as he chiefly does with the Christian population, he seldom alludes to what were now almost the sole remaining occupations of Pagan life, the theatre, the circus, and the gladiatorial shows, though we learn from St. Augustine that the savage scenes of the arena were nearly as attractive to Christians as to heathens, and a passage in Marcellinus tells us that three thousand dancing girls were under the especial protection of the Senate. But the picture which we get both from Jerome and Marcellinus, if it is not so black as that of Juvenal or Tacitus, shows us the imperial city in the last dregs of effeminacy. The great body of the Plebs was indeed much the same that it had been from the days of Clodius, except that its appetite for being fed at the expense

of the empire had grown by indulgence, and its annual consumption of public bacon was calculated in the reign of Valentinian at the modest sum of three million six hundred thousand pounds. Its members had even thrown off the very name of Romans, and were known by the nicknames of their different trades and vices, as the Cabbage-Eaters (Semipores), or the Potwallopers (Trullæ), or the Gluttons (Gluturini), or the Screech Owls (Cicimbrici). The Patricians, in spite of their grand titles and pretensions, had sunk even lower. If there was no scope for a Verres or a Clodius among the Paulli and Anicii there was abundance of "smart, perfumed, long-haired profligates," who alternately encouraged their slaves to murder, and murdered them themselves. They had not courage enough, as we hear, to join in the chase, or strength to visit their properties in Campania; they read no books except the loosest, but they were still Romans enough to snub their clients, and look after inheritances and divorce their wives. The ladies were of the same effeminate type. To spend their mornings at the glass, to dye their hair of different colours, to rouge their cheeks and colour their eyes,—never to set foot on the ground except when they were carried in the arms of their eunuchs, or drove with an army of servants through the streets, —to wear robes of the lightest silk, on which the heathen painted the amours of Jupiter, and the Christians the miracles of Christ, and which "covered the body without concealing it,"—was the common life of the fine Patrician lady, Christian and heathen alike, in the days of Jerome. There were strange stories too of those old scandals of the whole of Roman history,—which, singularly enough, reproduced themselves in the similar days of Louis XIV.,—the arts of sorcery and of poisoning.

A few of these features of Patrician life appear in the warnings which are given profusely enough in Jerome's Letters to his Christian converts. Take the following description of the fashionable lady in the account of Blæsilla, Paula's daughter, who served the world of fashion ("*seculo serviebat*") till just before her death:—

"Blæsillam nostram vidimus ardore febrium per triginta ferme dies æstuasse. Redolebat aliquid negligentiae, et divitiarum fasciis colligata, in sæculi jacebat sepulchro. Sed infremuit Jesus, et conturbatus in spiritu, clamavit dicens, Blæsilla, veni foras. Quæ vocata surrexit. . . . *Vidua nostra ante monilibus ornabatur, et die totâ quid sibi deesset quærebat ad speculum. Tunc crines ancillulæ disponebant, et mitellis crispantibus vertex arcuabatur innoxius: plumarum quoque dura molities videbatur, et in extructis thoris jacere vis poterat; nunc adorandum festina consurgit. Soccus vilior auratorum pretium calceorum egentibus largitur. Cingulum non auro gemmisque distinctum est, sed laneum, et quod possit magis astringere vestimentum quam scindere. Nos quia seriâ veste non utimur Monachi judicamur; si tunica non canduerit statim illud e trivio, impostor et Græcus est.*"

Some similar traits, mixed with others of a different kind, are given in the letter to Furia, of whom he seems to have stood in some doubt, *de Viduitate servandâ*. He begins by a curious statement that it was the privilege of the race of Camillus never to make second marriages, so that (he adds) "you are not so much to be praised if you persevere in your widowhood, as to be execrated, if you, a Christian, cannot preserve that treasure which none of your heathen ancestors lost;" he then adds:—

"Juvenum fuge consortia. Comatulos, comptos atque lascivos domus tuæ tecta non videant. Cantor pellatur ut noxius. Fidicinas atque Psaltores, et istius modi chorum diaboli, quasi mortifera Sirenarum carmina, proturba ex ædibus tuis. Noli ad publicum subinde procedere, et spadonum exercitu præeunte, viduarum circumferri libertate." . . "Non ambulet juxtâ te," he says to Salvina, Ep. 79, "calamistratus procurator, non histrio fractus in feminam, non juvenis volsus ac nitidus. Nihil artium scenicarum, nihil tibi in obsequiis molle jungatur."

So in the singular but graceful letter to Læta on her daughter's education:—

"Discat et lanam facere, tenere colum, ponere in gremio calathum, rotare fusum, stamina pollice ducere. Spernat bombycum telas, Serâ vellerâ, et aurum in filiâ lentescens. Talia vestimenta paret quibus pellatur frigus, non quibus vestita corpora nudentur."

It is indeed as easy to describe the day of the fashionable Roman, from St. Jerome, as it is from Horace. We have first a picture of their houses, "the large porticoes, the gilded ceilings, the rooms decorated by the sweat of the prisoners, the basilica, as large as a palace, where the owner may take his daily stroll, as if its ceiling were a grander sight than the vault of heaven." Enter the house, and the first thing which catches your eye will be the "huge antique volumes, written in silver and gold on purple parchments in their initial letters;" but it is not till you get to the dining-room (*triclinium*) that the Roman life begins. Here "a feast is just beginning of more than royal splendour, the cups and dishes are embossed with gold and silver, pheasants cooked with delicacy by a slow fire, wild fowls, and sturgeon, succeed one another, the band of music strikes up, flutes, lyres, and cymbals, the band of parasites is ready to be ridiculed, even the courtesans enter under the very eyes of the wife." The conversation is of the same style, "the absent are ridiculed, our neighbour's life is examined, we are all pulled to pieces in turn." Those are fortunate homes where the husband and wife have not something to say against each other. Sometimes, it is the wife who is to blame, "with her gorgeous robes, her gold, her jewels, her furniture, her litters, her cars, and her eunuchs;" at others she can turn the tables on her husband, "why are all my neighbours better dressed than I? others can be respected, I am a poor creature whom

all the world despises. Why are you always talking with other ladies, or flirting with your maid-servants? who are you going to bring home from the Forum to-day?" In fact, the conclusion of a Roman day "is usually bickering and not seldom poison."*

But the most interesting point in a collection of letters is always the character of the correspondents, and those of Jerome were themselves the best epitome of the spirit of his time. Marcella, Fabiola, Melania, with Paula and her three daughters, and her son, Toxotius, form one of those groups with whom the writings of Roman Catholic devotees still make us familiar. Marcella, in particular (of whom we have already spoken in a previous article) was perhaps one of the most striking characters to be found in religious history; while Fabiola and the fiery young Spaniard Melania supplied an element of romance and eccentricity, to which there was a good deal akin to Jerome himself. The Spanish Christians, indeed, including the great Theodosius and Hosius of Cordova, played a great part in those days; and there was the national union of hardness and enthusiasm in Melania, in which Jerome particularly delighted; for he tells us that when she lost her husband and her two children, she never shed a tear, but exclaimed, "I shall serve Thee, O Lord, more freely now that I am relieved from my burdens." The central figures of the group, however, were the heads of the great Æmilian family, Paula and her three daughters, Eustochium, Blasilla, and Paulina, with the husband of the last, Pammachius. Jerome, who was a good deal of an aristocrat, was not a little proud of these first-fruits of the Roman Senate, "the descendants of Scipio and Paulus, the children of the Gracchi," and in a living passage of rather questionable taste he describes them as his Christian "four-in-hand" (quadriga), though, to make the number of the horses right, he is obliged to forget poor Blasilla, the fashionable daughter, whom he appends in a postscript as a sort of outrider. The passage is a specimen of some of Jerome's peculiarities, and may serve as a sketch of the party.

"In these three Christian women," he says, "I recognise three different gifts of Christ; Eustochium gathers the flowers of virginity, Paula treads the toilsome path of widowhood, Paulina keeps pure the marriage bed; and that one house may possess its four-horsed chariot of holiness, Pammachius is now added to them like a true cherub of Ezekiel. Of this chariot Christ is the charioteer. These are the horses of which Habaccuc sings, 'ride upon these horses, and thy chariots are Salvation.' The horses indeed are of different colours, but they are all full of the same spirit, not waiting for the stroke of the whip, but bounding forward at the voice of the charioteer."

* The descriptions given in letters to different correspondents (ad Marcellam, 43, ad Furiam 44) are combined in this sketch with some passages in the works against Helvidius and Jovinian.

During the life of Paula's husband Toxotius they had all "served the fashions of the world" (*saculo serviebat*), and Pammachius was apparently the only man of the family who was a zealous Christian; after his wife's death, he was the first Roman senator who became a monk, and Jerome describes, in his lively style, the strange spectacle "of the descendant of consuls, the glory of the Tuscan race, who was not ashamed to walk in his rough black dress among the scarlet robes of the senators, and who could meet with jests of his own the ridicule of his old companions" (Ep. 66). The whole party gathered round Marcella in her convent-palace on the Aventine, in something of the spirit of a French salon of Madame de Longueville; and Jerome, when he was accused of living too much with ladies, retorted, sharply, that they were the only persons with either sense or religion in Rome—or, as he called it—"in Babylon, under its King Satan." He sometimes, indeed, lorded it severely enough over these converts, of whom Marcella was the only one who could, as he says, "stop his mouth with her fingers," and keep him in order. He was especially annoyed at any excessive grief on the death of relations,—indeed, he always regarded the loss of a husband as a "liberation;" and when poor Paula wept too much over the lively, and, as Jerome calls her, "lazy," Blasilla, he told her roughly that "she was worse than a heathen, that these tears are detestable, and that when he compared her behaviour with the calmness of the wife of Prætextatus, he found that the handmaid of the devil was better than the handmaid of Christ." We cannot help feeling sorry when he persuaded her to exchange her great sphere at Rome for a cell at Bethlehem; but the letter in which he describes her life and death, though sometimes extravagant, is full of beautiful touches. After saying how cleverly she had confounded the arguments of "a horrid viper, and most deadly beast"—probably Jovinian—he gives a few traits of the family:—

"I will mention another of her achievements which will seem wonderful to those who have made the same attempt. She wished to learn Hebrew—which, for my own part, I have studied diligently from childhood, and still continued to study it lest she should leave me behind—and she so completely mastered it as to sing the Psalms in Hebrew, and without the slightest Latin accent. The same was the case with her holy child Eustochium, who was so devoted to her mother's every wish, that she would scarcely leave her for a moment, never could eat or sleep apart from her, and rejoiced when she saw her mother distributing her whole property to the poor, believing that her own love to her mother was her best wealth and inheritance. Nor must I forget to mention how deep was her joy when she heard that her little granddaughter Paula, the child of Læta and Toxotius, who was born, as it were, in answer to the vows and prayers of her parents for her virginity, had begun in her very cradle, and while she still played with her rattles, to sing the Alleluia, and to utter the names of her aunt and grandmother in her broken words. This was the only longing which she retained to the last for her

country, that she might know that her son and his wife and their daughter had left the world and become servants of Christ. In part she had her wish. For her granddaughter is reserved to be the bride of Christ, her daughter-in-law has now devoted herself to a single life (apart from her husband), her mother-in-law is following her at Rome in those works of faith and charity which she herself has ended at Jerusalem."

The monastic spirit is strong in all this, as it is in every letter of St. Jerome's; but the monastic spirit was needed at the time, and, indeed, for many an age, to keep alive the fire of Christianity; and it would only be but a narrow bigotry which could shut its eyes to the elevation of feeling, and the high sense of duty which has inspired such characters as those of Paula and Marcella.

§ 3. TONE OF JEROME'S THEOLOGY.

We have treated in detail the two subjects which strike us as most interesting in the letters of Jerome, and can only glance at the almost innumerable passages which throw light on other historical, literary, and theological questions, not only of his day, but of our own; for Jerome was at home in history, chronology, and literature, quite as much as in theology, and his passion for travelling has bequeathed to us some most curious notices of the places he visited. If he is wandering in Palestine, he gives the antiquities of every place; and thus it is to him that we owe the most graphic account of the steps taken by the early emperors to desecrate the birthplace of Christianity, when

"From the days of Hadrian to those of Constantine, for 150 years, the temple of Jupiter stood on the scene of the resurrection, and the marble statue of Venus was placed by the heathen on the rock of the cross; for our persecutors believed that if they could but pollute our holy places by idols they would destroy our faith in the cross and the resurrection."

If again he is describing the death of an eminent Christian, Nepotianus, it suggests to him the finest passages of the heathen poets upon death; and after applying the line of Ennius—"licet lacrymare plebi, regi honestè non licet"—to the calmness which should mark the death of a Christian bishop, he suddenly breaks out into a description of the view of the world which he then saw before his eyes:—

"If I could ascend the watch-tower of Xerxes, who wept at the thought of the death of his myriads, I would show you," he says, "the fall of the whole world, the Roman blood which has now flowed daily for twenty years in every land between the Alps and Constantinople; the Goths, the Quadi, the Sarmatians, the Alans, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Marcomans, wasting every part of Dalmatia, Thrace, Macedon, Epirus, and Achaia."*

But, as became the greatest commentator of his age, his chief interest lies in doctrine and in the exposition of Scripture; and it is in these respects that his statements are most valuable, in throwing

* Ep. 60. 58.

light on the religious feelings and temper of his time in a way which would surprise those who look for nothing but "blind bigotry" in a "Father." He was certainly in temper and expression a vehement, and, in fact, a very bitter, churchman; and no one would have uttered the words more heartily, "*Errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo.*" But this only makes his testimony more emphatic, as showing the liberality and almost license of sentiment and opinion of which a "Saint" in the fourth century was not afraid. Not only do we find him assailing with his usual scorn the vices and venality of the clergy, giving little quarter to bishops, handling Augustine himself very roughly, and inveighing, in a tone which has never been uncommon with saints, against extravagance in church decoration ("some," he says, "build the walls and destroy the pillars of the church; the marble shines, the roof* glitters with gold, the minister of Christ alone is indifferent"); but he also speaks on some of the most important subjects with a freedom which it required all Augustine's charity to excuse, and which, to say the truth, sometimes comes very near to irreverence and profaneness. Jerome's opinions on theology—and this topic is the last which we have space to dwell upon—were, in fact, greatly influenced by his admiration for the most learned man whom the Church had hitherto produced, Origen. It is clear from his letters that he was suspected of being his follower, and though in his later life he was anxious to clear himself from the imputation, he will only declare that, if he had once been an Origenist, he was so no longer; while in his earlier days he speaks of Origen's condemnation, in a letter to Paula, with the greatest contempt, and declares that "Rome had compelled the Senate to it, not for any novelty of doctrine or for heresy, as some mad hounds are now pretending; but because they could not bear the glory of his eloquence and learning, which put them to silence." (Ep. 33. Migne.)

Considering the freedom of Origen's speculations, this was very bold language; but Jerome went further, for he adopted, to a much greater extent than any other of the Fathers, Origen's daring method of interpreting Scripture, and while strongly condemning his fanciful notions on the migration of souls after death, he evidently shared his doubts on the eternity of future punishment.† He had been early struck, as he tells us, by the minute inaccuracies, and by what he even ventures to call the "apparent figments" of some of the historical parts of Sacred Scripture, and his first idea was (as he says to Pope Damasus), that they admitted of no explanation—"indis-

* Ep. 52.

† We shall not discuss this point at present, and Jerome is of course (and wisely) more reserved with regard to it. But his opinion is expressed in the concluding paragraph of his Commentary on Isaiah, and on chap. xxiv. v. 21. This is noticed in a remarkable treatise by Bishop Newton, "On the Final State of Men."

solubilia esse, sicut et multa sunt alia." Ep. 36). He particularly instances the different accounts of the generations of the Israelites in Egypt. His learned friends at Rome, however, particularly Marcella and Fabiola, were not content with so vague an answer, and the former was constantly sending him five or six puzzling questions. "Your great questions stir up my torpid wits," he says to Marcella, "and by stirring me up you teach me." In fact, he cut the knot of his difficulties by following the example of Origen, who almost entirely discarded the literal and historical meaning, and in his treatise, *περί Αρχων*, and elsewhere, speaks of the Mosaic cosmogony almost as a fable. Jerome does not, indeed, go the whole length of his master, but he finds many passages "ridiculous and full of error, if we follow the letter which kills," and as regards the Old Testament, his principles of allegorical interpretation almost lead him to the conclusions of modern sceptics. This may sound to some an astonishing assertion about a Father, especially as we are used to "Catenæ" drawn up on this subject, to the effect that all the Fathers believed "every word, every syllable, every iota," &c., of Scripture to be equally inspired. Let anyone, then, take the trouble to see how Jerome treats the story of Abishag, and the letters about the birth of Rehoboam (Ep. 52 and 72: Migne), and he will see that we rather understate than overstate the case.* The "Mimes and the Atellan games" were amongst the most indecent of the ancient spectacles, yet Jerome does not hesitate to say that if anyone takes the story of David and Abishag literally, it must seem to them "some figment of a mime, or an Atellan play." Jerome's raillery on such a subject was not likely to be delicate, nor is it necessary further to allude to it; it is enough to say that, with the deepest reverence for Scripture, he repeatedly disclaims belief in its verbal accuracy, and at the end of his letter lays down the general principle, which is worth quotation:—

"The apostle," he says, "when he speaks against endless genealogies and Jewish fables, seems to me to have forbidden questions of this kind. For what is the use of clinging to the letter and assailing *either the errors of the writer or the exact number of years*, when it is plain that the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life? Read over all the books both of the Old and New Testament, and you will find such disagreements in the chronology, and the confusion in numbers so great between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, that to waste time on questions of this kind is more suited to an idle man than a studious one."

Nor, as this passage may show us, does he at all confine his criticisms to the Old Testament; he is equally bold in facing difficulties and apparent disagreements in the New. Take, for instance, his letter to his convert Pammachius "on the best mode of interpreting

* Jerome's Letters on the Study of the Sacred Scriptures are very numerous and important. See especially 52, 53, 57, 59, 71, 72; Ed. Migne.

Scripture." After referring to St. Matthew's account of the prophecy of the thirty pieces of silver, "there was fulfilled that which was written of Jeremiah the prophet," Jerome adds, "this is not found at all in Jeremiah, but in Zechariah, in wholly different words and in a different order: let them, then, accuse the Evangelist of falsehood, because he neither agrees with the Hebrew nor with the LXX., and, what is more, is mistaken (erret) in the name of Jeremiah instead of Zechariah;" and he proceeds to instance similar inaccuracies in St. Mark, especially in the substitution of the name of Abiathar as High Priest for that of Abimelech. Instances of this kind are of constant recurrence. We do not quote them with a view to defend his general style of allegorical exposition, which appears in its full extravagance, though not without some of his usual humour, in his Scripture arguments against marriage and *digamy*. "Non damno digamos, immo si velint octogamos," he says, "for in the Ark there were unclean animals as well as clean;" but still "the single number is the only 'pure one,'"*impar numerus est mundus*, and it is particularly to be observed that "God did not bless the second day in Creation, because the number *two* was impure." Absurd as all this sounds, it was but the temper of the times, and even that of the old Greek philosophers; and however fanciful Jerome might be in speculations, which were in the spirit of all the Fathers, it is plain that he did not want boldness in dealing with what he held to be merely questions of history and criticism.

At this point we must pause for the present, though certainly from no lack of materials; for we have already said that no contemporary document gives us so keen and clear an insight into the history of one of the most critical epochs of Christianity as the Letters of St. Jerome. They are open, indeed, to the charge that they set before us only the darker side of the picture, for Jerome, though a thoroughly earnest and religious man, was even in his cell at Bethlehem a caustic satirist. To see the tenderer and deeper side of the Christianity of the period, we must turn to St. Augustine. And yet it is a fact of inestimable importance that among the chroniclers of Church history, among the very Fathers of the Church, should be found a man with the strong sense and knowledge of the world, the inquiring spirit, and even the stern and uncompromising temper of Jerome. We have thought it best, even at the risk of some rough and coarse quotations, to show him as he *was* and as he *spoke*; and with all the deductions which may be made from his character, he will always remain a great man,—a man of keen wit, of vast memory and learning, of original power of thought and language, and one whose life, amidst many faults of temper and some of conduct, was yet sincerely devoted to the service of God.

W. C. LAKE.



MINUTE ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.

Affixes in their Origin and Application; exhibiting the Etymologic Structure of English Words. By S. S. HALDEMANN, A.M. Philadelphia, 1865.

OF all the arts and sciences which have exhibited within the last fifty years a development marvellous alike in rapidity and in extent, it is difficult to point to one more remarkable than that which has lately received a full and comprehensive baptism in the title "The Science of Language." It may, indeed, be true that certain arts, or rather certain children born of the holy union between Art and Science, occur more prominently to the mind as illustrations of such development, and that for one who notes the growth of linguistics ninety-nine will put their fingers readily upon the steam-engine, the telegraph, or the photograph, as the grand representatives of nineteenth century progress. It is strange to think how little the parents of the tens of thousands who in the metropolis alone earn their living by photography (from the really scientific advancers of the art down to the dingy, pertinacious, often half-ferocious touter of the door-step and the specimen frame), ever imagined the existence of arts by which their children should earn their bread;* and, again, to reflect how much of his money, not half a century ago, "the king in his treasury" would have counted out that "the queen in her parlour" might possess such a portrait of a child they loved as any "maid in the garden, spreading out the clothes," can now

* "This year fifty new trades have been added to the Directory."—*Times Newspaper*, Review of *London Directory* for 1867, Dec. 26, 1866.

procure for a sixpence, with the feeling that in so doing she has been able to act the patroness to "a hartist," and receive his thanks for such patronage into the bargain. Or again, though we are ceasing to wonder ourselves as the Irish mail whirls us from London to Holyhead in a matter of seven hours, and are disposed not to think our opposite fellow-traveller quite a lunatic who fiercely asserts that the distance could, and should, and must some day or other be done in half the time; yet we are fond of speculating what our grandfathers would have said could they have seen our train fly past; and, *à propos* of the Atlantic cable, are apt to wonder what other difficulty Shakespeare would have made Puck offer to accomplish, had he known that to

"Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes"

would once become a comprehensible enterprise instead of a fairy-land fancy.

And yet there are reasons for the development of these ideas which we do not find apply to the astonishing development of linguistic studies and its interesting results. In the first place, the great inventions of the age appeal to the universal eye; they promote the comfort, they multiply the convenience, and they minister to the luxury of mankind at large; they are, moreover, for the most part, directly profitable. It is something tangible for the poor mother in Scotland to be able to hear from her daughter in London within a post, or for the old folk at home to receive an annual photograph of a new chubby grandchild from the children far away in wide Australia; and for these things the million care a million times more than for all the results attained by all the etymologists on earth; but this makes all the more to the credit of the students, who work with a noble phrensy for objects unlikely to be gained in their own generation, and lay the gradual stepping-stones on which their followers may hope to cross, in distant time to come, the muddy torrent of ignorance which sweeps between that which is known and that which is knowable in their favourite pursuit. Yet the main difference in the two classes of development is one which accounts for any difference conceivable in their extent. The mechanical engineer, the telegraphist, the scientific photographer are all working on the border-land of discovery; their course from day to day is practical; they are the backwoodsmen, the pioneers of scientific civilisation, bringing modern experiences to cultivate the primeval fallows: and, clearing further space from day to day, they have the continual excitement of expecting to open new tracts of rich fertility, and to discover new vistas of beauty. And how many such rewards they have enjoyed! How many a bright invention has suddenly and unexpectedly blazed with

a dazzling brilliancy on patient eyes that had long been seeking, yet had seemed to seek in vain! And how many a time, on the other hand, has the discovery of some apparently trifling fact, or apparently unimportant principle, been as it were the needle's point to couch blind eyes and let the glorious light flood in!

But this is not the case with linguistic study. It is true that now and then some principle connected with it, being strongly pressed by some special observer, seems thenceforward, and justly, to belong to himself as a discovery; so we may speak of "Grimm's law" as one of the accepted canons of linguistics. Yet it was the instinctive perception of this very law, though he perhaps never thought of defining it, which made Mezzofanti a living miracle of language, quite apart from any influence upon his powers or acquirements which Grimm's writings could ever have exercised; for he would have been equally a wonder of his age had Grimm (whose labours are a thousand-fold more valuable than Mezzofanti's wasted talent ever was) had no existence. The student of language has nothing to hope from experiment, no expectation of a royal gem to be found one day amidst the barren sand, and to give him wealth and fame and power; his business is with the past rather than with the future, to observe rather than to originate; his study is historical, not speculative; accumulative, not creative; and just as, to use an homely instance, the few men who study real history do more good thereby than the many who read their newspaper every morning of their lives, so we may consider that the student of language who sacrifices his time to conscientious investigations in the field of his choice is really doing exceptional and self-denying work, and that if, in spite of all its difficulties, and all its drawbacks, this study, in its general acceptance, in its conscientious pursuit, and in its actual results, exhibits, as it does, an amazing development, such development is far more matter for astonishment and admiration than that of great physical discoveries, the search after which, despite of many difficulties and innumerable failures, holds forth such far greater attractions, and now and then confers such magnificent rewards.

We are strongly disposed to regard the publication of such a book as that of Mr. Haldemann, the title of which we have prefixed to our present paper, as a striking instance of what we have premised as to the development of linguistic science, as well as to the labour and self-denial of its followers. It is in fact a dictionary of prefixes and suffixes, which its compiler classes collectively under the more extensive term of *affixes*; and the very sound of such a collection seems enough to frighten away the general reader. Thousands of people, thinking it well to repeat what one distinguished man has said, will declare that there is no more agreeable reading than to take

up Johnson's Dictionary, and to peruse it from A to Z, devouring the distinctions, definitions, illustrations, explanations, and quotations of word after word and page after page. Perhaps it is entertaining, for once; it is well to have tasted, for once, a German "*Häring Salat*," that marvellous combination in minute mincemeat of almost every sort of flesh, fowl, and fruit with one sort of fish; but we do not think much can be said for the digestion of either repast; and the strange thing is, that though many talk of such dictionary-dipping as we have referred to as a pleasant matter, very few ever really have recourse to it at all. Yet this is a studying of whole words; Haldemann's book, to carry on the image, is made up of still minuter mincemeat; he gives us not only words, but little bits of words, not merely a rough separation of limb from trunk, but an almost microscopic dissection of the very tiniest articulations, and even a solution of parts, between which lapse of time, laziness in utterance, and want of observation, seem to have established an almost inseparable symphysis.

His definition of an affix we subjoin, implying as it does a very important element in the study of word-structure, that every part of a word has its own special force and meaning, and in fact that there is really no such thing as unnecessary superfluity in the parts of any word. He says, p. 27:—

"Affixes are additions to roots, stems, and words, serving to modify their meaning and use. They are of two kinds—*prefixes*, those at the beginning, and *suffixes*, those at the end of the word-bases to which they are affixed. Several affixes occur in long words like *in-com-pre-hen-s-ib-il-it-y*, which has three prefixes and five suffixes (to the base *hen*)."

Now this peculiar minuteness of detail it is which, while it greatly enhances the value of the work for the diligent student, must diminish its immediate interest for the general reader; the very fear of the extent of examination attempted is sufficient to warn off the superficial observer, and thus practically to limit the circulation of the book. This in itself really proves that its author, while content to spend far more labour on his work, is also conscientious enough, in exact proportion to such diligence, to sacrifice his own immediate acceptance and profit to making his book more permanently valuable and useful. But we may go further in illustrating a self-denial which belongs not alone to Mr. Haldemann personally, but also to his fellow-labourers generally in the linguistic field. If he had chosen to enlarge upon one-tenth of the words he here illustrates, giving their derivations and history, exhibiting not only their structure, but the history of their structure, he might have produced a work full of interest, instruction, and entertainment for the general reader; a class of book which we are inclined to believe, with a far better

chance of continuous sale, has as good a one of immediate success and acceptance as most of the ephemeral productions in the walks of fiction and description which crowd the shelves of publishers and fill the boxes of the circulating libraries. The whole compass of history, customs, ethnology, the whole circuit of science, the widest collections of dialectic forms, spread over centuries of long-forgotten gossip and folk-lore, might for such a purpose have been laid under contribution, and, in the hands of a man of merely average ability, have formed a volume of surpassing interest. But this Mr. Haldemann has not done; his self-imposed task has been a definite one; he has, of course, in most cases, in searching for results, gone through the whole process which such results require; but he has been content to skim the cream of the results themselves from the milk, good enough in its way, of such processes; he has had to deny himself that which all must admit to be one of the greatest pleasures of the word-hunter, and to check his pen, where it might willingly have lingered, over striking and interesting facts, analogies, resemblances, and coincidences, the imparting of which to others forms in itself a most seductive enjoyment. But to make his book what he has intended it to be, he has restricted himself with an admirable self-denial to giving merely and only the structure of words in the baldest and most succinct form; contenting himself here and there with quotations in proof of views which otherwise we might be unwilling to accept—quotations which prove not only very extensive reading, but also that rare power of assimilation and apt use to which all extensive reading, if not proportioned and subordinate, must prove at best unprofitable.

The fruit of such self-restriction is to be found in the fact that Mr. Haldemann has compressed in an elegantly-printed octavo volume, containing from cover to cover only 270 pages (and, exclusively of Introduction and Appendices, only about 200), a collection more rational, complete, and exhaustive of the component parts of our language than we have had any good right to hope for within the present century; that he has produced, with great labour and with great success, what we may fairly pronounce to be not only a most practical useful work, but one absolutely indispensable to systematic and thorough students of language—as calculated, on grounds of scholarship, to fix the true meaning of multitudinous forms, to shorten labour, and to save the student from innumerable conjectural errors, as well as from the disappointment which follows on the discovery of their erroneousness. And in doing this, he has also established a claim on our gratitude in enabling us to welcome, as we most cordially do, the appearance of another highly skilled and worthy labourer in that American school which, not to mention other

honoured names, has made that of George P. Marsh, through his admirable "Lectures on the English Language," a household word amongst us all.

And having said thus much in favour of the book before us, we shall certainly not be supposed desirous of depreciating its author's merits, if, on a closer examination, we venture to indicate some few points on which we differ from his deductions, and would suggest, should he see fit to introduce them, certain slight alterations of detail in future editions, which we trust may be called for, of his work.

In the first place, we are disposed to imagine that he commits a very natural error in expecting his book to be used as a class-book. We cannot but lament the probability of his disappointment in such an expectation. None could rejoice more than ourselves in learning that such a book were studied by intelligent teachers, and its lessons imparted with their assistance to the young; but, however desirable, we can entertain no sort of sanguine hope that such a state of things can be. Superficiality of acquirement is what the age delights in; most unfortunately, the "proud, conceited, trifling spark," whom it was so often poor Mrs. Piozzi's

"Lot to mark,
Who round and round the world has been
To see whatever could be seen;
Returning from his foreign tour
Grown ten times emptier than before,"

has become more or less a type of our modern recipient of general culture. In education, as in travelling, it is apparently thought of more importance to traverse space in the shortest time, than to derive benefit from examination of the space traversed, and speed is praised which renders observation impossible. What matters it to the exalter of the powers of high pressure how little he really knows of Europe and its various countries and characters, so long as he can boast that he lunched on Monday in Galway, dined on Tuesday in Paris, and had a late supper on Wednesday in Vienna; he can speak with confidence from personal knowledge of Ireland, England, France, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria; he has travelled through them all; half the time, indeed, he was in darkness, and, it is true, he slept now and then by snatches in the day-time; yet he has *done* (this is the established phrase) these various countries, and has some sort of right to style himself a travelled man. And even so with studies; how very very few there are who are masters of a single subject out of the multitudinous range of knowledge! and how universal, for instance, is the obloquy heaped upon poor Lindley Murray's name by multitudes who, with as much conception of the nature of grammar as an Aztec has of electricity, yet consider themselves qualified to air

their conjectures upon words, and criticise or cavil at far better works than Murray's, which they cannot understand! Fancy the average British parent who, not considering himself by any means an ill-read man, should on inquiry, when his boy comes home from school, be told that in English literature his time had been occupied for half a year or so with studying Affixes! He might say with a smooth forehead, but with doubt in his heart, "Very good, my boy; very useful; glad to hear it;" but the chances are he would use the term afterwards amongst his friends as aptly as landsmen playwrights use nautical expressions, or as the father of a public-school boy did to a tutor of our acquaintance with whom he was about to place his son for a finish, saying, "He is an *excellent* mathematician," when it turned out that the poor boy had never heard of Euclid or algebra, and that the general term "mathematics," at public schools, is applied to that particular branch of the subject which is limited to simple arithmetic up to the rule of three!

Another strong reason against such a work as the present being likely to become a class-book is, that of necessity it embraces but one branch of a most extensive subject, and that, too, a branch growing very high up upon the tree. Of the truth of this fact Mr. Halde-mann gives a very striking illustration, though for a different purpose, that, namely, of showing how necessary it is that such a subject should be more industriously and comprehensively studied in the course of general education. The following most instructive extract is taken from the 12th page of his Introduction:—

"Those unaccustomed to the analysis and discrimination of words have a vagueness of idea which is exemplified in the following attempts at definition, given by the members of a class who had been studying Greek and Latin for several years, but without having their attention directed to the etymologic bearings of their studies.

Annihilate—To break up, drive away, reduce, demolish.

Annul—To abolish, drive off, cut off, demolish.

Exterminate—To put out, put an end to, decrease.

Eradicate—To kill, extinguish, shoot, radiate.

Anniversary—A celebration.

Anodyne—Something to cause sleep, medicine.

Desperate—Furious, fierce, wild, savage, ferocious, mad, uncontrollable, not to be trifled with.

Ligament—Sinew, tendon, muscle.

Prevail—To coax, ask, beg, compel, attack.

Ruminating—Roaming, carrying burdens, useful, domestic.

Immense—Great, large, very large, vast.

Protect—To defend, guard, take care of, keep from.

Elucidate—To explain, describe minutely.

Explain—To show.

Regulate—To put in order, put in place.

Definite—Particular, true.

Ecstasy—Joy, delight, excitement.

Docile—Gentle."

This list, which we have thought it important to transcribe *in extenso*, proves to our mind much more than our author intends. He gives it as an illustration (and to a certain extent it is a very good one) of certain propositions which he thus enunciates:—

“It is a common error to suppose that pupils who do not study Latin and Greek can acquire the power of analysing words from a dictionary, and that those who learn these languages get at the same time a competent knowledge of etymology. As a distinct science, it requires a special study, both by those who do and those who do not learn Greek and Latin, and a book of this kind will be found almost as useful to the college graduate as to the pupil whose studies have not been extended beyond his own vernacular.”—P. 12.

We draw another moral than Mr. Haldemann from this list. In the first place, so far from the belief that a dictionary can teach analysis of words to one who knows neither Latin nor Greek being a *common* error, we must call it an *uncommon* error, and a preposterous one; we agree that etymology should be a separate study, but we cannot but go far beyond the deduction that such a book as the one before us will be found *as* useful to the college graduate as to the possessor of what is so ludicrously called an *English* education. We hold it likely to prove fifty times more useful to the former than to the latter, for the simple reason that to those who know nothing but “their own vernacular” the study of etymology is a hopeless and uninteresting task. They cannot progress in it; investigation is impossible to them; all they can conceive of the study must be taken on trust, and their struggles, at best, are those of a man under nightmare, turning in every direction to escape a peril, finding all ways alike open, yet conscious at every turn of inability to move. They are paralysed by their own ignorance; their intentions may be good, their interest may be awakened, their talent may be great, but their progress is hopeless till they turn to the diligent study of the tongues which made our language what it is.

And the truth of this view is proved by the list we have quoted; if “the members of a class which had studied Greek and Latin for many years” could only offer for the word *ruminating* such explanations as “roaming, carrying burdens, useful, domestic,” what hope can be entertained by the most sanguine that better results would appear in the acquirements of a class which never studied Greek and Latin at all, even when assisted by so scholarly and valuable a book as this we are considering?

We should be glad to think otherwise than this; glad, too, to be proved wrong in our opinion; it would speak highly indeed for the spread of linguistic knowledge, if general culture and honest appetite for such pursuits should one day be so developed as to let us see the principles and structure of our native tongue so thoroughly taught in every school as to make the work before us indeed a class-book as

necessary as it would be useful. We can only heartily wish that Mr. Haldemann may live to see that happy day. But other things have to be done first; amongst them, not only Greek and Latin—source of one part of our language—must be studied, but Anglo-Saxon—all-essential, though nearly universally neglected—should be studied as well. A boat can make but little way moved by two oars at one side, and none at the other. And grammatical forms and inflections must be studied too, or half the sources of advancement are at once cut off. These branches should be deeply grafted upon the so-called *English* education, before the work before us can get fair play from the average learner, while giving fair help to the exceptional student. It will take most of the time of the school-boy and undergraduate to get thus far on a sound foundation; and therefore we opine that this book will prove *more* useful a thousand times to the more advanced than to the embryo scholar.

And, this fact being granted, we must also, paradoxical though it may seem, assert that it is probably to the advantage of linguistic study in general, that such a work as this should be rather limited to a select few than employed in the education of the many. We will adduce a parallel in support of this assertion.

It is the unhappy fashion of our time and country that a smattering of music is taught to at least all the daughters of families in the middle and upper classes. It is certainly true that in many, even in most instances, parents undertake the expense of masters, submit to the unpleasantness of compelling their children's attention to what is, at least in the beginning, a general drudgery, and in their own persons suffer many a miserable hour of nervous irritation from the spasmodic struggles called practising; and that they do this honestly for their children's sakes, in the hope that their ear, which is not created perfect, may be trained to some sort of accuracy, and that the taste for sweet sounds which, at some later date, may be developed, may (when it comes, if it come) find sufficient mechanical dexterity at hand to aid it to a fruitful pleasure-giving issue. None will dispute that such conduct towards children is in itself praiseworthy and self-denying; but what are the results? Why, that in every society we enter, every young lady who, with or without a talent for music, has gone through a course of instruction is supposed to play or sing; more than this, she expects to play or sing; she may be shy perhaps of exhibiting her own modest powers in the same arena as a skilled musician who has just performed before her, but, nevertheless, she and her entertainer would both feel it a sort of slight if she were not asked to do her part. And this tacit assumption is acted upon, and the British evening produces in consequence, as far as music is concerned, just such an idea of pleasure as one may take in trying to

comprehend the quality of study pursued in a school where six or eight classes are under *cira voce* instruction at the same time.

It may be suggested that this state of things proves the development of a delightful art, and the wide spread of musical taste. We cannot think so. The very inequality of movement seems to us to hamper the machine. For, from the custom we have referred to springs another which tends to the very destruction of the musical taste of whose extension we hear so much. Just because the vast average of social music is so low in quality, the habit spreads of truly caring nothing for the best. We do not mean to say that the British public will not listen to music in a concert-room; that they pay for, and expect their money's worth; but certainly as regards instrumental music, of the best schools of composition, and of even an excellent amateur execution, general experience must admit that in English average society it "wastes its sweetness on the desert air." The first few chords are struck, and all are for a moment hushed; a sort of instinct of acknowledgment seems to thrill through the audience, a sort of admission that here is somewhat more than common, and for a dozen bars the course of conversation seems to lull. But then a whisper begins it, a louder one succeeds, pair after pair join the chorus, and each, to be heard by his neighbour, must speak louder than the last, since he has a greater din to overtop; so the "*sotto voce*" changes to the "*forte*," and whispers become vociferations, till we have had the shame to see a truly excellent performer quietly shut up her music in the middle of a movement, and calmly receive the usual chorus of "thank you very much," "how sweetly pretty," which follows the silence of the piano, with a touching unconsciousness on the part of her hearers that she had not done as most young ladies do, and calmly ground her organ-barrel to a peaceful end.

Now, such a state of things as this, deplorable as it is, may really be traced to the error of endeavouring to generalise a study for which only special constitutions are adapted. If none but good performers and true musicians, whether artists or amateurs, were encouraged to make themselves heard, the after-dinner Briton would not abhor, as he generally does, the "tea and a (very) little music," which in his mind is associated with a great deal of distasteful sound; but so general is a low sort of musical acquirement, that all feel as they come up to the drawing-room that the whole remaining part of the evening must be occupied by music, if the hostess be not willing to affront some of her female guests who are supposed to be musicians; yet people meet for conversation, and the time in the drawing-room before departure should be looked upon as sacred to the duty of compensating for hard fate in the restraint which uncongenial dinner-

partners may have put upon them. And as they will talk, the music suffers ; and feeling this to be a rudeness, they hate the music, which, unwilling to hear, they are unable to appreciate, or which, being below appreciation, they endeavour to drown the sound of ; and thus it is that the domestic music of the present day, wide and universal as its practice is, fails of making us a musical nation. There is too much of bad to let us enjoy what is good ; and the rudeness of the indiscriminating hinders others from learning to discriminate. If we were offered less strumming we should learn more music, and the true taste which as yet we have not would be cultivated and developed, so that music in England, apart from that heard in regular concerts, and listened to there, would be no longer a mockery to foreigners and a misery to ourselves.

Now, though this be a very long parallel, it takes but very little time for us to apply it to the subject in hand—the popularisation, in schools and classes, of minute etymological study. As the forcing of music on all our young ladies does not really make one thorough performer among a hundred, and practically retards the growth of true musical taste and feeling, so minute linguistic study, if required from every ordinary intellect, would produce a superficiality of general acquirement sufficient to discourage altogether the true student. Those who have the happy taste for such pursuits will go to them as the bee to the flower or the duckling to the water, and such may use, must use, such works as that before us ; but how many of these are in a class at school, or in a year at college ?

We cannot, in short, agree with Mr. Haldemann in thinking the time arrived, or even likely to arrive, for such teaching in general classes, and we therefore think his opinion erroneous, though such error be most pardonable, springing, as it does, from a faith in his own well-chosen pursuit, which verges on enthusiasm ; and, after all, it is but a matter of opinion at the best, which no more affects the great merits of his book than a dispute as to the wisdom of eating mustard with (let us say) muffins, affects the pungency of the mustard.

But it is time that we should now turn more specially to the examination of details in the work itself, and note, amidst much that displays unusual research and accuracy, a few points, chiefly of etymology, on which we incline to differ from our author. And in doing this, and treating these points in the order in which they lie, we cannot avoid remarking, as we pass, sundry interesting matters which meet us in the Introduction.

As exhibiting the general ignorance of the difference between roots and derivatives, he quotes from the sixteenth edition of Sullivan's English Grammar the following definition :—"A primi-

tive word cannot be reduced or traced to any simpler word in the language, as *man, good, content*," and proceeds to argue, "Hence *content, relent, retentive, tenable, con-, re-, sus-, abs-, ob-tain*, are each to be considered a primitive, though *TEN* of the Latin *teneo* is precisely the English *tain*."

But it strikes us that Mr. Haldemann has here mistaken what he censures. The words cited form a mere definition, not of an ultimate root, but of a word traceable to no simpler *English* form; and it can scarcely be said that we have any true English word *tain*, though that collocation of letters forms a part of many words. But the implied censure is surely justified when he says of some other books which he does not name, "A school-book gives *person, turn, and talk* as radical words. Another gives *bitter, date, deed, fix, and sight* as 'primitive words or roots,' &c."

The existence of such views, if views they can be called, fully justify the endeavour to draw attention to the subject of true roots.

Further on we come (p. 11) to what is, in fact, a key to the purport of the whole work:

"As the form of most words depends upon their modifying portion, the extent of our knowledge of their structure and value will depend in a great degree upon the number of distinct modifying elements or affixes we may be able to determine and appreciate. But as these affixes are applied to different classes of words, and assume various disguises, it becomes necessary not only to know, for example, that on-*ce* is *one* with -*ce*, and toward-*s*, toward with -*s* suffixed, but to be able to decide that these and the *s* in *thus*, in *master*, and in *satisfy* constitute but one etymologic element; whilst the *s* of *amnesty, alm*, *thesis*, and *Asia* forms a different one."

And what a valuable maxim is here laid down (p. 12):

"Instead of allowing a little knowledge of derivation to be the accidental result of the study of Greek and Latin, principles (of etymology) should be mastered first, or be studied simultaneously (with Greek and Latin), as the proper basis for the study of language in general."

Mr. Haldemann goes on to say, and it is but just to say that he has earned the right to give an opinion:

"We are of opinion that there are not 300 roots in any language, and if this view is correct, a knowledge of the affixes which give form and meaning to 100,000 English words must be of extreme value, greatly diminishing the time devoted to the dictionary, and giving the inquirer the means of consulting it understandingly."

These extracts may serve to show the scope of the work, of which its author says very fairly, (p. 13):

"A book of this kind has been a desideratum in the *analysis of words*, and as an *introduction to English lexicography*, definitional and etymologic—the meagre outlines given in dictionaries and grammars presenting nothing approaching to completeness."

The latter part of this statement is true enough, and we are tempted to put another rather depressing truth beside it, namely, that however meagre and however incomplete such outlines are, they are not mastered in their few details by one out of a thousand even of those who in the present day imagine themselves average members of the noble fraternity of word-grubbers.

We now pass to some of the minor points of detail, on which we must disagree with Mr. Haldemann.

At pages 28 and 50, he gives the word *irk* as the stem of *u-ork*, and *irk-some*. But in this instance we cannot but feel that he has been misled by a similarity of sound, forgetting Max Müller's valuable reminder, that "sound etymology has nothing to do with sound." He is right enough in referring the word *work* to the same root as *org-an*, *lit-urg-y*, *en-erg-y*, *s-urg-ery* (and, we may add for illustration's sake, German *wirk*, and Greek [F] ἔργον); but he is wrong in saying, that *irk* is disguised in the words. The word *irk* is cognate with the German *aerger*, vexation, *aergern*, to vex, which we find in the Middle High German form still closer to the English, *ergen*, to excite to evil,* a form to be traced still further in the Old High German, *arc* (equivalent, more or less, to the modern *arg*, bad), and *argo!* in the interjectional form for *coward! bad fellow!* (in war), matched by the Longobardic *arga!* in the same sense. The German language affords us here an interesting parallel to the sense of vexation (*irk*, *ärgern*) being expressed by a term expressing badness; for we find in it the common form "böse werden," literally "to become *bad*," signifying "to be vexed," "to experience vexation," "to grow angry."

At page 29 we find the sense of *clothe* assigned, amongst others, to the Latin word *inducere*, while the only sense in which this word can be rightly so used is given separately, "to put on (get on) a shoe," &c. It is only by a strong metonymy that this sense of clothing can be assigned to the word at all, and the meaning should have been either entirely omitted or the peculiar origin of it explained. The instances given in White and Riddle's great Dictionary,† exhibit the true history of such a sense. "Albenti humeros induxit amictu" (Statius, S. 5, 2, 67), though expressing the act of putting on a garment, means literally "he got his shoulders *into* a white garment," and the very same is the literal force of the passage from Virgil (*Æn.* VIII. 457), "tunicâque inducitur artus," though the structure in the one instance is with the ablative case, in the other with the Greek accusative. And this apparent neglect of the original transitive force of Latin verbs compounded with prepositions, combined with that of the fact that such verbs either use or imply a second preposition, leads

* Compare our expression, "to egg on."

† Longmans, 1866.

him to what is either an actual error or an undemonstrable conjecture in the assertion (p. 92) that—

“The sign of the infinitive mood being identic with the preposition *to*, this double use of the same vocable causes *to* to lose its force as a preposition and to be transferred to the condition of a prefix.”

In laying down (p. 34) a warning against hybrid derivations (that is, against deriving parts of the same word from two different languages), which we wish we could feel was as unnecessary as it is obvious, Mr. Haldemann gives an amusing example of a feat accomplished in this direction. He says,

“As compound hybrids are seldom used by the educated, the etymologist must not resort to two languages until he has found that one language is not sufficient. *Caligula*, from *caliga* (a military shoe), must not be referred to the Greek *καλός*, *handsome*, and Latin *gula*, *a neck*,” &c ;

and in a footnote to this he states that—

“Such etymology, and entomology as bad, have been furnished ‘By authority’ to the defrauded citizens of New York, in a book on injurious insects, by E. Emmons, M.D. Here, to cite a single example, *Notiophilus* (from *νότιος*, *wet*, and *φιλος*, *lover*) is rendered *notion beetle* !”

It would be strange indeed to find no slip in such a book of word-essence as that before us, yet a similar error to this occurs at p. 135, where, in treating of the suffix *-dom*, Mr. Haldemann states that in Old High German it was (rarely) used as a prefix, as in *tom-pfaffo*, *priest-dom*. Now *tompfaffo* is the modern *dompfaff*, and means not *priest-dom* at all, but a *cathedral-priest*, and, from the supposed rotundity of a dignitary's figure, has gained the further signification of a *bull-finch*.

Under the prefix *a* for *ad*, p. 41, we find the unsatisfactory *assez*, *enough*, given as the origin of our word *assets* (of a bankrupt, &c.) It is true that Richardson (and Webster, though scarcely an etymological authority), give this explanation ; but if the special use of a word can give any clue to its special origin, this must be rejected. It is just when a debtor has not “*enough*,” that he speaks of his *assets*, and the fact of the plural form only of the word *assets* being used, should suffice to overturn so poor a derivation. Our use of the words *off-set*, *set-off*, in much the same sense, should show us that the origin of *assets* is to be found in the root of *set*, the prefix *a* or *as* being quite as easily referred to English *at* as to Latin *ad*. In fact, *assets* means available items *set against* liabilities.

We note that Mr. Haldemann refers the word *laudanum* (p. 46) to *anodyne*, calling the former a corrupt Latinised form of the Greek *Νωδυνον*, an imagined neuter adjective from *Νωδυνία*, absence of pain. We have here known an ingenious effort to derive the word from the verb *λήγειν*, in a causative sense, to make to cease, and *ὀδὺ* η

pain, which would be a better explanation of the nature and effect of laudanum than the other; but after all, the best to be said for either of these conjectures (for they are nothing more) is, that they are not so preposterous as that handed on by Webster, who derives *laudanum*, from *laudandum*, as meriting praise!*

Now the fact is that the form *laudanum* never was Latin at all, corrupt or pure; but *ledanum* and *ludanum* are both used by Pliny, the latter in the passage "*ladano sistitur alvus*," showing one of the main modern employments of tincture of opium to be assigned to what was called *laudanum* in his day. He further describes the nature of the extract, and the origin of the word, as both coming from the Greek word *λῆδον*, a shrub growing in Cyprus, from which *ledanum* was made. He explains his use of the form *ludanum*, by stating that the shrub was called *lada* by a barbarism, "*ladam vocant talem barbaro nomine*." The plant was, in fact, as Livy shows, the gum *cistus*, *Cistus creticus*. Now every gum at one time was called a *balsam* or *balm*, which word, by figurative use, has come to bear the general meaning of *anodyne*. The tincture of opium in process of time having become possibly the most effectual, certainly the most general sedative, usurped to itself first the office, and then the name of one particular sedative, much in the same way as, in English and German, the word *tea* has, within the last couple of centuries, arbitrarily taken the place of *decoction*, as in the forms *beef-tea*, *Camillentea*, &c. Pliny (like Mr. Haldemann in this exceptional instance) was content to go back to the Greek form, thinking any other a simple barbarism; but it is interesting to note that the Greek *λῆδον* was but a softening after all of the Persian form *lâdan*, the long *a* in which resumed its rightful place in the Latin word, not by barbaric error, but by true linguistic instinct.

We must further dispute the reference of our verb *to quash* to the Latin *coactus*, though Mr. Haldemann gives this (p. 53) as the origin on no less an authority than that of Diez; we have, however, failed to find that Diez treats the word *esquachier* at all, to say nothing of deducing it from *coactus*; and our edition of Diez is, we believe, the latest, that namely, of 1862. The (late) Latin of the jurists has the verb *casso*, *cassare*, in the exact sense in which alone we use the word *quash*, and this seems to us quite as sufficient as, and more rational (as a proximate, not as an ultimate derivation) than the root assigned on Diez' authority. We would also demur to old French *couroyer*, Italian *corredare*, for to curry (leather, &c.), though this is given on Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's authority; our reasons for assigning the word an entirely different origin are, however, too lengthy to be inserted here.

* Webster, 1861. Altered in later editions.

The parallel of "*incline*, as if *in-ge-lean*, κλίνω, I bend" (p. 51), seems to us an ultra refinement; and we are disposed to make the same objection to the statement in the third section of the prefix *dis* (p. 63), that "In . . . *discolour*, *discomfort*, *disease*, *discord*, *disaster*, the (separative) idea of *dis* is allied to that of Greek *δυσ*, ill, badly."

Again, under the prefix *for* (which Mr. Haldemann interprets as equivalent to "be, from, against, entirely," without expressing the additional senses of destruction and abandonment), we note a curious ignoring of the modern English *do* (German *thun*, Old Saxon *duan*, Anglo-Saxon *dón*), in referring the old English word *foredo*, to ruin, to the Latin *perdo*. The clear meaning of the Latin *perdo* is to lose (though unquestionably derived from *per* and *do*), but to *foredo* means to lose wilfully; so, if our word were still in use, to say a spendthrift had foredone his fortune would express something far beyond the mere assertion that he had lost it.

In this connection also we would relegate the *fore* in *foreshorten* from the class of *for=per*, in which Mr. Haldemann places it, to that of *fore=pro*.

At page 81, we are told that to *perjure* is "to swear beyond the truth," and that to *persuade* is "to exhort much." Here the sense of violation, breaking *through*, is overlooked in the former instance, while that of *successful* exhortation is overlooked in the latter; since a person may be *exhorted* very much indeed without being *persuaded* at all.

We find it difficult to agree with the treatment which identifies the Latin prefix *ob* with the English *up*, as is done at page 77, for surely to translate the sense conveyed by the prefix in the words *upright*, *upset*, *uphold*, &c., by the words *against* or *upon* amounts to pedantry; while our author's adoption of Kaltschmidt's derivation of *sincere* from Latin *sine*, and Greek *κεράω*, instead of the old-fashioned Latin *sine cerâ*, seems to us a violation of the canon as to hybrid derivations which we have already quoted with approval.

So far for points of treatment on which we differ from Mr. Haldemann, concerning which it may be observed that they are all to be found amongst the prefixes; most of those which we had noted for remark among the suffixes belonging to the class of diminutives (-ic, -ock, -kin, -let, -ow, &c.); the chief points of which have been ably handled in the proceedings of the Philological Society by such well-known writers as Professor Key, Mr. H. Wedgwood, and the lamented Herbert Coleridge; to these publications we would refer our readers, premising the conviction that Mr. Haldemann has evidently made himself acquainted with the opinions of these predecessors, and has probably good reasons to assign for not agreeing in all their deductions.

We will next proceed to note some omissions which might possibly, if supplied, tend to make the book more perfect than it is.

One of these is the prefix *cr* in the sense of *crossing*, to which such words as *crawl*, *crimple*, *cripple*, *crook*, *crozier*, *cross*, *crouch*, *crumple*, *crusade*, *crutch*, *encroachment*, &c., may be referred. The word *crook* suggests an interesting comparison between a class of games which derive their names from the instrument used in playing them, cricket, croquet, and hockey. The last of these still retains the primitive crooked stick, which was, so to speak, the root-form of the modern cricket-bat (as exemplified in many existing pictures of boys painted in the last century), so changed in the present day that few would be able, without knowledge of this fact, to identify the kinship between the *bat*, the inverted *crutch*, which forms the *croquet-mallet*, and the humble *hook* of hockey.

At the same page (55), under the section treating of the frequentative prefix *d-*, we should like to have seen the word *d-apple*, the prefix to which makes our word (to those who understand its origin) so much more expressive than its French and German correlatives, *pommeler* and *apfeln*.

We should also suggest the insertion of an additional prefix *f-*, with a reference to the privative *ve-*, which suggests to us a possible derivation for the words *feeble* (*ve-habilis*), *faint* (*ve-ens, -entis*), and may give a better origin for *femina* (*ve-homo, hominis*) than the ordinary derivation *feo*.

We are given *g-r-*, with reference to *c-r-*, with an intensive or imitative sense, as *crake*, *grackle* (which we do not agree with our author in referring to the root of *echo*), but the more important sense of *seizure* is overlooked, though it may be illustrated, by such a class of English words as *grasp*, *griffon*, *grip*, *gripe*, *grab*, and *crab*, *crib*, *crimp*, *crumble*, &c.

Again, the word *fair*, in the sense of equality, and even in that of personal appearance (apart from lightness of complexion, which has a Norse root), might be classed under a Latin prefix *par*, as *-pire* might be as a suffix in the word *umpire* (*homme pair*), a derivation supported by the German expression for the referee in a student's duel, *unparteiischer, impartial person*.

We are not, however, disposed to close our notice of Mr. Halde-mann's most useful and suggestive book with a catalogue of minor and particular objections, which though honestly offered as a contribution to the fuller usefulness of future editions, might seem to neutralize, in some degree, the terms of high commendation in which we rejoice to have been able to speak of the work as a whole. The few points wherein we have differed from him are selected from his list of something like a thousand affixes, and in many cases refer to his classification of separate words under these. It would be strange

indeed if in so extensive a subject entire perfection could be found, or entire agreement in every point between any two men upon earth. To leave the matter here would be to lay ourselves open to the charge which Horace so indignantly repels:—

"Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
A puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus
Fecit; et incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe:
Sed tamen admiror quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit.—Hic nigric succus loliginis;"

And we may fairly add:—

"quod vitium procul afore chartis
Atque animo prius . . . promitto."

We would, therefore, in conclusion, call attention to one or two points which show both the nature and the suggestiveness of that study of minute etymology which in the case of the author before us has borne such ripe and valuable fruit.

We have already pointed out the word *in-com-pre-hen-s-ib-il-it-y* as Mr. Haldemann's specimen of the divisibility of a word into a root with agglomerated prefixes and suffixes, and some of our readers may have experienced a new sensation in finding a separate force and signification claimed for every separate *syllable* of so long a word. But if we turn to the word *alert*, we may give such readers an additional surprise in showing how, by simple dissection, every separate *letter* of the word has its separate power. The derivation of *alert* is from the Italian *all' erta*, the force of which as an exclamation, is "on guard, or beware!" Its literal meaning is "to the high ground, to the eminence" (as to a place commanding a wide view), in the same way as the word *alarm* (*all' arme*) signifies "to arms!" *Erta* is from the participle *erto* (which as an adjective signifies *steep*), of the verb *ergere*, which represents the Latin *erigere*, to raise up, and consequently is equivalent to the Latin *erectus*, elevated, raised.* So far ordinary etymology will bring anyone. But the study of affixes must go further, and so we are shown that the *a* in *alert* represents the preposition *ad*, to; the *l* the Italian definite article; the *e*, the preposition which gives the idea of eminence; the *r* the root of the Latin *rego*, implying exercise of power, to make one place loftier than another; and the *t* the *tus* or *tum*, giving the past-participial sense of something already complete, as the elevation must be to which persons are invited to betake themselves.

To show the conciseness of plan in the book before us, we give Mr. Haldemann's treatment of the word, premising that its variation from ours is simply due to his having preferred to exemplify it primarily in its relation to the French, from whence it has been adopted into the English language, and to his regarding the term as implying encouragement rather than direction.

* Richardson asserts that the Italian *all-erta* was anciently written *all-ereta*.

A-l-e-r-t, French *alerte* (**a-** for **ad-** see **a-** ¶ 9; **l-** for the French article *la, the*), at the **e-Rec-T**, on guard. (Lat. **E-RIG-ERE**, **E-RE-C-T-U-M**, to erect, animate, take courage).

The use as well as the nature of this study will strike the observant reader, when he notes how such an explanation exhibits one of the many errors which have gained immovable footing in our language from ignorance of the true origin of imported words. If *alert* mean, as it does, *to, at, or on the high ground*, we may very reasonably use the adjective *alert* in the sense of "on the watch," but ignorance of the figure of speech which the word itself conveys can be the only excuse for such a phrase as "*on the alert*," which, literally translated, amounts to "on the on the eminence," a less tolerable pleonasm than the expression "*to wreak one's vengeance*," or the word "*salt-seller*" (*cellier*, old English *saler*).

As we have promised a specimen of the suggestiveness of the study of affixes, we will take for choice the literal, or, to speak more strictly, the uniliteral, prefix *s*, as one whose powers must be familiar to all who have directed even the most cursory attention to this subject. Mr. Haldemann translates the force of this prefix by the words *much, very*, and proceeds to show by instances that it is "an intensive prefix in various languages." (If not a mere word-refinement we should be disposed to call it rather a protractive prefix, as it seems to imply intensification through continuance of action.) A few illustrations of its use may be interesting. Thus *s-melt*, *s-mash*, *s-lack*, *s-weat*, *s-nip*, are intensifications of *melt*, *mash*, *lax*, *wet*, and *nip*; *s-neeze*, *s-narl*, and *s-nore*, display the same sort of relation to English *nose*, and Latin *nar*, nostril; and a vast number of less obvious instances may be found by reference to an English vocabulary by anyone whom the subject may interest. The knowledge that such a force exists in a single prefixed letter is in itself a suggestion of help to an enquirer puzzled, let us say, to discover the etymology of any word beginning with *s*. Let us then take a word for which, as yet, no satisfactory etymology has been given, and try to explain it by the use of this plain principle. We select the word "*saunter*," as not treated specially by Mr. Haldemann. It may be worth while to show the explanations already offered of the term, all of them doubtless plausible, but all at the same time merely conjectural, and resting upon no sort of philological or historical evidence. Skinner derives it from French *sauter*, to leap; explaining our sense of *saunter* by the cognate word *desultory*. The error of this view is evident from the consideration that the arbitrary *n* in the middle of the word must thus be left entirely unaccounted for. Thomson invents a low Latin form, *segnitare*, which is ingenious, but nothing more. Others refer it to the French *sans terre*, landless, an interpretation

which only explains the sound, not the sense of the word. Archbishop Trench, following an idea mentioned by Lye, says:—

“ ‘Saunterer,’ derived from ‘la Sainte Terre,’ is one who visits the Holy Land. At first a deep and earnest enthusiasm drew men thither. . . . By degrees, however, as the enthusiasm spent itself, the making of this pilgrimage degenerated into a mere worldly fashion, and every idler that liked strolling about better than performing the duties of his calling, assumed the pilgrim’s staff, and proclaimed himself bound for the Holy Land; to which very often he never set out. And thus this word forfeited the more honourable meaning it may have once possessed, and the ‘saunterer’ came to signify one idly and unprofitably wasting his time, loitering here and there, with no fixed purpose or aim.”*

This, in its turn, is a picturesque derivation; yet if such a term ever became proverbial, we should be justified in expecting to find something analogous to our word in its natural language, the French, where nothing of the kind exists.

But if we assign to the first letter *s* of the word “saunter” its natural protractive force as a prefix, we come to the true origin of the term. We have the word *aunter*, left us, which is the early English form of our word *adventure*, both as verb and substantive. Thus we have the old metrical romance, “The Anturs of Arthur at the Tarne Wathelan;” and we find the verb form used by Chaucer in the Reeve’s Tale, v. 4208.

“ And when this jape is tald another day,
I shal be halden a daffe or a cokenay;
I wol arise and *auntere* it by my fay.”

So, again, we find this sense of the word illustrated by context in “Hudibras” (pt. iii. c. 1), where it is applied to an equestrian.

“ By *sauntering* still on some *adventure*,
And growing to thy horse a centaur.”

Thus, to saunter, is to go about waiting for adventures, and, denoting the Micawber-like expectation of some indefinite thing “turning up,” has come with special fitness to be applied to the listless, unbraced, purposeless lounging of the idle man who, without the energy to seek excitement, is content to hang like a half-dead worm, a bait for chance currents to toss, for circumstance to nibble at, too often for mischief to seize upon, as he abandons himself, in the full sense of the word, *ad ventura*, to the things that come to him, or good or bad, whatsoever they may be, without an effort or a care to meet and match events as he was placed upon this earth to do.

W. LEWERY BLACKLEY.

* Trench “On the Study of Words,” p. 57.



THE TROUBLES OF A MEDIAEVAL MONASTERY.

Chronicon Abbatie de Exesham ad Annum 1418. Edited by W. D. MACRAY, M.A. Longmans. 1863.

THE ordinary notion of a mediæval monastery is that of a haven of rest and peace, sheltering the troubled soul from the vexations, dangers, and sins of a disturbed and corrupt state of society. Hither, it is often said, all the better and purer spirits of the age were attracted, and here, in the constant exercise of devotion and self-discipline, in producing the wondrous creations of the scriptorium, or in elaborating new beauties for their gorgeous architecture, they found a fitting and congenial employment. Outside the walls of the peaceful dwelling of the pious recluses, the feudal baron robbed and spoiled, tortured and mutilated, the wretched peasant trembled and grovelled on the earth before his tyrants, and the secular priest could only save himself from violence by a base fawning compliance with the will of the strong robber-chief. Such is the view usually entertained by the ladies and gentlemen who, in their works of fiction or semi-fiction, take pleasant excursions into mediæval times, and introduce the good abbot or the pale ascetic monk as interesting personages in their romances.

Nor are we disposed to deny that this view has some of the main features of truth about it. What, for instance, could be more charming than the sketch of the state of Croyland under the Abbot Turketyl, as drawn for us by Ingulphus? He divided the whole convent into three grades. The monks under 24 years of age were to be

amenable to stricter discipline; not to leave the monastery without leave, but to perform all the duties of the choir, the cloister, and the refectory, with cheerfulness and readiness. If any ill-tempered, proud, or intractable youth appeared among them, he was to be carefully and studiously noted, and deprived of all indulgences until he amended his temper; but those who were of good temper and ready wit, while at the same time they were modest and obedient, were to be noted for frequent treats and indulgences. The monks of the next grade, which included all between 24 and 40, were absolved from the minor duties of the choir and the house, and the more important duties which they were to take in turn they were specially directed to entrust to the juniors, as their deputies, once or twice a week. The third grade, of those between 40 and 50, were freed from all duties, except singing mass in turn. In this, too, they were encouraged to ask for and accept the ready assistance of the younger monks. They were not to be troubled with the duties of manciple, proctor, cellarer, almoner, cook, or pitancer, but, like soldiers who had served their time, were to be held worthy of all honour. After the age of 50 had been reached, a more special respect was to be paid to them. They were to have the title of *sempecta*, a handsome separate room was to be assigned to each, one of the younger monks was to be their special attendant, who was to receive commons like a servant of the abbot. Besides this attendant the *sempecta* was allowed to choose from among the other monks one to be his friend and companion in his room. He was to go in and out of the monastery as he pleased, to wear or lay aside the monkish dress as it suited him. Nothing disagreeable as to the affairs of the monastery was to be mentioned in his presence, nor was any one to do or say anything to vex him.*

One cannot help appreciating the wisdom of these regulations for a society which was bound together by indissoluble ties, and so much of the happiness and prosperity of which depended on the good temper and consideration of the members for one another. Had the wise provisions of Croyland been accepted at other monasteries, the mediæval student would not have been so often shocked by the record of the wars and contentions of these supposed peaceful asylums, nor should we be able to lay before our readers the strange tale of the "Troubles of a Mediæval Monastery," which we now proceed to detail.

These facts are taken from the Chronicle of the Abbey of Evesham, in Worcestershire, published in the series of the Master of the Rolls, and carefully edited by Mr. Macray, of the Bodleian Library. In his preface the editor states, with good reason, that "this chronicle

* *Historia Ingulphi*, Rer. Angl. Script., i. 60.

contains much that is of great interest to the student of monastic manners and history. It gives, with evident honesty and faithfulness, and with no lack of graphic illustration, a picture of the inner life of a great abbey, such as has rarely been recorded." We have not space to detail the earlier history of the abbey, but proceed at once to the end of the twelfth century and the times of that abbot under whom Evesham suffered so grievously.

But first a word of the relater of this part of the story, who is a very different person from the writer of the early part of the chronicle, the Friar Domenic, the stiff and pompous narrator of the *Miracles of S. Egwin*. Thomas of Marlborough, dean, sacrist, prior, and, lastly, Abbot of Evesham, was no ordinary man. He took the cowl in 1199, but it is evident that he was at that time of mature age. He had studied and lectured upon the canon and civil law both at Oxford and Exeter, and the history shows that he was well skilled in these sciences. Like so many other famous English churchmen of those times, he had acquired his learning at Paris, where, together with Richard Poore, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, he had been the pupil of the famous Stephen Langton. It is probable that he may have been connected with Evesham as proctor or advocate before he was professed a monk, and the fact of his having given to the abbey a large collection of books in law, medicine, philosophy, poetry, theology, and grammar, shows that his studies had not been merely professional. The graphic account he has left us of his trials and labours as a member of the society of Evesham sufficiently attests his talents. When Thomas of Marlborough became a monk of Evesham, the monastery was under the rule of one to whom the annals of religious houses, in their worst days, do not furnish many parallels. Roger Norreys had begun life as a monk at Christ Church, Canterbury, but having committed a crime against the society, in betraying their secrets to their enemies, had been imprisoned by that monastery. He escaped from his dungeon through a sewer, and flying to Archbishop Baldwin, whose interests he had been labouring to uphold at the expense of those of his own house, was received under his protection. The archbishop appointed him prior; but, so determined were the brethren to resist him, that he never could gain admittance within the walls, though, by means of his satellites, he exercised furious vengeance upon any unfortunate monks whom he could seize outside their precincts. Such a man, however, was not thought to be precluded from promotion in those days, and, at the archbishop's request, the King conferred upon him the Abbey of Evesham on the death of Abbot Adam (1191). The monks of Evesham were not consulted in the matter. Roger was wont to boast that the King had given them to him to be his slaves, and profanely to

glorify himself that he had not come into the sheepfold through the door, but by some other way.

This profligate ruler soon began to make his unhappy slaves at Evesham feel the weight of his hand. Casting aside utterly the obligations of his profession, he never held a chapter, never entered the refectory, never sat with the monks, scarce ever set his foot inside the church, and when he did come, would come wearing a secular cloak, and a shirt and drawers of linen,* in open defiance of the rule of S. Benedict. When he had occasion to speak to the monks, his contempt for them was so great that he could find no words for them but puppies, vassals, and ribalds. If they dared to murmur for want of food, which they often had cause to do, he would call them his "prebendaries," to whom he might give exactly what he pleased, and his usual term for all of them was adulterers. So utterly destitute were they of clothes, that services and chapters had to be abandoned because the monks had no frocks to appear in, and even the holy mysteries could not be celebrated for the want of drawers and breeches for the celebrants. For many days together they lived on bread and water; for many days they had hard bread and ale which differed very little from water, and no commons were served from the kitchen. While the monks kept this involuntary fast, the abbot was revelling in luxury at his different manors, where he had built luxurious houses. "We at Evesham, God is witness, desired to be filled with the bread which his servants eat, and no man gave unto us." That a man of the power and capacity of Thomas of Marlborough should have borne this oppression tamely for several years is a striking proof of the tendency of the monastic system to break down and subdue the character. Yet, even the patient monks were at length driven by sheer starvation to rebel. They laid their case before Archbishop Hubert, then acting as papal legate for England. The abbot, however, was ready with crafty explanations and liberal bribes, and the archbishop took a mild view of the case, only directing that certain fixed rents should be assigned for providing commons, and that the monks should not be left, as before, to get their wine and mead from the abbot's cellar, and their meat from the abbot's larder. Thus matters were mended for a little space. But, after a year, the legatine powers of the archbishop ceased, and Abbot Norreys resumed his old oppressions. He again appropriated all the funds of the abbey, and by this means was able to bribe for himself influential friends, giving good dinners to Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, the Chief Justiciary, and setting the monks at defiance. Some of the more troublesome he expelled, some he threw

* Mr. Macray explains *lintheaminibus* as sheets, but it is clearly a part of the *vestimenta*.—v. 104.

into prison. "It is a mercy," says the chronicler, "that we all escaped with life, though some it is said did die through privations." Again did the monks complain to the archbishop, who, though his general legatine powers were terminated, still had power to act in special cases. Archbishop Hubert in high wrath came to Evesham. But this prelate was either not very competent, or not very willing to look into the matter to the bottom, for the abbot was able again easily to appease him, and as soon as his back was turned, and he knew him to be deeply occupied in other matters, the persecution began afresh. Such was the melancholy state of things at the Abbey of Evesham when a diversion took place, which, though it did not avail to mend matters much for the monks, as to their dress and commons, yet served to turn their fears and apprehensions into another channel. It was a terrible thing to have a profligate and tyrannical abbot; but, in the view of the true monk, it was a still worse thing to have an episcopal visitor. The monastic notion of such a dire calamity, as sketched by Thomas of Marlborough, will not be read without interest in the present day:—

"For a free church to be thrust into this slavery is a profanation of the holy place, and those who desire to commit this mortal sin do not the least understand the terrible burden of bishops. Not once a year alone, but as often as there shall be need, the bishop will canonically visit the monasteries subject to him; and no visitation is ever held without a tax. Then we have not only the bishop, but archdeacons, officials, and their servants, pressing in, and laying a grievous burden on the monastery, and their horses to keep till they get into good condition. Moreover, even the actual rents of the monasteries are often given to the clerks of the bishops and archdeacons, and many other insupportable burdens are there of which we ourselves have had some experience, and our neighbours a more severe one."*

"In those days," writes Thomas of Marlborough, "the Lord Malgere was Bishop of Worcester, a man just and fearing God. Taking pity on our misery, for having to suffer such oppressions from the abbot, and led by a kindly desire to help us, he applied for and obtained a license from our lord the Pope to visit the churches of his diocese without the right of appeal. This, as he after allowed, was especially intended for us, and accordingly he wrote to the abbot thus, 'Know that on such a day we will come to you and stay with you to hold a visitation.' The abbot received this letter, and being utterly ignorant of law, either canonical or civil, he replied, 'Let him come and welcome.' He treated it as a mere friendly visit, which the bishop was going to make him. The thing, however, began to be talked about, and as I was skilled in law, I was called in to give my opinion. I told them at once that if he were admitted 'to hold a visitation,' he would have complete power over all, to depose and degrade, and that thus the liberty of our church would be gone, and I strongly protested against his being received."

* We read in the *Annals of Tewkesbury*,—"Alexander, Bishop of Coventry, suspended the prior of that place because he would not admit visitors not of his own order, upon which he appealed to the Pope. The abbots of S. Augustine at Canterbury, Saint Edmund, and Westminster were suspended on account of the same matter of visitation."—*Annales de Theokesburii* (Ed. Luard), p. 89.

The question being thus raised, a new subject of strife was introduced into the abbey. The abbot hoping to escape censure for his scandals by ready compliance, was in favour of the bishop. Some few brethren, who were admitted to share in his orgies, supported him. The old, the infirm, and the timid, dreading strife and expense, took the same side.

“ ‘The bishops of Worcester,’ said they, ‘had always been admitted to celebrate solemn service in the abbey church. The abbots had been blessed by them, the monks had taken orders and received the chrism and holy oil from their hands.’ ‘These youths,’ said the old monks, ‘want to have a lawsuit, that they may get an opportunity of gadding about the world to carry it on.’ But ‘the wiser brethren, who knew what an inestimable treasure liberty is,’ answered to this, ‘Do not let us subvert the liberty of our church : as for the expense, we can pledge our estates and borrow money from the Jews or the Romans. We should find no difficulty in raising a thousand marks or more, under our common seal. The convent is immortal, and can give good security. It is not so with the bishop, who cannot bind his successors, except for necessary purposes. We need not be afraid of our cause being badly received at Rome. There the plea which the bishop urges is odious, and our plea is most acceptable, inasmuch as we desire subjection to itself.’ ”

These arguments prevailed, even with the abbot, and three monks were sent to the bishop to protest against his claims. He replied that he would come in spite of them. The abbot now began to try to make terms for himself, and to get a promise of immunity from the bishop. In this he could not succeed with Bishop Malgere, as he had with his predecessor, who had been bribed by a present of sixty marks, and the promise on the part of the abbot not to wear the mitre, tunic, dalmatic and sandals, not to proceed against him. The present bishop seemed resolute, and the abbot, fearing his wrath, fled away to his manor at Bradwell, leaving his monks to fight it out with the diocesan as they best could. The bishop and his train soon arrived at the abbey, but found all the convent doors fast barred, except that of the church. Here, having taken his seat by the high altar, the bishop ordered the abbot and monks to be summoned. A deputation of the brethren appeared before him.

“ ‘Out of pity for your troubles and your misery I have come here to help you,’ said the bishop ; ‘I invite you to obey me as other monks do, and it will be well with you.’ ‘My Lord Bishop,’ replied the monks, ‘we thank you for your good will, but we cannot obey you without incurring peril of damnation. We would rather suffer any punishment, which is but for a time, than give our church over to perpetual slavery.’ The bishop was then left alone. But just before Tierce, Thomas of Marlborough went to him again and said, ‘Arise with all haste, and depart, and leave us. The brethren are about to enter for the service of God.’ ‘What,’ said his lordship, ‘do you threaten me?’ ‘Yes, I do,’ replied the daring monk, ‘for you have come here like a fool.’ The bishop retired, and soon after excommunicated the whole convent ;

'but,' says the chronicler, 'we celebrated the divine offices with more solemnity than before.'"^{*}

The strife had now fairly begun, but in order to carry it on effectively, it was absolutely necessary that the abbot and monks should be reconciled, and act together. They were ready, as Thomas naïvely tells us, to forgive the abbot all his enormities if he could go heartily into the cause against the bishop. But the abbot dared not trust his monks. When Thomas came to him at Bradwell, he would not see him. He alleged that he could not hold any intercourse with an excommunicated person, and the energetic monk was obliged to retreat and go on his way to Archbishop Hubert, of Canterbury, as representing the papal power in the country. Meeting the archbishop about three miles from London, he addressed him in a set speech—"It is your cause, holy father," he exclaimed, "more than ours. As the Pope's legate, the spiritual oversight of our houses belongs to you, and you have already exercised it." "We know it well," said Hubert, "and by the Holy Julian we will not lose our rights as long as we live." He then appointed a day to hear the matter at Worcester, and after both sides had pleaded before him, adjourned the cause to Lincoln. Meantime, the monks had received the news, that their abbot, not having been able to get the Bishop of Worcester to promise him immunity, was stealing secretly away to Rome, to forestal the judgment of the archbishop at head-quarters. This needed to be prevented at all hazards. The bold and active Thomas of Marlborough was at once sent off, and, travelling swiftly, he overtook the abbot at Newbury, making for Southampton. All his policy was required to prevail with him to return. He succeeded, however, by making a solemn oath that the monks would never lodge any complaints against him for his malversations, if he would make common cause with them against the bishop.† The abbot, thinking himself safe, on the ground of this promise, came back to Evesham, "and," says Thomas of Marlborough, "on the same day the abbot and convent were made friends together, for before they had been at enmity between themselves." It does not seem once to occur to this intelligent monk that, by thus condoning all the abbot's irregularities, they had in any way made themselves responsible for them. Mr. Macray is scarcely too severe on this when he says:—

* The bishops of Worcester would seem to have been specially unfortunate in having turbulent monks to deal with. The fierce disputes between them and the monastery of Tewkesbury are recorded in the *Tewkesbury Annals*, but this convent, not having a Thomas of Marlborough among its monks, appears to have been subdued by the bishop.—Vide *Annales de Theokesburia*, in vol. i. of *Annales Monastici*.

† The monks afterwards interpreted this oath as only applying to complaints before the Bishop of Worcester.

"It even forms with the writer a subject for pride and congratulation, that to the maintenance of doubtful, if not pretended privileges, which gratified worldly ambition, by removing to a distance all outward checks and control, the members of the abbey were willing to sacrifice all other considerations, and would even consent to tolerate vice in a house dedicated to piety, if at that price they could throw off, by a new claim of exemption, a wholesome superintendence."*

Certainly we see in this spirit an inevitable element of ruin for monastic system. Both sides—the abbey and the Bishop of Worcester—now saw that the matter must go to Rome, and both, to put themselves in the right, appealed thither. The archbishop was clearly not competent to act as judge. He either could not, or would not, bring his legatine power to bear so as to settle the dispute. There were two main heads on which the contest ran:—First, as to the visitorial power over the abbey. Second, as to the same power over the churches in the Vale of Evesham, affiliated to the abbey. This last was a profitable source of revenue to the monastery; for, as the monk Thomas tells us, the fines on the malefactors brought them in a large sum. The Pope first referred the matter to certain commissioners. The decision of these was that the bishop should have power over the abbey, and the abbey over the vale churches; but both only *pro tempore*—the final settlement to be made by the Pope. Papal commissioners knew their business too well to decide anything finally. They acted rather as jackals to bring all things to Rome, and to swell the exchequer of their patron. Meantime, the unfortunate monks, who, out of fear of the bishop, had brought back their abbot, and bound themselves not to proceed against him, found that they had made a bad bargain. Feeling confident of impunity, the abbot oppressed them worse than ever. They were nearly destroyed by cold and hunger. The abbot often swore that if he were deposed, he would first make the abbey not worth acceptance by any one else, and he unblushingly gave away the conventual estates to his relatives. The bishop, on the contrary, was very kind to the monks, and fed, clothed, and encouraged them. Nevertheless, in the view of Thomas of Marlborough, a bad abbot was better than a good bishop. But both sides now wended towards Rome, and the conduct of the cause there forms perhaps the most interesting part of the narrative. As the abbot dared not trust the monks, and the monks would not commit their interests to the abbot, it was necessary that both should appear at Rome. Accordingly, Thomas of Marlborough was chosen proctor for the monastery, and the abbot deputed a certain clerk, named Thomas of Warwick, to represent him, while he himself followed by easy stages. The two parties promised mutual fidelity in their work; the proctor of the abbey was solemnly com-

* Preface, p. x.

mended to our Lady and S. Egwin, and declared, with tears and groans, that if he could not bring back to them the much-desired exemption, he would never again see their face on earth. It was on S. Michael's Day, 1204, that Thomas of Marlborough, and the other Thomas who acted for the abbot, set out from Evesham. They were each mounted on strong horses, carrying a servant behind them, *en cruppe*, and though thus heavily weighted, the horse which carried the champion of the monks arrived safely in Rome on the forty-eighth day after leaving Evesham. His companion had not been so fortunate, having used up no less than three horses on the road.

When these petitioners for the Pope's justice reached Rome, the Pope was Innocent III., with the exception, perhaps, of Hildebrand, the greatest man that ever wore the triple crown. The *curia Romana* was then at the very summit of its power. The secret impulses which moved the wheels of state in every land went forth from hence. Hither, too, the Church in every land was sending its numberless appeal cases, all accompanied by the never-failing bribes which poured vast wealth into mediæval Rome.

"Cum ad Papam veneris, habe pro constanti,
Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti,
'Paez, paez,' dit le mot, si vis impetrare,
Papa querit, chartula querit, bulla querit,
Porta querit, cardinalis querit, cursor querit,
Omnes querunt, et si quod des uni deerit,
Totum jus falsum, tota causa perit—
Das istis, das aliis, addis dona datis,
Et cum satis dederis, querunt ultra satis;
O vos bursæ turgidæ Romam veniatia,
Romæ viget physica bursis constipatis." *

At the very first interview obtained by the monks with the Pontiff the usual *douceur* had to be presented. A silver goblet, of the value of six marks, was humbly tendered to his Holiness. But when, upon the strength of this, Thomas thought to get an immediate direction for the bishop's authority over the abbey to be suspended until the cause was tried, the Pope answered testily, "We will not suspend it. Now you have got your answer." "Yes," said the bold advocate, "I have got an answer which I cannot resist." "But can you impeach its justice?" "My lord, I know not," replied the monk. "Hold your tongue and leave my presence," said the angry Pope. This is a specimen of the bold and undaunted way in which Thomas of Marlborough, through many long and weary months, pleaded the cause of the abbey.

Meantime, the abbot, wending his way slowly and at his ease,

* Political song of the thirteenth century, quoted by Blaauw.

had become involved in some not very reputable quarrel, and been thrown into prison at Chalons. It was not until March that he arrived in Rome, and no sooner was he come, than he showed a bitter and determined hostility to the proctor of the monks. It was with great reluctance that he would allow Thomas to lodge in the same house with him; and when he had conceded this, Thomas found himself closely imprisoned, and was even warned that the abbot meant to attempt his life. It appears that this scandalous dignitary was anxious to purchase from the Pope a plenary license for oppressing his monks as much as he pleased, and he was afraid that the testimony of Thomas against him might prevent this. The courageous monk tells us that he had provided himself with a dagger for self-defence, and was prepared to use it. An explanation, however, soon took place between them, and they agreed to act together as against the Bishop of Worcester. But the cause did not progress. It was evident that something was wanted to give it an impulse. They went, therefore, to the money-lenders, and procured four hundred marks on loan, out of which a sum of one hundred pounds sterling was given to the Pope, and to the officials of the Court and the Cardinals one hundred marks for each. It ought to be recorded, however, that some of the latter were scrupulous about taking any bribe, inasmuch as they declared that the monks' cause had not a leg to stand upon. In spite of this discouragement, and of the departure of the abbot, who, giving up the appeal as hopeless, returned to enjoy himself while he could in England, Thomas of Marlborough did not shrink from his task. The sickly season came on at Rome, and he had to retreat to Bologna; but, during an enforced stay of six months there, he never lost sight of the great object of his journey. At this famous head-quarters of canon law he studied the points bearing on his suit, and daily attended lectures. He had made up his mind not to shrink from anything that could help his cause, and such sort of advocacy but rarely fails. Returning to Rome in October, he found the advocates of the Bishop of Worcester ready to proceed. Indeed their readiness was such that (as he tells us) he could not sufficiently thank God for their folly. For as they had the *ad interim* decision in their favour, and were actually in possession of what they sought for, delay was clearly their policy, not expedition. The Pope now appointed to hear the suit on the third day. Great was the joy of Thomas, and great his astonishment, at the senseless forwardness of his opponents. He soon discovered, however, that they were in terror of their lives. The unhealthiness of Rome was so great that they were ready to do anything to escape from it. "I, however," said Thomas, "holding my cause more precious than my life, sought not mine own, but the things which were Jesus Christ's,

and feared neither delay nor death." On the appointed day both parties appeared before the Pope. The bishop's proctor opened the pleadings. "He was a mightily learned man," writes Thomas, "skilled in either law, and he prefaced his speech with an exordium of grand sentences and profound mysteries, not knowing the way of that court, and that the Pope is far too busy to attend to such things. The Pope was soon wearied, and, looking at him severely, said, 'Enough of this prelude; come to the point.'" This was not very encouraging to the proctor, who thereupon abandoned the chief part of his pleas, but went on, as Thomas confesses, to plead with great skill upon the main point, the Pope often interrupting him and bidding him be short. Thomas of Marlborough was then called upon for his reply. He stood, as he says, "fortified with advocates." He had engaged the most famous professors of the civil and canon law to be found in Italy, and had been beforehand with the opposite party, who could only procure second-rate talent. Indeed, the bishop's proctor made a formal complaint to the Pope that the monk had got away from him all the advocates. Whereupon the Pope, with a smile, replied, "There never was any lack of advocates at Rome." The lengthiness of his opponent, which was so distasteful to the Pope, was a warning to the Evesham proctor when called upon for his reply. He compensated, however, for his lack of exordium by tears and groans. In lamentable guise, and "with tongue stammering for fear, and with unadorned discourse," he came at once to the point.

"This our, or rather your, monastery, holy father, has from the time of its foundation been ever free and exempt. The two kings, Kenred and Offa, who accompanied the blessed Egwin to the threshold of the Apostles, gave the lands in which it stands to the Roman pontiff. The Church founded in his own land must needs be his, and it is sacrilege to say that any one could have ordinary power over the things and goods of the chief ordinary. It is evident that the Pope Constantine treated it as his, and the holy fathers Clement and Celestine granted it indulgences on this ground—non-exempt abbots must be blessed by the Bishop of the Diocese, but our abbot may be blessed by whatsoever bishop he pleases, and in his own church,—we may receive the chrism, the holy oil, holy orders, and all episcopal gifts from any bishop.—But if there be any episcopal rights from which the privileges granted by the Roman pontiffs have not already exempted us, we humbly pray that you may exempt us from these, or if not, we are willing to make satisfaction to the bishop for them."

Upon this the Pope turned to the Cardinals with a smile, and said in a familiar tone (*vulgariter loquens*)—"Here is one who takes away everything from the bishop, and then says, 'let the bishop have the rest.'" Having delivered himself of this joke, Innocent called sharply on the plaintiffs for their reply. The answer of the Bishop's advocate was to deny the genuineness of the Papal grants and

indulgences on which Thomas had founded his argument. The documents were called for and examined. Thomas watched the scrutiny with terror, for though, as he tells us, he was not himself conscious of anything wrong, yet he thought it possible, nevertheless, that there might have been a little tampering with these important papers. They were approved, however, and he was filled with inconceivable joy. It was now the dinner hour, and the court was adjourned for three days. At the further hearings of the case, many arguments which seemed at first likely to damage the cause of the abbey, were met and disposed of by the unfailing dexterity of the monk Thomas. Some of them were sufficiently threatening. Passages were quoted from two chapters of the Evesham statutes, which seemed clearly to recognise the attendance of the abbot at the Episcopal synods. "I had always been frightened to death," writes Thomas, "at these chapters. But I had long premeditated my answer." And his answer shows a deep cunning, and a great knowledge of human, or at least papal nature. He boldly argued, then, that the abbot was directed to appear at the synod, and to take the place next below the bishop, not in his capacity of abbot, but in his capacity of representative of the Holy See, to take care that the bishop did not offend against the privileges of the Roman pontiff, and, in particular, that he did not hurt the Pope's Church of Evesham. This master-stroke, so exactly suited to the character of the pontiff, told at once. The court evidently approved. The Pope closed the pleadings, bade the advocates put their arguments into writing, and promised to give decision without delay. Thomas tells us that he employed the interval in fasting and almsgiving, in visiting the holy places, and prostrating himself with tears and groans at the feet of every cardinal he met. But his skilful suggestions as to the ubiquity and sovereignty of the Papal power were worth more than his tears, and the advocate who pleads against a diocesan bishop has ever been popular at Rome. At length, in a fever of expectation and excitement, Thomas of Marlborough was summoned with his opponents to hear the sentence pronounced. The first words carried joy to his heart. The decision was addressed to the abbot and brethren of Evesham,—not to the Bishop of Worcester. The Pope granted and confirmed the immunity which the abbey sought; but so overcome was the zealous and devoted proctor at this realization of his hopes, that when he threw himself down to kiss the feet of the Pope, he fainted away, and had to be removed. On his recovery, the Pope spoke kindly to him, handed to him the bull so highly prized, and gave him his blessing. Transported with joy, Thomas ran to his lodging, where he found one of the brethren just arrived from the abbey, bearing additional docu-

ments. With infinite satisfaction he told him that these were not now needed. They exchanged congratulations, and rejoiced and feasted together, at having won this signal victory over the monks' greatest enemy — the diocesan bishop. But though this great triumph had been won, the work of Thomas of Marlborough was by no means complete. There remained the question as to the external jurisdiction of the abbey over the churches of the Vale of Evesham. This, as the source of great profit to the monks, they were extremely desirous to have confirmed to them; but as they had been placed in the *pro tempore* enjoyment of it by the decisions in England, Thomas was not anxious to do more in the matter. A motive power was, however, applied to the monk which could not well be resisted. The credit of the monastery had already been pledged for four hundred marks, and some Roman merchants who had accompanied the abbot back to England, were to receive this sum there with the interest accruing. They now, however, returned, having failed to obtain payment, and on their report the credit of the Abbey of Evesham was gone. Thomas had already borrowed fifty marks on his own account, but not another farthing could he raise; and, moreover, he was in constant danger of being seized and imprisoned for debt by the angry and disappointed merchants. Under these circumstances he was compelled to hasten on his cause as much as possible, and, as he could now hire no advocates, to take the whole of the pleadings on himself. The ground on which he relied was that as the mother church was exempt, the chapels of the mother church were exempt also. "But," said his opponent, "these are not chapels, but mother churches themselves." "Do they not take the chrism and holy oil from us; and are not their parishioners buried in our cemetery?" asked the monk. "Can you deny that they have baptismal fonts in them?" said the bishop's proctor. And the Pope, with a serious look, demanded if this were the case. Thomas was obliged to assent. But though beaten on this point he had plenty of other arguments at hand, and store of instances of Episcopal acts performed by the abbots, from which he argued prescription as against the bishop. To this the other advocate replied, "No prescription can hold against Episcopal rights." He could not have well uttered a more unfortunate sentiment for Papal ears. Innocent turned to him with a bitter taunt, "You and your teachers must have been well soaked in English ale when you learnt this."

Having thus abashed the unfortunate proctor, he immediately afterwards lent him a helping hand, by suggesting that the vacancies of the See of Worcester could not be counted into the time which was claimed for the prescription. Thomas, who saw the importance of this, ventured to suggest to the Pope that a judge might help an

advocate to a point of law, but not to a question of fact. "It is a lie," replied the Pope; "he may help him to facts, too, if he will." The end of the matter was that the point of the peculiar jurisdiction of the abbey was referred to the bishops of Ely and Rochester to examine into and decide—a reference which showed pretty clearly that the abbey had not much to hope for on this point. Indeed, the good Thomas slyly admits that if the thing were thoroughly examined into, the abbey's claim had not a leg to stand upon. The Evesham party were now extremely anxious to depart, but the Pope issued an order that they were not to leave the city. Trembling for the safety of the invaluable bull of exemption, Thomas of Marlborough immediately despatched one of the party in secrecy to carry it to England, while he himself and the abbot's representative stayed to abide the consequences. He was only just in time to save his treasure, for the Roman creditors had obtained the Pope's order to seize all the monks' documents, and to hold them as security for their debt. The precious charter, however, safely arrived at the abbey, and gladdened the monks' hearts by conveying to them the liberty they desired. As for the chief mover and actor in the matter, the man who, by his skill, boldness, and perseverance, had won the cause, he had to steal from Rome and escape like a thief. His funds were exhausted, his credit was gone, the documents of the abbey were not available for pawning, hence he was without the means of "visiting" (as he calls it) the Pope and Cardinals, and without the usual bribes there was no hope of obtaining leave to depart. He very wisely, therefore, ran away in secret, and in spite of a fever which attacked him on the journey, safely reached Evesham, where the brethren rejoiced with him, and thanked God that they had received him back safe and sound.

His presence, indeed, was urgently required at the abbey, as the abbot had recommenced all his tyrannies and oppressions. They appealed at once to the Papal Legate, Joannes de Vià latà, but the appeal failed, the legate having been bribed by the abbot. Having surmounted this danger, the abbot was emboldened to try vigorous measures to get rid of these troublesome censors among the brethren, who continually opposed his evil courses. Accordingly, he excommunicated and expelled Thomas of Marlborough and another monk, named Thomas of Norwich, whom he considered the ringleaders in these contests. But rather than lose their champion, who had fought their cause so manfully, the whole convent determined to go with him.

"We gave to the old and the sick the relics and the treasure of the church, we hid in the earth the seal of the abbey, and having exchanged benedictions, on S. Catherine's Day, about three o'clock in the morning,

thirty of us monks, on foot, with our gowns tucked up, and with staves in our hands, retired from the convent."

The abbot, hearing of this secession, pursued the malcontents with an armed company. They were commanded to return, but refused, whereupon the abbot bade his men set upon them with their swords. The monks, however, with their stout sticks, were more than a match for the abbot's people, and having put them to flight, continued their journey. They soon got beyond the district in which the abbot's authority was paramount, and were prepared to place themselves under the protection of the law of the land, when the peccant dignitary, now thoroughly frightened, again overtook them, and promised, in the most unreserved manner, to do all that they wanted. He would observe the arrangement lately made by the legate's commissioners, although it had not been sealed; he would give up at once certain special powers which he had secretly obtained for himself by bribes at Rome; he would govern henceforth according to equity and justice. The monks yielded. Once more they trusted to the promises of the abbot, and returned to the monastery.

The troubles and convulsions which England was undergoing under King John's tyranny and the Papal Interdict with which Innocent smote the country, stood the Abbey of Evesham in some stead. The Bishop of Worcester, with whom they were still contending about the jurisdiction over the churches in the vale, was driven abroad by the Interdict, and never returned; and the Roman creditors of the abbey, who had come to claim their debts, were made to feel the king's furious vengeance against all that belonged to Rome. They were spoiled of their goods and driven from the country, and the charters of the abbey, which they had held as security, were taken from them. But the troubles of the abbey could never be at an end so long as the profligate Norreys was at its head. The Interdict, by removing all the Papal representatives in the land, gave him complete immunity. For seven long years the wretched monks had to bear every sort of oppression, and all that they could do was to submit their necks to the yoke, and pray for better days. No sooner was the Interdict removed, and the archbishop came to England, than the energetic Thomas of Marlborough repaired secretly to him, and implored him to visit the abbey. In the Primate, who had at last won his hardly-contested way into England, he found his old tutor at Paris, Stephen Langton, and with him the Dean of Salisbury, who had been a fellow-pupil. They talked familiarly with the monk of old days, and spent almost the whole night in recalling the past, and discussing the scandals and disorders of the abbey which the monk so earnestly sought to have amended. But a grave doubt arose as to whether the archiepiscopal authority was sufficient to

depose the abbot,* without which, it was clear, no reforms would avail. The archbishop was the defender and overlooker of the abbey, but it was thought that no other authority, save the Pope's, could exercise so extensive a power as to depose. Accordingly Thomas now betook himself to the legate, Pandulf. As soon as he could get the great man to attend to him, he experienced a very sharp rebuke for not having told him all this before, and for having been so forward to defend the abbey at Rome, while he had suffered such terrible scandals to grow up at home. "By the blessed Peter," exclaimed the legate, "I will come to you with the rod of fury, and you shall be the first to feel my vengeance, because you have not revealed these things to me." At this harsh greeting, Thomas trembled, but he was soon afterwards reassured, by being informed privately that this roughness was only to put the abbot's spies off their guard, and that if he would give the legate full information, he need have no fear. After his interview with Pandulf, Thomas went to find the abbot, who was at Bradwell, and told him, not very straightforwardly, that he had been sorely rated by the legate, but did not mention the fact of the intended visitation of the abbey. Upon the strength of his being in disgrace, the abbot took him into friendship, and they were amicably conversing together when one of Pandulf's servants handed the abbot a letter to inform him that the legate would hold a visitation of the abbey on the morrow. At this terrible news, the heart of the abbot died within him. He felt that the day of retribution was at hand, and he loaded Thomas of Marlborough with the bitterest reproaches for being the cause of this. "Although," says Thomas, with unblushing front, "I constantly denied that I had anything to do with it."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day following that on which the abbot and Thomas of Marlborough reached Evesham, that the legate Pandulf with his train arrived at the abbey.

* The point as to how far the Primate had a right to visit monasteries by his metropolitical authority is a very interesting one to the student of mediæval church history. It is evident that Archbishop Langton did not clearly see his way in the matter. In the year 1239 a dispute upon this point arose between the Bishop of London and the Archbishop and it was referred to the Pope, "ut ipse definiret utrum metropolitani visitare possint monasteria suffraganeorum, ubi episcopi non sunt negligentes." (*Annales Monastici*, iii. 151.) In Mr. Macray's preface there is printed from the Tanner MSS. the act of submission made by Evesham to the Metropolitan, which states "ut possit idem archiepiscopus singulis annis monasterium nostrum, vel ipse personaliter visitare, vel visitationem ipsam quibus voluerit personis ecclesiasticis, viris prudentibus, demandare, necnon et in ipsâ visitatione tam in capite quam in membris, corrigenda corrigere, ipsum etiam ordinem nostrum, prout expedire viderit, regulariter reformare;" but on the next leaf of the Canterbury Register there is an inhibition from Rome forbidding him to avail himself of this submission of the abbey. It was doubtless on this ancient right of the Metropolitan to visit that Archbishop Laud grounded his claim to visit the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

He was met by the monks in solemn procession, and conducted to the best lodging that the house afforded. On the day of his arrival he took no steps to begin his inquiry, but many and anxious meetings and discussions were held among the members of the convent. Thomas took occasion to inform those monks of whom he felt sure, that they need not be alarmed, that things would turn out well for the interests of the house, and that they might await the event in tranquillity. We can hardly suppose that the abbot could have been equally comfortable in his mind. On the next day a solemn chapter of the abbey was held. The legate entered, attended by a mighty train of clerks and abbots, and proceeded without much circumlocution to state the business on which he had come. "I have heard," he said, "many evil reports about this house, and, before God, I have come here to mend your ways. Rise up, then, any one of you, and tell the condition of this church, both outward and inward. Spare no one. We order it under penalty of excommunication!" But none ventured to respond to this sharp command. Thomas knew too well his part to appear over forward, and all the rest sat looking at him. Then the legate turned to the monk Thomas and said, "Thou who wast advocate for this church in the Court of Rome, do thou rise." Thomas still hesitated. There were many more qualified than himself to speak, he said. But all the monks exclaimed that he was the fit person, and called upon the legate to order him to speak. Pandulf, whose temper appears to have been of the shortest, sternly commanded him—"Spare neither the head nor the members," he exclaimed, "or, by the blessed Peter, I will not spare thee!" At length, then, Thomas of Marlborough was in the position for which he had so long striven, able to denounce before a competent judge the tyrannies and the scandals by which the abbot Norreys had so long oppressed the monastery of Evesham.

"There are cases," he said, "in which it is certainly right and fitting for inferiors to accuse their superiors, and I shall prove clearly that this is one of them. So scandalous is the life of our abbot that it would be a sin to refuse to denounce it. Our sufferings from him have been so great that almost all regard for our rule has perished from among us. We do not observe the silence which S. Benedict enjoins, but we are continually employed in murmurs and lamentations. Our usual food is bread and water, and our bread is such that none of the pampered servants of the abbot would touch it. In summer we are often made to fast till noon, in winter till evening; never do we sit down to a meal in which some part of our proper fare is not lacking. Sometimes we have no ale, sometimes no salt, so that if perchance we get a few eggs we are obliged to send one of them into the town to obtain a little salt to eat the rest. So much for our fare. But, what is still worse, our religious services in the church have ceased, because we have neither frocks nor hoods nor other garments. In fact, so destitute are we of clothes that we can go neither to the church, the cloister, nor the refectory, but are obliged to remain in the sick-room." (Upon this the legate

called a monk to him and felt his clothes, discovering that he had nothing on but his outer garment, though it was winter time.) "We cannot celebrate mass for want of breeches for the celebrant to wear, and it is not long since that the abbot, desiring to have a mass sung, was obliged to furnish his chaplain with a pair from his own wardrobe. The statutes of the order are quite disregarded by us. We are obliged to run through the country begging, and thus the name of our monastery is everywhere loaded with opprobrium, and the most evil accusations are made against us. The abbot does not attempt to check us in these irregular courses, perhaps wishing that we may become as bad as himself. There is no hospitality exercised in the abbey, for we have nothing to give to strangers, when we ourselves and our servants are perishing for hunger. There is not a roof in the abbey that will keep out the rain, of which your Holiness will have practical proof should it rain before your departure. The rents assigned for repairs have been embezzled by the abbot. There are other rents expressly assigned for the cook and cellarer, but these, too, he has appropriated, boasting that he will so impoverish the abbey that he will not leave us money enough to bribe a judge to attend to our complaints. He has sworn to observe the ordinances of the house, but he has not scrupled to perjure himself. What, indeed, could we expect from one who was forced upon us from without; who has always called us dogs, and said that all in the abbey were his slaves; who, after having disgraced himself as a monk of Canterbury, has come here to fill up the measure of his crimes? This man hesitates not to commit simony by selling his patronage for money; he has committed murder, having caused a certain lay brother who had left the house to be seized and flogged to death in prison; he gives away the abbey lands to his relations as he pleases; he has involved the convent in debt to support his own extravagances. For, holy father, while we are suffering all privations, this abbot uses linen drawers to sleep in, and laced up boot and shirts, against the statutes of the order. He discards, also, the monk's frock, and wears a cloak, having in fact abandoned all care of the abbey, never holding a chapter of the monks, but fulminating his excommunications and punishments from his own chamber. I grieve to lay bare things, which I ought rather to conceal, but I am obliged to testify of his notorious incontinency, women being constantly with him in his chamber, and he having been guilty of unchastity, not only with unmarried and married women, but also even with nuns. We have twice complained of these things before, and redress has been promised us, but we have failed to obtain it, and our abbot has only grown worse. Now, however, if your Holiness fail to help us, and to deliver us from this scourge, we have all determined to cast off our monks' dress, and to return to the world, and in the day of judgment our souls will be required at your hands."

When Thomas of Marlborough had ended his speech the legate solemnly adjured the monks to speak the truth, and then he questioned each one in succession as to the correctness of the accusations brought against the abbot. All but three answered that they were the exact truth. "What is your answer to these accusations?" demanded the legate. "They are in a conspiracy against me," exclaimed the abbot. "We will give you an opportunity of proving that on the morrow," replied Pandulf, and closed the day's sitting. But on the morrow, the unhappy abbot entirely failed either to damage his accuser's testimony or to exculpate himself, and the legate (after due deliberation) took the only course possible, by formally

deposing him, causing him to give up all the property of the house which he had appropriated, and to depart there and then from the monastery, under the care of the Abbot of Winchelcombe. Then, having spoken kindly to the monks, and told them to choose another abbot, he dismissed the chapter. It might have been naturally expected that after this great deliverance the choice of the monks would fall, as a matter of course, on Thomas of Marlborough, who had been the one great agent in bringing it about, as he had also been in the matter of procuring the exemptions. But the fact was, they could not the least agree in their selection, and the legate began to lose patience with them for their want of unanimity. Accordingly, fearing lest he should nominate some foreigner to the post of abbot, they agreed to request him to fix upon one of those whom they should name. Randolph, Prior of Worcester, who was also a monk of Evesham,* was in this manner elected, and received the episcopal benediction from the legate, as for the Pope, in S. Mary's Abbey at York, March 9th, 1214.

The troubles of the monastery were now pretty well over. The rule of the new abbot was mild and equitable. The Roman creditors were quickly paid in full, and the property of the monastery carefully tended and improved. Meantime the clever and energetic Thomas of Marlborough was promoted in succession to the offices of dean, sacristan, and prior; and in the year 1229, on the death of Randolph, was at length chosen abbot. In his chronicle he gives us a satisfactory account of his own administration; but the most characteristic fact respecting it which we have met with is not to be found in the Evesham chronicle, but in the annals of Dunstable, lately published in the same series. It forms a curious and somewhat amusing comment on the great triumph of the younger days of the Abbot Thomas, namely, his victory over the bishop of the diocese, and his obtaining the exemption from Rome. It seems that in the year 1233, one John, Abbot of Boxley, was appointed by the See of Rome visitor of the monasteries of the black monks, which had obtained exemptions. What could the Abbot of Evesham possibly object to one who had been deputed to wield that Papal authority under which he had so zealously laboured to place himself? But the abbot John was not a very agreeable visitor. "He burdened them with too great severity," says the chronicler, "and wanted to keep them from the use of meat except in the infirmary, and from drinking after dinner." Upon this some of the abbeyes appealed to Rome. But Abbot John despised the appeal, and went on in his

* We are told incidentally here that it was possible for a monk to belong to more than one monastery at the same time, and to have *vocem in capitulo et stallum in choro*, in several.—P. 255.

visitation, excommunicating the abbots who had resisted his authority. The turn of Evesham was come, and the same disagreeable discipline would have to be submitted to, there also. But the wily Thomas of Marlborough was not to be so easily subdued. When the Pope's deputy claimed to visit the house, Abbot Thomas suddenly discovered that they had *no exemption save in so far as concerned the Bishop of Worcester*, and that, consequently, they were under the authority of the See of Canterbury.* It was, in all probability, in order to back up this ingenious plea, that the submission to Canterbury, mentioned above, and to which no date is given, was extemporised. With this successful finesse we take leave of the Abbot Thomas. He certainly had earned an exemption from visitors, so ingeniously had he laboured to baffle them. We will hope that his own administration was so immaculate that no external authority was needed to interpose in the affairs of the abbey.

It would, perhaps, be hard to find a better illustration than that which is supplied by the foregoing history, of the principle of decay which was implanted and actively working in the monastic system of this country, even in the thirteenth century. The claim of exemption for monasteries from episcopal control, the building solely upon Rome, was, in fact, to denationalize these institutions, and cut them off from the sympathies and affections of their fellow-countrymen. The bishops were against them to a man, and the great majority of the lay lords followed in their track. Who, in Henry VIII.'s Parliament, was found to say a good word for these great and ancient houses? From the affections and care of the people the friars quickly ousted them. These latter were more popular, more active, more pretentiously useful. The monks, furnished with great estates, grandly lodged, and sumptuously provided with church buildings and church furniture, continued for some time, by reason of their wealth, as a power in the State, but they were a power which only waited the first rude attack to be overthrown. Their isolation from the Church of their own land had, as it were, cut them adrift from their moorings, and the first violent storm would be sure to overwhelm them. The policy of exemption and Roman jurisdiction may have been tempting, but it was assuredly suicidal.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

* *Annales de Dunstapliâ*—*Ann. Monast.*, iii. 133.



ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.*

JOURNALISM has gained a position so important, and wields now a power so immense, that an examination of the soundness of the principles on which it is conducted becomes a matter of urgent necessity. It represents, in fact, in a great degree, the real thinking part of the nation. Very many persons, in every rank of life, surrender their judgment in public affairs as absolutely to it as a Roman Catholic does his conscience to his spiritual director. On those who do not so implicitly accept its decisions, it exercises at least an enormous influence. It is not too much to say, on the whole, that the opinions of every Englishman are moulded by the opinions expressed in his daily or weekly paper to a far greater extent than they are by those of any personal friend, or even of any leading statesman. And it is, therefore, very material to inquire how far the system of journalism which now prevails is calculated to ensure, not merely the highest ability, but the most scrupulous honesty and the most honourable principle in the fulfilment of functions that exercise so

* It may perhaps obviate a charge either of want of practical knowledge, or of inconsistency, if I state that I have for a good many years been a writer in various journals, conforming, with regret, to the rule of anonymous contribution, as a condition which is at present imperative, and which a single individual cannot hope to alter. But I have also the advantage and satisfaction of knowing, that the opinions expressed in the following paper are held (and, indeed, have been partly suggested) by persons holding the highest and most responsible positions in the profession of journalism.

profound an influence in the formation of national character and the determination of national conduct.

In entering upon such an inquiry, it need hardly be observed that we are bound to discard, as much as possible, the tendency of prepossession in favour of existing systems. The fact that an institution which has slowly developed a power infinitely exceeding what was claimed or could be anticipated for it in its inception, maintains now the same rules which governed it in its earliest stages, can hardly be taken as even a presumption in favour of their fitness in its present position. The scanty news-letter of our forefathers, the humble transcript of history from the gazettes, of gossip from the Court, of rumours from the coffee-houses, to which gradually came to be added a few sentences of comment or criticism, cannot reasonably be taken as the authority of precedent for the system of our broadsheets, which by special ambassadors collect news from every clime, which record every pulsation of our national heart, and which profess to discuss, with the knowledge of statesmen and the depth of philosophers, the bearing of every event, and the due policy to be followed in every emergency. It seems plain, when we rouse ourselves from the mere acquiescence of habit, that the fit method of performing duties so extensive and vital must be ascertained from a candid consideration of their real character, and cannot be accepted as settled by the mere accident which has engrafted them on a system of infinitely inferior pretensions and importance.

But not only must we recognise that tradition cannot in this matter bind us, we must also see at a glance that the traditional system is opposed to all our principles in other analogous situations. What is the office of journalism? It is to inform, to advise, and to direct. But who is there that in any other case values, or regards, anonymous information, counsel, or judgments? When it happens to us, in any private matter, to have such unauthenticated communications tendered to us, we reject them with a conviction that they are worthless. In public matters, on which any personal interests of our own depend, nobody allows his mind to be influenced by anonymous suggestions, except the followers and dupes of racing prophets. Pamphlets nowadays carry no weight unless they bear the name of some responsible public man. There is in every department of literature an intuitively felt presumption against writings which have a serious object, and in which the writer conceals his name; and editors themselves confess this principle when they insist that the author of every letter intended for publication shall communicate his name at least to them, "as a guarantee of good faith." This universal assent in the feeling that what is anonymous loses its value by losing the most effectual guarantee of its honesty and trustworthiness, lays at least the burden

of proving that journalism should be an exception to the rule on those who assert that doctrine.

But the arguments of these persons—at least, those which are avowed—are of so intangible a character as hardly to bear statement, when divested of the cloud of vague assumption in which they are generally involved. The following comprise the substance of what are most commonly advanced, so far as I have been able to gather or understand them. It is maintained that leading articles cannot always be ascribed to only one man, for they may be suggested by one and written by another, and so corrected or altered after being written, that it is impossible to say who is the real or chief author. It is insisted that in this way the public obtains, and values accordingly, not the sentiments of only one man, but the matured judgment of a body of men of the highest ability and largest information, who each contribute some thought or criticism, some suggestion or caution. It is urged that though all this is anonymous, it is nevertheless performed under an ample check of responsibility, since the maintenance of the public character of the paper demands the most scrupulous honour and care on the part of its conductors. Yet again, secrecy is said to be necessary both to admit the unrestrained treatment of public events, and to permit the employment of talent that is found in other professions, and which could not venture openly to confess a connection with the press for fear of loss of reputation, or perilling its chance of success in its own peculiar department.

Half of this argument rests upon a basis of falsehood in fact, which is best exposed by a simple statement of the real arrangements in the editorial department of a newspaper. There is no such council of wisdom in permanent sitting as is suggested. In important questions the editor elaborates in his own mind the policy to be adopted, gathering information as to the tendencies of public opinion from the social circles in which he moves, and paying more or less regard to them according as he desires to follow or to instruct the public. Having formed his determination, he writes in accordance with it himself, or he indicates the mode of treatment to some one else who writes upon it. On current topics he directs each subordinate as to the general line of argument, considering of course their suggestions, but in no sort submitting it to any council. Special subjects he hands over more or less absolutely to contributors who have, or are supposed to have, special knowledge. What is thus written by others the editor revises, but rarely materially alters; and as each writer has already accepted the leading idea, he is fully responsible for its discussion. Thus, far from the policy of the paper being the result of the matured convictions of a species of cabinet, it is nothing more than the expression of the ideas of one editor, or writer sanctioned by

the editor, formed after such study of the subject as there has been time for, and such discussion with others as may have been within his reach. And not only is it so, but it is so inevitably and incurably. The attempt to conduct a journal in any other way would be as speedily disastrous as the attempt has always proved to command an army by a council of generals. In both cases the necessity for rapid and decisive action, adapted to every sudden exigency, yet consistent with a clear and definite plan of campaign, makes it safer to trust to one head, even if second-rate, than to a combination of heads, even if first-rate.

But though the editor is thus the supreme dictator of the policy of every part of the newspaper, there is no practical difficulty in discriminating the special responsibility that attaches to every writer employed. No difficulty is found in ascertaining the immediate author for the purpose of paying him, however much or little the editor may have altered his proof. And where the pay is given, it is surely not unreasonable that responsibility for the work should attach. In the very rare case of the editor altering the substance of the leader so materially that the author repudiates it, the editor becomes its real author. In the equally unfrequent case of the work being really joint, both may be so considered. There is obviously no practical inconvenience or difficulty in working on such rules. And there is a very obvious justice in making each person assume and bear the responsibility for so much of the whole work as is done by him. The editor is understood to bear it in so far as direction and superintendence are concerned. What is still needed is that the man who adopts, or shares, and expresses, the editor's ideas, should bear as distinct a responsibility for the facts he states and the arguments he employs.

But since this is the practical working of a newspaper office, since the treatment of a question is almost invariably the suggestion of one mind, or at most of an intellectual partnership, in each special subject, of two persons only, it is manifest that the public is misled if it attributes the arguments or the judgments of a newspaper to the concentrated intelligence of a body of very able men. They are in truth but individual ideas, perhaps fancies, possibly humours, affected by not only the author's original mental capacity, but by his acquired prejudices, and even by the state of his liver. If they bore his personal signature, all this would be at once understood. But because they are not avowedly the product of one man's brain, we elevate them into the dignity of almost divine utterances; and, supposing them to be the result of deliberations in which all personal weaknesses are eliminated, we accept them as oracles. Now, there might be no great harm in attributing to them this factitious superiority and supremacy, if they were always right. But when they happen

to be wrong, every unfounded credit that is attributed to them is an additional element in misleading the public. I shall consider hereafter these evil consequences; at present, dealing only with the alleged advantages of the system of anonymous writing, it is sufficient to point out that it claims and obtains a faith to which it is not entitled; that it assumes the weight due to combined reflections of many minds, while in fact it is but the emanation of one or two, just as imperfect, and as liable to err, consciously or unconsciously, as the average of the rest of humanity.

It is no doubt the case that the necessity of upholding the circulation (and, as a means to this, the credit) of the paper, does operate as a restraining influence upon even an anonymous editor. That is to say, he is subject to one out of the many wholesome influences which would surround an avowed editor. In the same way, a contributor has the motive to write well enough to satisfy his employers, for his own sake, even when his name is not attached to his writings. But it is hard to see why these limited and general motives should be thought sufficient in journalism, when it is matter of common proof that they are the least powerful of any, and when in all like functions we do not find the addition of direct personal responsibility to the public at all a superfluous adjunct to public spirit. Neither editors nor contributors have motives for desiring the maintenance of the character of the paper so strong as to be always depended on to ensure their best and most careful work. It is seldom that the property of the journal is in their hands, and it is very rare to find in human nature one who works *quite* as scrupulously for another as for himself. Granting, even, that this could be reckoned on, we have to consider the influence of those common suggestions which whisper that the success of a whole institution will not be perilled by an occasional failure in fullest efficiency in one department. These are natural and unavoidable defects, attaching to the want of individual and definite responsibility, which there is no reason to expect should not be as plainly felt in a newspaper office as in a Government office. They arise from the weakness of human nature, without supposing any further motive to stray from the path of the strict performance of duty. It must be plain how much sharper a spur would be found in the knowledge that what is written will be attributed by the public to the individual who writes, and that his personal credit in public estimation will gain or suffer according to his care and ability or his want of these qualities. This consideration is sufficient to dispose of the argument that the maintenance of the credit of the paper is alone an adequate motive to secure its being conducted on the highest possible principles. I defer, still, the consideration of the direct evils that flow from the failure to provide further checks on responsibility.

When, again, it is said that anonymous writing may be more free and unreserved than it could be if under the restraint of personal responsibility, we may answer that this can be so only in an objectionable sense. It may well be that a writer may indulge in personalities to which he would be either afraid or ashamed to put his name. But are these to be encouraged? Or can fair discussion of public events ask an ampler latitude than is found in Parliament or at public meetings, where every assertion is endorsed with its author's name? Does the freedom of the senate and the platform, of the pulpit and the stage, not suffice for our instructors in the press? It is indeed true that the law draws a certain distinction between spoken and written or printed slander; and, in some cases, punishes (when written) imputations which would meet with impunity if merely oral. But this is immaterial as an argument, because the rule makes no distinction between acknowledged and anonymous slander, and the question before us is merely whether there needs the shield of incognito to permit of free discussion in the press. This no one who considers the freedom of discussion occasionally exhibited in signed letters can pretend. And whatever occasions may arise for attacking individuals in leaders, it seems plain that the attack, if justifiable, would not be in any degree impeded by the necessity for stating the name of the one individual who feels himself warranted in impugning, publicly, the conduct of another.

It is sometimes urged, again, that the anonymous system is necessary to enable special talent to be attracted from other departments—that, for instance, the young barrister, doctor, artist, or clergyman, is thus enabled to devote his abilities to the press, while if he were required to affix his name he would be virtually prohibited by the jealous feeling which deems success in one profession incompatible with an incidental culture of another. It may, however, be retorted that the feeling which is dreaded is, in great measure, the offspring of the precautions taken to evade it. The system of concealment of the name in writing for the press has raised up a sort of fictitious mystery about it, which possibly may place a professional man—on whom such a suspicion rests—at a disadvantage. But that this is the effect of concealment, rather than avowal, is proved by abundant instances of success when literature had been openly cultivated. Neither Mr. Justice Talfourd nor Dean Milman found professional distinction interfered with by the fact of their having written for the stage. Mr. Jeffrey became leader of the bar in Scotland while he was the known editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Sir Roundell Palmer, in our generation, has not been impeded from reaching the foremost place in Chancery practice by the fact of his having learnedly edited a volume of hymns. The House of Commons itself is sought as rather

a help than a hindrance to a barrister's success in the Courts, as well as his advancement to office ; and, as if to prove that an open connection with newspapers has no hurtful effect, it is well known that many young barristers, who afterwards rise to eminence, support themselves at first by acting as Parliamentary reporters. And again, there are one or two of our most rising men at the bar who constantly contribute to newspapers, so openly that they sign their articles with either their names or their well-known initials. Is it unreasonable to conclude, from such a diversity of instances, that no able man would suffer in a professional point of view if he were to admit, without reserve, that he fills up the vacant hours of a young career by discussing questions of politics, of social science, or of law, in the columns of a newspaper ? Is there not, rather, reason to believe that one who thus proves his capacity and his energy would only the more rapidly be recognised as worthy of employment in his peculiar profession ?

Having thus briefly reviewed the feeble arguments commonly adduced in support of the system of anonymous journalism, it might fairly be insisted that, opposed as it is to our intuitive feelings and our general habits, the failure to defend it is equivalent to its condemnation. But the case does not need to stand on presumptions only, however legitimate. Not only is there no sufficient reason for anonymous writing, there are most forcible reasons against it ; and its renunciation, when that shall come, will not be the consequence of any mere sentiment, but of a distinct perception of its inherent evils.

We were able to trace the futility of some of the allegations put forward in favour of anonymous public writers, by a mere examination of the real conditions under which it is exercised,—so different from those suggested, or tacitly allowed to be imagined, by its supporters. We may now arrive at a perception of its substantial mischiefs, by a consideration of the functions which journalism actually exercises, and of the way in which these are affected by the system of conducting it without personal responsibility.

Whatever it may have been in its origin, there can be no question that, now, the part played by newspapers, in so far as regards their original articles, is rather that of a judge than of an advocate. They do not profess merely to support one side, even when they are avowedly founded chiefly for such a purpose. They argue not with the air of pleading, but with that of deciding. They do not merely state and support the propositions on their own side, and state and refute the propositions on the other side ; they weigh, arbitrate, and determine between them. Their conclusions are couched in the form and language of impartial but authoritative judgments. Doubt is

seldom admitted to hang round the question, and an air of absolute candour is flung over most positive decision. And as these discussions are put, so are they accepted. Nine-tenths of the readers of a daily paper accept its decisions as final. They think that the subject has been fully and fairly considered, and they give their minds no trouble to raise further difficulties. The judgment reads so smoothly, it looks so well balanced, it seems to review every point, and its conclusions appear such necessary deductions, from the way in which the arguments are set forth, and from the facts that are stated, that few, indeed, care to pick unpleasant holes in it to their own discomfort. In short, it is purposely framed as a judgment, and it is practically accepted as a judgment. And that this is so is proved by the fact that scarcely any one reads a paper on the other side, which he certainly would feel bound to do if he felt his own to be merely a partisan advocate, and not a fair arbiter.

But it is obvious that the whole value of this method depends on the question whether the facts are truly stated and the arguments fairly urged. If there is a defect in any of these steps, the conclusion is vitiated, and the public, which has relied on and accepted it, is misled. Now, it has been urged that we have sufficient guarantee for honesty in these particulars in the fact that it is the interest of the paper to be honest, since, if it is not so, and is found out, its credit will suffer, and its circulation fall off. It has, however, already been pointed out that such a general and indefinite consequence supplies but an inadequate motive for even the maintenance of average energy and care in those who are ordinarily honest and upright. But we have also to consider the very possible, and, indeed, not infrequent case, in which the conductors or contributors have a personal motive which interferes with their average integrity and recognition of the ultimate interest of the journal itself. They are almost of necessity partisans, though they assume the air of impartiality. They write for a party. Party success is their success. To please their readers, to comfort them in defeat, to congratulate them in triumph, to encourage them to exertion, are the most immediate objects before their eyes. But these are very strong, almost irresistible, incentives to colour the party case a little more favourably than facts warrant. Even men speaking under a sense of personal responsibility are apt in such cases to be unfair. In them it does at least no great harm, for they are known to be speaking as advocates, and they do not seek to disguise their predilections and their objects. But the journalist does disguise his object, even while he promotes it without any check of personal responsibility for the means he employs.

We must keep in mind also how the whole system may be, and is,

thus made to work together to pervert facts and conclusions. The special correspondents of the paper are probably imbued with the same general bias as their employers, and, however high their character, they must inevitably slightly magnify what they approve, and slightly depreciate what they disapprove. On these reports, more or less tinged with colour, independent correspondents may wish to comment. But however well informed such correspondents may be, it is the practice of many leading journals to admit no argument or statement that makes against the line adopted by the paper. Here again, then, the public is allowed to see but one side. Finally, the matter may be made the subject of a leader, in which, again, even of the small bit of truth already allowed to appear, the favourable points are magnified, the unfavourable are left out of view. So, consciously or unconsciously, the professedly impartial newspaper misrepresents, garbles, falsifies the evidence, and then judicially sums up, with all the dignity of strict impartiality, and with all the force due to its assumed representative character, and pronounces its decision against those whom it has predetermined to convict. If war had broken out between this country and the United States, of which at one time we were in imminent peril; if there be yet in this country a war between capital and labour; how much of the peril has arisen from anonymous distortion of facts, and from the assumption of unauthorised persons to speak the thoughts of England, or of certain predominant classes. And how trifling would have been the danger or harm in either case, had these taunting lucubrations been signed, and had it been seen that, far from being the words of authority, they were only the out-pourings of an obscure barrister or disappointed man of letters.

Let it be kept in mind also that it is not only isolated perversion of evidence, or direct falsehood of reasoning, that is encouraged by anonymous writing. There runs through the whole train of thought, into which the reader is beguiled by the semblance of judicial severity, a thread of unsound principle. Certain assertions are laid down as axioms, and on these the superstructure of argument is quite logically built. Certain theories of life, or morals, or political economy, are assumed, and then the convenient facts are applied to them, and then the desired conclusion becomes irresistible. This vitiating assumption may be such as, in writing about America, that democracies are always eager for foreign conquest, or perhaps that men of refinement can never find appreciation in popular governments; in writing of European politics, it may be that the sentiment of liberty is only the watchword of demagogues, and that the people care only for material comforts; in writing of England, it may be that every class seeks power only for its own objects, or that an organi-

sation for one object means an offensive alliance against every one else, and on every question. But whatever the assumption may be in the particular case, no proof is offered of it, no examination even of its terms and meaning is entered on; it is taken as a truth beyond dispute, and on this hollow ground a triumphant demonstration of the intended conclusion is built. Now it can certainly not be maintained that this fallacy is peculiar to anonymous writing. Begging the question is a form of false reasoning older than Aristotle. But this special form and method of begging the question is used by anonymous journalists beyond all other men. This calm magisterial enunciation of doctrines which lift the argument over all its difficulties, or which supply analogies that seem of irresistible application, is a system which has never been so beautifully developed as in the oracular utterances of the daily press. The necessary brevity of their discussion helps the illusion, for it seems unreasonable to expect that every point of the argument should be demonstrated in so limited a space, and we are almost grateful to find some principle stated as one which everybody is understood to acquiesce in. And there are very few who, in their hasty perusal, can distinguish the unwarrantable assumption from that which is legitimate, and detect the original fallacy which makes the conclusion false. Yet here again, half the evil is done by the statement coming forth, not merely as the opinion of one man, but as the conviction of that lofty, secret, all-informed, and all-wise Power which is assumed to direct and inspire every word that is written in a newspaper.

But to anticipate diminution of evil influence from such productions, if they bore their true authorship on their face, is to count perhaps less than half the good that would follow from avowed authorship. In the majority of cases such things would not be written. For the evil of anonymous journalism is perhaps most notable of all in the tendency to encourage a recklessness or carelessness which few would venture to display under their own names. The sense of shame, the love of applause, would both combine to make writers investigate more fully, and discuss more impartially, if they were made to feel an individual responsibility for what they say. No man would like to run the risk of encountering the laughter of his acquaintances for some gross blunder. No man would like to acquire the personal reputation of being a writer on whom readers could not depend. And few, it may be hoped, would like to be known openly as guilty of offences against good taste or literary morality. A newspaper, written anonymously, can dare all these risks, because its credit is supported by a thousand different circumstances, and it is a corporation without a conscience. But individual writers stand or fall by their own credit, and for their own sakes they dare not

indulge in aught that would diminish their good name and reputation.

This security for trustworthy writing would be enhanced by the objects and position of the writers. They would not merely gain or lose credit with the public by the exhibition of care and fidelity, or the reverse, but their own career would depend upon the character thus acquired. Writers for the press belong to it for the most part as a profession. Those who adopt that employment in addition to other professions, do so either for the pay, or from the wish to advance their own opinions. Now when a writer showed himself idle or prejudiced, not merely to the editor, who perhaps might not observe his errors, or might be biassed by the same prejudice, or might be influenced by private favour, but to the public, so that it came to be remarked that such a one's articles were not worth reading, because they could not be depended on, a much more serious result would follow to the writer himself. Marked out as an inferior man, an editor's favour could not support him, for no paper can take the risk of being known to be written by inferior hands. Each man's work thus standing by itself, and tried by itself, marked by the verdict of public opinion as either gold, silver, brass, or clay, it can hardly be doubted that each would use his best efforts to obtain for it the highest place—a place which, when not a single individual, or a coterie, deciding privately and having its own private ends in view, but the whole public, is the judge, will depend on the sterling value of the papers to which a writer's name is habitually attached.

Whoever doubts this need only turn his attention to the operation of the two systems in other branches of literature. Books that are worthless, or worse than worthless, do indeed appear without number. But their authors soon find, in the general indifference, a motive either to alter their style, or to cease to write. If they continue to write, they are not read, and so grow harmless. But when an author's name is known (no matter whether it is his real name or only a *nom de plume*, in either case it identifies him with his work), and he is accepted as a writer of weight, the public looks to him, encourages him, and trusts him. Hence there is the strongest possible motive to the author of a book to write carefully and honestly. And hence it follows that all our established authors are men whom we place great reliance on, having proved their title to it by testing their first works on their own merits. In a precisely similar way are the claims of the writers in our periodical literature tried and established. A man whose contributions are valueless may, so long as he is anonymous, hold his place by favour of editorial friendship, or to advance some cause which cannot attract more independent support. But a man who writes under his own name cannot keep his

place unless the public has decided that he deserves it. And hence it follows that those who are thus known are all men and women of very high standing, as high in honour (wherever honour is an element in the credit given them) as in literary ability. And the increasing number of periodicals which admit, and of writers who adopt, the practice of signature, proves that the public approbation makes it a system advantageous to all parties.

There is no reason why the system should not be applied in newspapers. A name that was hitherto unknown would of course have to make its way by its own merits. The productions it was appended to would be at first read very critically. When they stated facts, the accuracy of statement would be examined, and the train of reasoning would be accepted only in so far as it might seem strictly just. If it appeared that the writer was either reckless or incompetent, readers would soon cease to glance at his articles, and in that case they would certainly soon cease to appear. But if he gained a just reputation for accuracy and ability, readers would, with equally unfailing instinct, turn to the writing which bore such a stamp.

We have already sufficient evidence, even in the columns of newspapers themselves, of the truth of such a law. How few read anonymous letters in the newspapers! But when a letter appears signed Goldwin Smith, Jacob Omnium, or S. G. O., everyone turns to it because they know it will be worth reading, and often not all the prestige of the anonymous leaders can procure for them a perusal before the letters attested by such well-known names or initials. Would men such as these lose in weight with the public if they wrote leaders instead of letters, and identified their work in the same way?

Nothing, indeed, would more tend to the encouragement and elevation of the literary profession than such a mode of distinguishing and rewarding excellence and high principle. The consequence would be the growth of a race of writers who would make journalism their avowed business, and who, seeing themselves no longer condemned to obscurity, and to have their best thoughts attributed to the impersonality of a newspaper, or credited to some individual whom the public may wrongly guess to be the author, would vie with each other in aiming at public recognition by the noblest paths. For the public, after all, and in the long run, is not mean, nor false, nor even deliberately prejudiced. If it were, we might at once despair of society and human nature together. But, whatever its temporary aberrations, it seeks at last the true and the right; and it most values and most honours, not those who have pandered to its errors, or its baser sentiments, but those who have been faithful to the truth, and dared its momentary displeasure to recall it when it has gone astray. It is hard to over-estimate what might be the im-

pulse given to uprightness and purity of public thought in this generation, if only our daily instructors had ever before them the sense that by their works would they personally be judged, that by conscientious energy they would win place and fame, that by falsehood or by truckling they would only win to themselves a momentary applause, soon to be extinguished in permanent contempt.

The gradual establishment of so high a standard of morality in journalism would permit, with little injury, the occasional and exceptional admission of anonymous writing, when there was peculiar reason for concealing the name. It might be that, in rare cases, to advocate a particular line of policy, or even to show interest in a particular subject, might be detrimental to an individual who was not a regular writer, but who might have valuable means of judging upon some special topic of interest at the moment. In such cases an anonymous article might appear, as it does now, standing only on its own merits, and on the general credit of the journal. But it would bear more weight than it does now, by exactly so much as the credit of the paper had been raised, by the higher tone infused through adoption of the general system of personal and avowed responsibility.

The case of leading articles has hitherto been that which has been in our view. But the same principle applies to other departments of a newspaper. Who can doubt that the public would get much more correct information of foreign affairs if it had the names of the special correspondents, so as to be able to judge whether they had means of information? Half the ridiculous stories that affect the money market, and sometimes increase the chances of war, would perish before birth, the rest would die in laughter or contempt, if it were only known that the person who professes to communicate the secrets of despots or the resolutions of cabinets has only the gossip of a coffee-house for his source of information. On the other hand, those whose position secured them the means of obtaining really valuable intelligence would be correspondingly appreciated. So, again, with regard to criticisms on music, or painting, or the drama. In these there is known to enter so much of personal favour or enmity that in truth the public now-a-days pays very little attention to them. Newspaper authority can at the most induce us to look or to listen with a little more care, but a newspaper verdict neither makes nor condemns any artiste. But the system is scarcely the less objectionable because it has grown innocuous. It wounds if it cannot kill, it retards merit if it cannot repress it, it gives a momentary success if it cannot finally palm off incompetence for genius. To deliver us from this evil, and to substitute really valuable, because trustworthy, criticism, for that which is, at the best, only disregarded, the honest course of attesting

opinions by names is indispensable. When the public knows that it is one artist's personal friend who criticises his and his rival's pictures; that it is the husband of a musician, or the partner in a musical firm, that reports on concerts; that it is a writer of plays who gives his opinion on the conduct of managers and the abilities of actors, the general indifference would turn into active reprobation, and newspaper owners would be compelled, either to cease from filling their columns with false and unfair judgments, or to engage critics to whom no suspicion of partiality could attach.

In the wider field of book criticism the same complaints are now made, and the same remedy is called for. Publishers, authors, and the public all lament that there is not a literary journal which is not infected to the core with favouritism. How can it be otherwise? A man gets his friend to review his book, and the motive of the review nowhere appears. A critic has a private pique, and the public knows nothing of the secret source of so much judicial acerbity. An editor writes books himself, and in reviewing other books he favours those issued by his own publishing house, and says kind things of other authors whom he expects to say anonymous kind things of him in other reviews. No doubt it is impossible to segregate authors and critics into two distinct and unconnected classes. Nor is it either necessary or desirable that we should. Only let us have men owning what they do, and let us know in each case whether there have been any private motives suggesting either favour or hostility. There is no function so terrible as that of criticism. A man's book is part of his life, and a blow to it may be a cruel hurt to him. But the public needs protection, too, against what is evil, and aid in the appreciation of what is good. In the performance of these most weighty, yet most delicate duties, the critic needs all the support which can be afforded by every accumulated motive. It is not enough to warn him merely, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." There is need for the further warning, "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape."

If now it be asked why, if acknowledged writing would be attended with so many advantages to authors and to the public, it has not ere now been generally adopted, the explanation is not difficult. In the first place, custom—which is always hard to alter—is against the change. In the second place, all that is overrated by the present system and is secretly doubtful of maintaining its position under the new, all that is stupid and all that is actuated by prejudice or private object, is set vehemently against an alteration that would appraise every man at his true value, and try every composition by open and strict rules. In the third place, the fancied interests of newspaper

proprietors array them against the reform. They conceive that as the public would not stand mediocrity, and as able men would be recognised, they would have to pay more to secure the best abilities. Probably they are right. But probably also they are wrong in their deduction, that their interests would permanently suffer. Whatever adds to the character of newspapers, increases their circulation. And if magazine proprietors find their advantage in engaging the best available talent at its own price, and in letting the public know that they have done so, there seems no good reason why high-class journals should not.

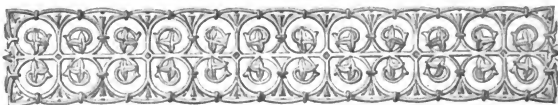
It seems evident, at all events, that the idea is gaining ground. The increasing influence of journalism is attended with a rise in the position of journalists, and with at the same time an inclination in the public to discover the individual writers and a desire in the writers to be personally recognised. Novelists, travellers, philosophers, statesmen, are all known to be among the contributors to the columns of leading journals, and even ministers of the Crown add to their weight by being understood to write in daily papers. There is no reason that they should not. The function thus exercised is, next to that of addressing the House of Commons, the most powerful means of swaying political opinion. In some respects it even surpasses in influence that more distinguished organ. But the very magnitude of its influence increases the necessity for its being exercised under the chastening influence of direct responsibility. Aspiring to form and to lead public opinion, and in great measure attaining its pretension, there is the more urgent necessity for its reciprocal subjugation to the salutary constraints which public opinion imposes on the individual depositories of power. And when the best men are ready to accept these conditions, and recognise that by adoption of them their power for good will be enhanced, while they will be freed from the taint of associated and undistinguishable corruption, or foolishness, the establishment of the principle cannot be long deferred.

It only needs to be added, that the course here advocated is not to be measured by the effects of compulsory acknowledgment, combined with a crushing censorship, in France. What is suited for England is the opposite of the French system in both these respects. It would be voluntary instead of compulsory, and subject to the restraint of public opinion, not of the police and the Home Office. But it may be safely asserted that the degradation of the French press has been accomplished by the law of prosecutions, warnings, and suppressions, and in no degree by the obligation of signature. Rather, perhaps, the latter requirement has saved French journalism from sinking yet lower, by engaging the honour of a few men in the struggle to maintain its position under every difficulty, and by saving

them from being confounded in one general contempt. We, under happier circumstances, may reap larger advantages, with less difficulties to contend against. We have in that profession an ability no less, with an independence far greater. What yet remains to be done is that we elevate the tone, and purge out the corruptions that infect the whole with a pervading sentiment of want of uprightness. The way to which is, very obviously, to insist upon every one bearing the open responsibility for his own share in the work.

For this result there is not needed any Act of Parliament. The honourable ambition, and the yet more honourable sensitiveness of public writers will ere long insist on the change being made. Public opinion will sustain and enforce the demand. It will be felt to be an intolerable anomaly that while all our public affairs are conducted by men who come into the light of day, public opinion upon them should be formed and guided by men who remain in the dark. It will seem monstrous that an author who testifies in his own name to what he believes to be the truth should have his credit impugned by a critic who offers in his turn no pledge of his own knowledge or fairness. It will be condemned as no less indefensible than cruel that an artist whose bread comes from public appreciation should be subjected to the attacks of one who shrinks from declaring that he is a rival or an enemy. In politics, in literature, in law, in the church, in art, all who seek to serve the public perform their functions openly, and submit their personal character and position to the judgment of the world. It will not be much longer borne that that judgment should be pronounced or dictated by a secret, irresponsible, self-constituted tribunal, of which the members refuse to give their names as guarantee of their capacity and their honour. Such a system can be defended only on the plea that it is powerless. Where power is assumed, responsibility must be affixed.

J. BOYD KINNEAR.



THE GOSPELS AND MODERN CRITICISM.

- I. *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 2 vols. Longmans 1867.
- II. *Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst? In allgemeinfasslicher Weise beantwortet von CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF.* Leipzig. 1865.
(*When were our Gospels Written? Popularly answered by CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF.* Leipzig. 1865.)
- III. *When were our Gospels Written? An Argument by CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF.* With a Narrative of the Discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript. Second Edition. London: The Religious Tract Society, 1867.

I.

THE title of this collection of Mr. Froude's minor works is singularly well chosen. The majority of the subjects treated are of great importance, and the treatises are of the shortest. We wish we were not compelled to infer that in another sense the title is *too true*; that there were not evidence in these two volumes, that of some of these great subjects Mr. Froude's studies have been short indeed. We speak particularly of three articles, "On the Philosophy of Catholicism," "A Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties," and "Criticism and the Gospel History." We own to some surprise at finding, in the writings of such an author, secondary blemishes which would of themselves, were the articles anonymous, indicate an inadequacy of acquaintance with the matter taken in hand. For instance, an Oxford professor is called Mr. Mansell (*sic*); the respondent to Colenso is Dr. M'Call (*sic*). He speaks of Christianity as having "made its way out of a little fishing village in Galilee." Does he suppose Nazareth to have been a "fishing village?" for by the terms of his sentence, compared with "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" he can mean no other. Or if he had

Capernaum in his mind, does he suppose it to have been a village at all? He speaks of "a reverend (*sic*) and patient examination," meaning *reverent*; he so far allows himself in awkward expressions as to write "his eyes, like the eyes of the disciples of *Emmaus*, are holden;" and in liberties with grammar, as to leave uncorrected, "So little do men care to understand the conditions which have made them what they are, and which *has* (*sic*) created for them that very wisdom in which they themselves are so contented." These trips are not promising; a *short* study on a *great* subject ought to be the condensation of widely diffused and accurate information, and should be at least blameless in the form which it takes before the world.

As we advance, the omen thus furnished begins to be fulfilled. It is not our present intention to follow Mr. Froude through the crude assertions and faulty analogies of the two articles entitled "The Philosophy of Catholicism" and "A Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties." Whether Hebrew archæologists are prepared to accept the inference that Genesis is post-Aristotelian, we cannot say; but it is a necessary one from the strange jumble which Mr. Froude presents as his account of the origin of the doctrine of sin. If he replies that not Genesis, but an accepted interpretation of Genesis, is meant, then we rejoice that his text admits of no such evasion. If the words "Cursed is the ground for thy sake" have any meaning at all, they carry with them the theory which he describes the Jew as having adopted in looking for a solution of the question (*viz.*, how evil had crept into matter) *which Plato had left doubtful* (*sic*).*

Whether, again, the comparison between astronomy and theology, with the awkwardly playful episode of the Astronomer Royal prosecuting Mr. Jellinger Symonds in the Court of Arches, is or is not *ad rem*, or ought to have been made by any man of ordinary discrimination, we do not stop here to argue. But even in thus passing on, we must protest against the spirit of concealed banter in which

* That there may be no doubt on this point, we quote Mr. Froude's own words:—"Facts witnessing so clearly that the especial strength of evil lay, as the philosophers had seen, in *matter*, it was so far a conclusion which both Jew and Persian were ready to accept; the naked Aristotelic view of it being most acceptable to the Persian, the Platonic to the Hellenistic Jew. But the purer theology of the Jew forced him to look for a solution of the question which Plato had left doubtful, and to explain how evil had crept into matter. He could not allow that what God had created could be of its own nature imperfect. God made it very good; some other cause had broken in to spoil it. Accordingly, as before he had reduced the independent Arimanes, whose existence he had learnt at Babylon, into a subordinate spirit; *so now*, not questioning the facts of disease, of death, of pain, or of the infirmity of the flesh which the natural strength of the spirit was unable to resist, he accounted for them under the supposition that the first man had deliberately sinned, and by his sin had brought a curse upon the whole material earth, and upon all which was fashioned out of it."—Vol. i., p. 184.

these two articles are written. If a man is dealing with a serious subject, let him deal with it seriously; let him look his reader in the face, and speak *bonâ fide*. When he asserts, let the sound of his words carry their inmost sense. This is not the case with Mr. Froude. It requires no very keen discernment to see that his passages of concession and courtesy are but veils for the bitterest irony; and that he is then making merriest with the initiated, when the unsophisticated reader supposes him to be really for a few moments in earnest. This kind of style is very much in fashion now. We have known it sometimes to accompany a lurking wish to stand well with those who are simple enough to hang to the old beliefs, and a fear of speaking out the amount of unbelief which is really in the author's mind. It were to be wished that examples of it were not to be found in high places, and among our very first writers. A most able, perhaps the most able, prelate of our Church, mars the effect of his comments on subjects of the day by this half-earnest kind of style, an inheritance, in his case, from other times, and other opinions than his present ones. In his powerful charges and pamphlets, if there ever is, or seems to be, an onward flowing, for a time, of hearty sympathy, it never fails to be atoned for by an eddying round into a still and creamy back-water of unfathomable sarcasm. If all such passages could be struck out from his writings, he himself would appear to greater advantage, and their effect for good would be vastly increased.

But to return to Mr. Froude. It is of the third of the articles mentioned above, that we wish now principally to speak; that which he entitles "Criticism and the Gospel History." We shall hardly be thought presumptuous in so doing, if the following sentence be taken into account:—

"We are forced beyond our office to trespass on ground which we leave usually to professional theologians, and to tell them plainly that there are difficulties which it is their business to clear up, but to which, with worse than imprudence, they close their own eyes, and deliberately endeavour to keep them from ours. Some of these it is the object of this paper to point out, with an earnest hope that Dean Alford, or Dr. Ellicott, or some other competent clergyman may earn our gratitude by telling us what to think about them. Setting aside their duty to us, they will find frank dealing in the long run their wisest policy. The conservative theologians of England have carried silence to the point of indiscretion."—(P. 242.)

The present writer only regrets that he did not see this challenge when it first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1864; but, seeing it now, he feels it a duty not to let judgment go by default; and, before all other things, he would say something on the caution here given by Mr. Froude—"They will find frank dealing in the long run their wisest policy." The present writer is not conscious of ever having

employed any other. In the Prolegomena to the first volume of his Greek Testament, published in 1849, he wrote the following sentence, with reference to this very point: "*Christianity never was, and never can be, the gainer by any concealment, warping, or avoidance of the plain truth, wherever it is to be found.*" And in this spirit he has met, whether adequately or inadequately, every difficulty of the sacred text. For doing this, he has on several occasions incurred severe blame; he has had to meet the dissuasion and disapproval of some of his best friends; but he is not aware that he has ever shrunk from acknowledging a difficulty, or ever accepted solutions which seemed to him inconsistent with honesty and open dealing.

There would have been no need of this statement, were it not that writers like Mr. Froude are in the habit of assuming dishonesty as the necessary temper of mind of all defenders of Christianity. To turn his own words against himself, "the service of truth is made (by him) to appear as one thing, the service of God as another." When he asks, "Is faith never to cease to dread investigation?" when he writes, "If the English learned clergy had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, they would be the first to take possession of the field—they would look the difficulty in the face fearlessly and frankly;" we can only suppose that the shortness of his studies has really not allowed him to be conversant with what has been by several of the English clergy at least attempted, in the very spirit indicated by him, during the last twenty years. He could not otherwise have allowed himself to say—

"It is the more strange that as time passes on, and divine after divine is raised to honour and office for his theological services, we should find only when we turn to their (*sic*) writings, that loud promises end in no performance; that the chief object which they set before themselves is to avoid difficult ground; and that the points on which we most cry out for satisfaction are passed over in silence, or are disposed of with ineffectual common-places." —(P. 239.)

We must remind our readers that it is one thing to hold our account of difficulties to be inadequate, and entirely another to speak in the strain which we have quoted. The former course would be at least within the limits of fair controversy; the latter, which Mr. Froude has chosen to adopt, is, considering the state of the case, simply indolent and discreditable.

With regard to one statement which he makes respecting 1864, we are happy to be able to believe that at all events it, or any assignable result of it, is far from being the case at the present moment. He speaks of the "now notorious work of M. Renan, which is shooting through Europe with a rapidity which recalls the era of Luther." The sequel to that work, which was to follow up its great effect, excited very little attention; and now, within four years after the

publication of the "*Vie de Jésus*," the traces of M. Renan's influence on belief have, it is said, almost vanished.

But we proceed to the matter itself of Mr. Froude's challenge—the question of the authenticity of the Gospels. We will state the difficulties, as far as is consistent with our limits, in his own language:—

"Looking, then, to the three first Gospels, usually called the Synoptical, we are encountered immediately with a remarkable common element which runs through them all—a resemblance too peculiar to be the result of accident, and impossible to reconcile with the theory that the writers were independent of each other. It is not that general similarity which we should expect in different accounts of the same scenes and events, but, amidst many differences, a broad vein of circumstantial identity extending both to substance and expression.

"And the identity is of several kinds.

"I. Although the three evangelists relate each of them some things peculiar to themselves, and although between them there are some striking divergencies—as, for instance, between the account of our Lord's miraculous birth in St. Matthew and St. Luke, and in the absence in St. Mark of any mention of the miraculous birth at all—nevertheless, the body of the story is essentially the same. Out of those words and actions—so many, that if all were related the world itself could not contain the books that should be written—the three evangelists select for the most part the same; the same parables, the same miracles, and, more or less complete, the same addresses. When the material from which to select was so abundant—how abundant we have but to turn to the fourth evangelist to see—it is at least singular that three writers should have made so nearly the same choice.

"II. But this is not all. Not only are the things related the same, but the language in which they are expressed is the same. Sometimes the resemblance is such as would have arisen had the evangelists been translating from a common document in another language. Sometimes, and most frequently, there is an absolute verbal identity; sentences, paragraphs, long passages, are word for word the very same; a few expressions have been slightly varied, a particle transposed, a tense or a case altered, but the differences being no greater than would arise if a number of persons were to write from memory some common passages which they knew almost by heart. That there should have been this identity in the account of the *words* used by our Lord seems at first sight no more than we should expect. But it extends to the narrative as well; and with respect to the parables and discourses, there is this extraordinary feature, that whereas our Lord is supposed to have spoken in the ordinary language of Palestine, the resemblance between the evangelists is in the Greek translation of them; and how unlikely it is that a number of persons in translating from one language into another should hit by accident on the same expressions, the simplest experiment will show."—(P. 242.)

We are obliged to pass over the various tentative accounts which Mr. Froude gives of these phenomena. They are such as are already familiar to all who are acquainted with the subject: chroniclers borrowing one from another, and adding a finish or a polish, or two borrowing from a third; newspaper correspondents agreeing verbally; and the necessary alternative inference in these cases, either that they had

seen each other's letters, or that they had worked up a common document. He proceeds:—

“If the writers were men of evident good faith; if their stories were in parts widely different; if they made no allusion to each other, nor ever referred to one another as authorities; finally, if neither of them, in giving a different account of any matter from that given by his companions, professed either to be supplying an omission or correcting a mistake, then we should have little doubt that they had themselves not communicated with each other, but were supplementing, each of them from other sources of information, a central narrative which all alike had before them.”—(P. 246.)

He then applies his reasoning to the three Synoptical Gospels; and, rejecting naturally the solution of their phenomena of agreement and disagreement which resolves them into miracles, says:—

“We arrive, therefore, at the same conclusion as before: that either two of the evangelists borrowed from the third, or else there was some other Gospel besides those which are now extant; existing perhaps both in Hebrew and Greek—existing certainly in Greek—the fragments of which are scattered up and down through St. Mark, St. Matthew, and St. Luke, in masses sufficiently large to be distinctly recognisable.

“That at an early period in the Christian Church many such Gospels existed, we know certainly from the words of St. Luke. St. Paul alludes to words used by our Lord which are not mentioned by the evangelists, which he assumed nevertheless to be well known to his hearers. He speaks, too, of an appearance of our Lord after his resurrection to five hundred brethren; on which the four Gospels are also silent. It is indisputable, therefore, that besides and antecedent to them there were other accounts of our Lord's life in use in the Christian Church. And indeed, what more natural, what more necessary, than that from the day on which the apostles entered upon their public mission, some narrative should have been drawn up of the facts which they were about to make known? Then as little as now could the imagination of men be trusted to relate accurately a story composed of stupendous miracles without mistake or exaggeration; and their very first step would have been to compose an account of what had passed, to which they could speak with certainty, and which they could invest with authoritative sanction. Is it not possible then that the identical passages in the Synoptical Gospels are the remains of something of this kind, which the evangelists, in their later, fuller, and more complete histories, enlarged and expanded? The conjecture has been often made, and English commentators have for the most part dismissed it slightly; not apparently being aware that in rejecting one hypothesis they were bound to suggest another; or at least to admit that there was something which required explanation, though this particular suggestion did not seem satisfactory.”—(P. 247.)

Now it is hardly credible that a generally well-informed writer should be altogether ignorant of the elaborate hypotheses of such writers as Bishop Marsh on this very matter; and it is scarcely less incredible that he should not see that there is another hypothesis which would afford a solution even more probable; viz., that a common oral account of our Lord's sayings and doings was current in the Apostolic body—an hypothesis which would far better account for verbal discrepancies

and the ingrafting of portions peculiar to the various reporters of the history, than that of a primitive Gospel existing in writing.

And here, simply because the present writer has been designated by name as having shrunk from dealing with this difficulty, and not from any overvaluing of the solution which he has proposed, he will crave permission to reprint a passage from the same Prolegomena to which he before referred :—

“I believe that the Apostles, in virtue not merely of their having been eye and ear witnesses of the evangelic history, but especially of their office, gave to the various churches their testimony in a *narrative of facts*: such narrative being modified in each case by the individual mind of the Apostle himself, and his sense of what was requisite for the peculiar community to which he was ministering. While they were principally together, and instructing the converts at Jerusalem, such narrative would naturally be *for the most part the same*, and expressed in the same, or nearly the same words: coincident, however, *not from design or rule*, but because the things themselves were the same, and the teaching naturally fell, for the most part, into one form. It would be easy and interesting to follow the probable origin and growth of this cycle of narratives of the words and deeds of our Lord in the Church at Jerusalem,—both for the Jews and the Hellenists,—the latter under such teachers as Philip and Stephen, commissioned and authenticated by the Apostles. In the course of such a process some portions would naturally be written down by private believers, for their own use or that of friends. And as the Church spread to Samaria, Cæsarea, and Antioch, the want would be felt in each of those places, of similar cycles of oral teaching, which when supplied would thenceforward belong to and be current in those respective Churches; and those portions of the evangelic history, oral or partially documentary, would be adopted under the sanction of the Apostles, who were, as in all things, so especially in this, the appointed and divinely-guided overseers of the whole Church. This *common substratum of Apostolic teaching*, never formally adopted by all, and subject to all the varieties of diction and arrangement, addition and omission, incident to transmission through many individual minds, and in so many different localities, *I believe to have been the original source of the common part of our three Gospels.*”

This, at all events, will show how far from true it is, that no attempt was made to account for these phenomena of agreement and divergence. It is not my present purpose to vindicate the account given, any further than to suggest that it, and in my opinion it only, will explain and render easy all the various difficulties which Mr. Froude, after many others, has alleged. That our present Gospels should not in the very earliest times have been quoted by name; that sentences not found in them should be quoted in the primitive Christian writers as portions of Gospel history and of our Lord's sayings; that sentences now found in them should be diversely quoted as to words and import—all this would be natural enough, on the hypothesis of their being constructed on the basis of a common oral tradition. In the earliest times, that tradition itself, or its first embodiments, as in those “memoirs by the Apostles,” to which Justin Martyr seems to refer, survived, and would naturally be referred to by those who

knew them. The Gospels do not profess to be exhaustive. And even judging by the evidence of our present early MSS., of which we shall presently have more to say, we must infer that a process of abridgment has in some cases been at work in their text. The Codex Bezae, as all Biblical scholars know, contains some additions to our ordinary text, which it is difficult to believe to have been mere interpolations.

The subject of MS. evidence as to the original text of our Gospels is one to which enough attention has not been given. Since the discovery of the Sinaitic MS., it may be almost said to have passed into a new phase. Before that time, some scholars among us suspected, that more ancient evidence would show more verbal divergence, not more verbal agreement, of MSS. in the same passages, and this suspicion has been now remarkably strengthened. It seems clear that the ordinarily received text is the result of grinding down and assimilating the great rough outlines of the ancient narratives. The earlier our witness, the less seems to have been thought of mere verbal expression. Whether it was *ἔφη, εἶπεν, ἀπεκρίθη, ἀποκριθεὶς ἔφη*, or *ἀποκριθεὶς εἶπεν*, mattered but little; and by this trifling example, other similar ones which might be adduced may be judged. As late as Augustine, this strong common-sense view of the text prevailed. He is commenting on the differing narratives of the Apostles' calling on our Lord in the storm (Matt. viii. 25), and he says:—

“Una eademque sententia est excitantium Dominum, volentiumque salvari: nec opus est querere, quid horum potius Christo dictum sit. *Sive enim aliquid horum trium dixerint, sive alia verba quae nullus Evangelistarum commemoravit*, tantundem tamen valentia ad eandem sententiæ veritatem, quid ad rem interest?” (De Consensu Evv. ii. 24.)

This is indeed noble language; but it would be repudiated with pious horror by the present upholders of verbal inspiration in England. The writers who are trying to satisfy men's consciences by maintaining that the varieties in the reports of the inscription on the Cross are due to one Evangelist having rendered the Hebrew, another the Greek, another the Latin,(!) would shrink in dismay from applying Augustine's words in that case also, and saying, “Whether the sentence really were any one of these four, or something else which none of the Evangelists has related, but carrying the same sense, what matters it?”

We will furnish our readers with just one illustration of the original diversity of passages which are now found, in our received text, conformed to one another. Our specimen shall be the Lord's Prayer, as reported in St. Matthew and in St. Luke. We give the text in English.

RECEIVED TEXT.

MATT. VI. 9, &c.

Our Father which art in the heavens, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, also upon the earth: give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our debts, as also we forgive our debtors: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. [For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.]

So also (substantially) the Codex Bezae (cent. vi.), the Codex Dublinensis (cent. v.), the Codex Vaticanus (cent. iv.), and the Codex Sinaiticus (cent. iv.).

None of these contains the Doxology; the three latter, for "*we forgive*," have "we have forgiven;" and the Codex Sinaiticus has, "as we also have forgiven."

LUKE XI. 2, &c.

Our Father which art in the heavens, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, also upon the earth: give us day by day our daily bread: and forgive us our sins, for we ourselves also forgive every one indebted to us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

THE CODEX BEZÆ (cent. vi.).

Our Father which art in the heavens, hallowed be thy name upon us, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, also upon earth: give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Codex Alexandrinus (cent. v.), as the received text.

Codex Parisiensis (Ephremi) (cent. v.), as the received text.

CODEX VATICANUS (cent. iv.).

Father, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come. Give us day by day our daily bread: and forgive us our sins, for we ourselves also forgive every one indebted to us: and lead us not into temptation.

CODEx SINAITICUS (cent. iv., but probably early in that century).

Father, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, thus also on earth. give us day by day our daily bread: and forgive us our sins, as we ourselves also forgive every one indebted to us: and lead us not into temptation.

Nothing can show more plainly than this one example, that originally the two texts widely differed; that before the fourth century there had begun that process of patching one Evangelist out of another, which, advancing through the fifth and sixth centuries, had attained as far as the present degree of assimilation, when the attention which began to be paid to the verbal accuracy of the text stopped the further progress of the operation.

Wherever we compare the texts of our great ancient MSS. in the common portions of the Synoptical Gospels, the case is similar. And it is a consideration which must not be forgotten, that we have, so to speak, only arrived half way up in this divaricating process; that not unfrequently, in fact almost always, some of our very earliest MSS. are offenders in this matter; that we find again and again the rough dissimilar reading, about the authenticity of which there can be

hardly a doubt, contained in one MS. only, while others, dating from as early as the fourth or sixth century, have been tampered with to assimilate the texts of the three Evangelists. It may be a startling statement, but it is one from which no student accustomed to compare the texts of New Testament MSS. will shrink, that probably we of this day have never seen, and never shall see, the original form of any evangelic narrative which has parallels in one, two, or three Gospels. It can hardly be doubted that if, in God's Providence, an earlier copy of the sacred text than any now made public were to be discovered, still more divergence in verbal expression would be detected, and we should be still further removed from any absolute certainty as to the *ipsissima verba* of the doubly, or trebly, or quadruply attested narratives. So careful has He been, who has revealed to us by His Apostle that "the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life," to remove away from us that letter, to which we are ever prone to be held in bondage; so true has that been of the verbal text of the Gospel, which is written of the great giver of the law, "HE buried him . . . and the place of his sepulture no man knoweth unto this day." Not the giver of the law, but the Lord his God, was to be worshipped by Israel: not the verbal text of the Gospels, but the living Spirit of Christ, is to lead Christendom into all truth.

This divergency or discrepancy in ancient texts extends also (a fact of which Mr. Froude seems not aware) to the insertion and exclusion of certain entire passages. Of these some have been adopted into the more modern revised text, while some have been excluded from it. The celebrated passage concerning the adulteress in John vii. 53—viii. 1—12, is totally unknown to our most ancient MSS. The Codex Sinaiticus stands as follows:—

"Search and see, for a prophet out of Galilee doth not arise. Again, therefore, to them spoke Jesus, saying, I am the Light of the World"

thus proceeding direct from vii. 53, to viii. 12. Similarly the Codex Vaticanus. The Alexandrinus and Parisiensis are unfortunately deficient here, but it is certain, from the amount of space vacant, that they did not contain the passage. Several of the later of the more ancient MSS. mark it as doubtful, or leave a space not sufficient for the whole. The Codex Bezae contains it (cent. vi.), but in a very different form from the received text; and it is also contained, with many variations, in about seven of the ninth and tenth century MSS., and in a multitude of the more recent ones. With this slender authority, this passage has been retained in our Bibles, and is treated as forming part of the sacred text. Here we have an instance of an important section, apparently belonging to the primitive apostolic oral narrative, floating uncertainly about, sometimes received, some-

times rejected, till at last it became interpolated into the received text, and that in a place to which, from internal considerations, it cannot well belong. Some of the later MSS. which contain it have placed it at the end of Luke *xxi.*, which place it certainly seems better to fit, both from its style and diction, and from the period of which it treats.

But instances of the opposite process, that issuing in ultimate exclusion, are not wanting. The text of this same Codex Bezae, the most singular and erratic of all our ancient MSS., abounds with curious passages, now stigmatized as interpolations, but having almost as much right as that just now treated, and as some others, to stand in the canonical text. In Luke *vi.*, instead of verse 5, which is transposed elsewhere, the Codex Bezae has:—

“On the same day seeing a certain man working on the Sabbath, he said unto him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou art doing, blessed art thou: but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed, and a transgressor of the law.”

In Acts *xii.* 10, in the narrative of Peter’s escape from prison, the same MS. has:—

“And they went out, and descended the seven steps, and passed on through one street. . . .”

In Acts *xvi.* 35, the same MS. has:—

“But when it was day, the prætors assembled together into the forum, and remembering the earthquake which had happened, they were afraid, and sent the lictors. . . .”

The same MS. reads, ver. 39 of the same chapter—

“They exhorted them to come out, saying, We were ignorant of your matter that ye are just men; and they brought them out, and exhorted them, saying, Go out of this city, lest they again attack us, crying out against you . . .”

In Acts *xiv.* 19, the Codex Parisiensis and several later MSS. have—

“And while they were holding converse openly, they persuaded the multitude to separate from them, saying, that they said nothing true, but spoke falsely in all things”

These examples are cited, not with any expression of the writer’s opinion as to the authenticity of the passages in question, but simply to show that there were in very early times many such, floating about among the churches, and finding ultimately either admission into, or seclusion from, the canonical Scriptures.

It should not be forgotten, in connexion with this matter, that we have traces of two editions of the Epistle to the Romans having been in circulation in primitive times, one with, and the other without, chapters *xv.* and *xvi.*

Nor should we omit to say something of the fact that there are portions of the present received text, which have no right to stand in the sacred canon. Foremost of these is the celebrated 1 John v. 7, respecting which, in the present matured state of the evidence against it, it is not too much to say, that nothing but a timid shrinking from meddling at all with the matter has prevented its being erased from our Bibles. No other passage is so strongly protested against by everything deserving the name of authority: but there are many, and not a few in the Gospels themselves, which would disappear by the unanimous verdict of any number of scholars judging by the evidence.*

The fact is, that the existence of phenomena of this kind makes neither for nor against the authenticity and authority of our present Gospels. The Evangelists, in common with many who had been eye-witnesses or ministers of the word, reported, or compiled, being under the special guidance of God's Holy Spirit for that purpose. In their oral utterances also, the same influence guided them. Those utterances, given forth day by day in their missionary work, have perished, except such as have been embodied in writings which have come down to us. A considerable portion also of their written testimony has been lost. Of the *diageses* mentioned by St. Luke, we have probably not one remaining. St. Paul wrote,—for he mentions,—epistles which have not reached us. And who shall venture to say that the other Apostles, busied as each was in his own wide field of labour, wrote no epistles to their churches, or that those epistle were not of equal authority with the seven which we now possess?

To the exclusive inspiration theory,—to the view which leads its maintainers to shudder at the idea of the last leaf of the original autograph of St. Mark's Gospel having perished, and to expect that we must necessarily be able to prove the consistency with one another of the evangelistic narratives, and to disparage the importance of the textual variations in the MSS., and to shrink from the thorough examination of diplomatic evidence,—to this view Mr. Froude's premises, as indeed any argument based on the facts of the case, must at once be fatal. But God's word is not given us to build theories upon; and the investigation of truth will never be turned aside by the fear of demolishing them.†

* With these it is presumed the Greek scholar is already familiar. Those who are not Greek scholars will find them all noted as they occur in my "New Testament for English Readers."

† The agreement, as well as the disagreement of the texts of the Synoptic Gospels is pressed by Mr. Froude into the service of their disparagement:—

"With respect to the parables and discourses, there is this extraordinary feature, that whereas our Lord is supposed to have spoken in the ordinary language of Palestine, the resemblance between the Evangelists is in the Greek translation of them; and how un-

II.

Another important point is raised by Mr. Froude's essay—*the time when our Gospels were written*. And here again Mr. Froude has treated us to some of the points of his very short study of the subject:—

"There exist no ancient writings whatever of such vast moment to mankind, of which so little can be authentically known. The four Gospels, in the form and under the names which they at present bear, become visible only with distinctness toward the end of the second century of the Christian era. Then it was that they assumed the authoritative position which they have ever since maintained, and were selected by the church out of the many other then existing narratives, as the supreme and exclusive authorities for our Lord's life."—(P. 248.)

Let us see how far these assertions are borne out by fact. We believe that very little examination will show the first sentence of this extract to be far from a correct statement.

In the very outset, one caution must be given. We are dealing with events which are dated by an era beginning thirty years before most of them happened. Thus one-third of the first century hardly comes into consideration. Then again we are dealing with narratives written for a special purpose, which purpose would not become practically important till the living voice of eye-witnesses was beginning to pass away. For nearly thirty years after the Ascension, it was not likely that the pressing need of written Gospels would be felt. Thus the greater part of the first century is gone before such narratives would begin formally to be compiled and given to the Church. And what follows upon such compilation and publication? How do we suppose our Gospels to have won their way to universal acceptance? Would it be the work of one year, or of one decade of years? No one can say of them that they were written at one time or in one place: their very phenomena forbid any such supposition. No one can point to any proclamation of authority, emanating from Apostle or council of Apostles, to give them sanction. They must have prevailed gradually, by slow dissemination, each at first in the neighbourhood where it was first promulgated, and so more

likely it is that a number of persons in translating from one language into another should hit by accident on the same expressions the simplest experiment will show." (P. 244, vol. i.)

But all this is pure assumption. Greek was the ordinary language of Palestine at the time. In all probability, our Lord usually spoke in that language. The most careful and minute reporter of His sayings—St. Mark—specifies certain apparently exceptional occasions in which He used Hebrew (Aramaic) terms, and these seem to point to His ordinary practice. Mr. Froude has absolutely no right whatever to raise this point against the Evangelists.

and more widely as it was carried hither and thither by missionaries of the faith. Long years must have been required for the four, as we now have them, to be placed in their position of exclusive authority. Wherever there lingered an eye-witness of our Lord's life, his testimony would be accepted before a written document, supposing that document came without formal authorization from an Apostle. One who was a young man of twenty when he went up and down with our Lord, may have been alive and bearing witness after the year 100. As that record died out, the other records would come in. But even then, those who had heard from Apostles and eye-witnesses (and they must have been very numerous in all parts of the Church) would stand on a level in some measure with the Gospels themselves. As we have already seen, there were acts and sayings of our Lord, outside the Gospel narratives, received and quoted as having His authority. In the midst of all this, the evangelistic histories won their way; and if the adjustment of their claims, as against others, has to be allowed for, so also has the adjustment of their relations to one another. It would take a considerable time before three testimonies, in many respects so similar as those of the three Synoptist Evangelists, would be received side by side as of concurrent authority.

And let us further remember, that during the whole time requisite for these various adjustments, we shall in vain seek for formal citation of our four Gospels as authoritative. Rather shall we find vague reference to sayings and doings of our Lord which may be more or less traceable in their texts, but cannot with certainty be said to have been drawn from any of them.

And now let us see how matters really stand. Let us see, as Tischendorf says in his excellent little tract, mentioned at the head of this article, whether the earliest Christian literature testifies for or against our Gospels. We shall follow, in what we have to say on the matter, the line of argument which he adopts. He has striven to put it in the simplest and most common-sense way; and such is our object likewise.

In the last decade of the second century, between the years 190—200, we have these Gospels universally received, in all parts of the Church, as Holy Scripture. We find them quoted as apostolic, and as of decisive authority, by writers widely distant from one another. In Lyons we have Irenæus, in his great work on the earliest heresies, citing our Gospels nearly four hundred times, and the Gospel of St. John above eighty times. In Africa we have Tertullian citing them many hundred times, and the Gospel of St. John above two hundred times. In Alexandria we have the same phenomena in the writings of Clement. Even earlier, about 170, the famous fragment on the

canon, named after its finder Muratori, enumerated the four Gospels at the head of the canonical books of the New Testament. The same testimony is borne by the two earliest translations of the New Testament; the older Syriac, dating about the end of the second century, and the old Latin,—this latter still earlier, for it is used by the Latin translator of Irenæus, whose date is fixed to the end of the second century, by the fact that his translation is used by Tertullian when citing Irenæus. This same old Latin version is also used by Tertullian himself. Tischendorf well observes, how weighty is their argument for the early authority of the Gospels, seeing that before the end of the second century a general Latin version of the four had been made for the use of the whole Church.

And here is to be noticed a very common trick of reasoners like Mr. Froude with regard to such testimonies as that of Irenæus. This Father not only adduces the Gospels as against the heretics of his time, but he also goes into various reasonings about them, which to us appear fanciful and trifling. Mr. Froude himself shall speak on this:—

“That there were four true evangelists, and that there could be neither more nor less than four, Irenæus had persuaded himself because there were four winds or spirits, and four divisions of the earth, for which the Church being universal required four columns; because the cherubim had four faces, to each of which an evangelist corresponded; because four covenants had been given to mankind—one before the Deluge in Adam, one after the Deluge in Noah, the third in Moses, the fourth and greatest in the New Testament; while again the name of Adam was composed of four letters. It is not to be supposed that the intellects of those great men who converted the world to Christianity were satisfied with arguments so imaginative as these; they must have had other closer and more accurate grounds for their decision; but the mere employment of such figures as evidence in any sense, shows the enormous difference between their modes of reasoning and ours, and illustrates the difficulty of deciding at our present distance from them how far their conclusions were satisfactory.”—(P. 249.)

But does it not strike so intelligent a person as Mr. Froude that there is another side to the evidence furnished by these dreamy analogies of Irenæus? Do they look as if the four Gospels were then first beginning to gain acceptance? Do men hunt up far distant analogies and symbolism for a matter to which the world is as yet fresh and unaccustomed? Is it not rather hereby shown, that this quadruple number had long been a familiar and settled thing? And as regards the fourth Gospel, does this way of writing look as if he were striving to gain for it an authority by the side of three others already known and acknowledged? Concerning this fourth Gospel, Irenæus's testimony is very remarkable. He died, be it remembered, in 202. In his youth he had been a disciple of the

aged Polycarp, who had himself been a disciple of the Apostle John, and had known also other eye-witnesses of the evangelic history. He tells us of the things which Polycarp reported to him, and among the rest of the intercourse with John and others who had seen the Lord; and testifies to the entire accordance of their sayings with the written Scriptures. Now it has been often asked,—and though the inquiry has been put scornfully aside, it has never been answered,—How could such a man as Irenæus, who stood in this relation to a disciple of St. John himself, have believed St. John's Gospel to be authentic, unless he had received it as such from his master Polycarp,—which is the same as saying, unless it really were so? That he *did* hold it to be authentic and canonical is testified, as we said, by his citing it more than eighty times as authority against the heretics of his day.

And now let us pass to the evidence furnished by Tertullian, a man who, from a pagan lawyer, became a strenuous defender of Christianity. He speaks of Mark and Luke as apostolic men, companions and helpers of the Apostles, and gives them inferior rank to Matthew and John, who had been chosen by our Lord himself, and invested with full apostolic authority. He also lays down a canon for determining the authenticity of the writings which passed for apostolic, remarkable for its pertinence to the present subject: that apostolic authenticity must be judged by reference to the previous acceptance as apostolic by those churches which were founded by Apostles themselves. Is it credible, that a keen-witted man like Tertullian should have been guilty of uncritical carelessness in his assumption and defence of the authenticity of the four Gospels? For in laying down this rule he is arguing for the whole four against Marcion, who had repudiated three, and mutilated the fourth. Surely, observes Dr. Tischendorf, his appeal to the Church of Ephesus, where St. John laboured so long and died, can hardly be regarded as other than decisive for the authenticity of the fourth Gospel: for scarcely more than a century had elapsed since the death of the Apostle, when he wrote this appeal.

Another source of evidence on this point is to be found in the ancient Harmonies of the Gospels. There were two, compiled about the year 170: one by Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch in Syria; the other by Tatian, a scholar of Justin Martyr. Both these works are lost: but Jerome (in century iv.) tells us of the former, that it was a compounding of the four Gospels into one whole; and Eusebius (in centuries iv. and v.) tells us of the other, that Tatian had called it the Diatessaron, *i.e.* "the Gospel compounded out of four." It follows from these facts, that shortly after the middle of the second

century, the four Gospels were universally received, and recognised as the material, and as the *only* material, out of which a consistent life of our Lord could be compiled.

The allusions to our present Gospels in the genuine letters of Ignatius, who was martyred at Rome not later than the year 115, and in the short letter of Polycarp, whose death took place very shortly after that date, are, though not decisive, yet hardly mistakeable; and in the latter there is a direct quotation from the First Epistle of St. John,—a writing indissolubly bound up in spirit and style with the Gospel which bears his name. Dr. Tischendorf, very properly as it seems to us, rebuts, with something of indignant scorn, the forced and absurd theories by which those who try to escape the inference try to account for the appearance of the citation in the epistle of Polycarp.

Want of space forbids us from following Dr. Tischendorf through the evidence afforded by Justin Martyr, giving almost incontrovertible proof of his having seen and cited the Gospels, and especially that of St. John.

He next passes on to the early heretics, the testimony gathered from whom is most important and irrefragable. "So fast," says Irenæus (Har. iii. 11, 7) "are our Gospels rooted, that even the heretics are witnesses for them, and that each heretic sets out from them to establish his own doctrine." Be it remembered, that this is the judgment of the latter half of the second century concerning the former half, when these heretics wrote and taught. Then it was that they strove to ground their erroneous teaching on the Gospels. But let us pass to the heretics themselves. Valentinus, one of the ablest and keenest among them, came from Egypt to Rome between A.D. 100 and 140, and lived perhaps twenty years after his arrival there. His whole system and nomenclature was built upon terms peculiar to St. John's Gospel. Either he borrowed from it, or its writer from him. One may well make the upholder of the latter alternative a present of it, and bid him welcome to its consequences. If it be untenable, the other follows as matter of course; for there was no third source whence both might have borrowed. Besides, Valentinus again and again cites expressions and sayings which are found in St. John. Nor was this the only Gospel which he cited and quoted. He found mythical and allegorical meanings in the story of the centurion at Capernaum (Matt. viii. 9; Luke vii. 8), in that of the daughter of Jairus (Luke viii. 41), in that of the woman with the issue of blood (Matt. xix. 20).

Ptolemy, a scholar of Valentinus, quotes with the phrase "saith the Apostle," "All things were made by the Word, and without Him

was nothing made." Heracleon, another contemporary and follower of Valentinus, wrote an elaborate commentary, of which we still possess fragments, on the Gospel of St. John, with a view to substantiate from it the Valentinian doctrines. Hippolytus, the disciple of Irenæus, whose great work on the refutation of heresies was discovered about twenty years ago, tells us of two of the very earliest of the heretical sects, the Naassenes and the Peratici, that they held the Gospel of St. John to be on their side, and interwove their teaching with quotations from it.

In the time of Hadrian (A.D. 117—138) Basilides wrote a large work in explanation of our Gospels, probably to fix on them some such mythical and fanciful senses as Valentinus. Of this work we have but very few fragments. But these suffice to show us that he used the Gospel of St. John, for Hippolytus gives us his interpretation of John i. 9, and ii. 4.

The questioners of the early origin of our Gospels have made much of the fact that Marcion (A.D. 140 to 150) used and circulated what has been commonly supposed to have been a copy of St. Luke's Gospel, mutilated to serve his purposes. To this he added ten epistles of St. Paul, and these together formed his collection of sacred books. It has been strangely supposed that this was the first collection of sacred books ever made in the Church, that the shorter Gospel used by Marcion formed the original foundation of the Gospel of St. Luke, not *vice versa*: that Marcion knew nothing of the Gospel of St. John. Mr. Froude indeed has raised a wonderful fabric of conjecture on this foundation, supposing that Theophilus of Antioch, mentioned above as one of the first harmonizers of the four Gospels, had the present Gospel of St. Luke compiled "out of other imperfect Gospels in use in the different churches," and got it *dedicated to himself* by the compiler. After the evidence which has been here adduced, we feel that we may fairly consign this conjecture to the limbo where Mr. Froude's post-Aristotelian Genesis will, we presume, also lie. As it happens, we have in Tertullian a reference to some early letters of Marcion's, by which it appears that at first he used all four Gospels,* and afterwards in behalf of his peculiar doctrine confined himself to one, and that one in a mutilated form.

From the heretics, Dr. Tischendorf passes to the outside enemies of Christianity itself. Of these, Celsus, in the middle of cent. ii., wrote a book full of contempt and hatred of the faith, now only

* Compare adv. Marcionem I. p. 247 A (ed. Migne).—Quis tam comesor mus Ponticus, quam qui Evangelia corrosit?..Non negabunt discipuli ejus primam illius fidem nobiscum fuisse, ipsius literis testibus..with book iv. p. 363 c,—nobis fidem ex Apostolis Joannes et Matthæus insinuant: ex Apostolicis Lucas et Marcus instaurant.

known to us from the controversial treatise written against it by Origen. Hence we learn, that Celsus found in our present Gospels the material for his contemptuous comments, in the three first Gospels, the Birth from a Virgin, the wise men from the East, the flight into Egypt, the Dove at the Baptism, the Agony in the Garden, the thirst on the Cross, &c. From the Gospel of St. John, he adduced the naming Jesus "the Word of God," the demand of the Jews in the Temple for a sign, the flowing of blood from the side of Jesus on the Cross. And he noticed the difference in the accounts of the Resurrection, some naming one angel, some two; on which Origen remarks that the former applies to Matthew and Mark.

We pass rapidly over another not unimportant department of evidence in which Dr. Tischendorf has good right to speak with authority—the apocryphal writings which group round the New Testament canon. The "Gospel of James" and the "Acts of Pilate" he dates from the first decade of the second century. The former was written to uphold, by mythical additions to the Gospel history, the virginity of the mother of our Lord, and, Dr. Tischendorf maintains, presupposes the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. The latter (the "Acts" of Pilate) is referred to by Justin Martyr and Tertullian as authority: is, Dr. Tischendorf contends, the same as that which we now possess by the same name: and takes its accounts of the events of our Lord's passion and death, partly from the three former evangelists, partly from St. John.

Another very important witness, made sure to us by the researches of Dr. Tischendorf himself, is the Epistle of Barnabas, dating from the beginning of the second century, and during the third century ranged, as of equal authority, beside Scripture itself. Of the five first chapters of this epistle, the Church, previously to the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus, professed only an ancient Latin translation. In this part of the epistle occurred the following: "Let us therefore take heed, lest, *as it is written*, we be found many called but few chosen." This expression, "*as it is written*," being the ordinary formula of citing the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament, serves to show that the document out of which the words are quoted was, at the time of the citation, accounted as of authority equal to those Scriptures. But that document is the Gospel of St. Matthew (xx. 16, xxii. 14).

It was not to be expected that so decisive a testimony would pass unchallenged. As it existed only in the Latin version of the Epistle of Barnabas, it was obvious to say that the words "*it is written*," were an interpolation of the translator. So Dr. Credner argued in 1832. Dr. Tischendorf may be excused here for becoming a little romantic:—

"While learned Germany was disputing whether the Latin text in this place was to be depended on, the undeniable text of the original lay hid in the lonesome Arabian desert among the ancient parliament rolls of a Greek monastery. Much of it had perished during the course of centuries by the tooth of time, and by the hands of ignorant monks; but over this treasure watched an invisible Eye. Destruction by fire was very nearly its lot; but God had decreed its escape. Bound up with the Sinaitic MS. of the Bible, the whole epistle of Barnabas was re-discovered in the original Greek text. And how does this text decide as regards the words in question? It decides thus, that the great classic Christian saying, 'As it is written,' was prefixed to the words of Matthew by the author himself, not by the translator."—(P. 47.)

We entirely share Dr. Tischendorf's feeling of scorn for those who attempt to evade the force of the decision thus gained, by questioning the sense of this well-known formula, or by applying it to a passage in the apocryphal fourth book of Esdras, to which the words cited bear only the most distant resemblance. This evidence puts it beyond reasonable doubt, that at the very beginning of the second century the Gospel of St. Matthew was acknowledged as Holy Scripture. And be it remembered that in our first notices of the New Testament canon, we have no constant placing of St. Matthew *first*, nor any reason to believe that the recognition of this Gospel preceded that of the others.

There is yet one witness whose report on this matter has been very variously taken, viz., Papias. But as we hope before long to devote an entire article to the consideration of his testimony, we shall not enter on the consideration of it at present, further than to say that Dr. Tischendorf agrees with the view that he mistook the Hebrew Gospel of the Nazarenes for that of St. Matthew.

The general conclusion which Dr. Tischendorf draws, and as it appears to us very fairly, from his argument is, that our present Gospels were received as canonical writings about the end of the first century. And we do not see that Mr. Froude's "short study" of this "great subject" has produced anything that invalidates that conclusion. Our readers have by this time been enabled to judge of the accuracy of his dictum, that "the four Gospels, in the form and under the names which they at present bear, became visible only with distinctness towards the end of the second century of the Christian era." It is, of course, a truism that "there exist no ancient writings whatever of such vast moment to mankind of which so little can authentically be known;" simply because there are not, and cannot be, any other writings of such moment as these; but that which we suppose to be intended by this clumsy expression is far from being the fact, as the preceding summary has shown.

On one point we venture to differ from Dr. Tischendorf. In his judgment of the paramount value of the Sinaitic MS. we see something of the overweening affection of a discoverer for the object of his discovery. He sees in its text a very near approximation to that of the earliest Latin version, which Tertullian, at the end of the second century, and the Latin translator of Irenæus still earlier, made use of. He thinks that in it he has found the text of the second century; a discovery which would be the most valuable that the Church has ever achieved. We own that after considerable collation and study of its text, we can find no such distinguishing approximation.* That it is a most precious ancient document, there can, we imagine, be no doubt.† Its text is an original and a very curious one. Now approaching one, now another, of our great MSS., and keeping close to it for a considerable time, suddenly it appears to fly off into some character of text hitherto unknown, or to attach itself to some other family of MSS. throughout another passage. In all the usually found errors of transcription, and mistakes by reason of ignorance or caprice, it abounds as much as any others. Nor, as far as we have been able to judge (but here we, of course, confess to our knowledge of the text being altogether unequal to Dr. Tischendorf's), does it reflect the text cited by the fathers of the Egyptian Church of the second and third century any more exactly than others of our great MSS., *e.g.*, than the Codex Vaticanus.

III.

Dr. Tischendorf's little tract has been put within the reach of the English public by the Religious Tract Society, which has conferred of late so many boons on the sacred literature of this country. The translation is passably correct, and has the merit of being in idiomatic English; still in some places we have found passages carelessly

* See, *e.g.*, a crucial passage, Luke ix. 57.

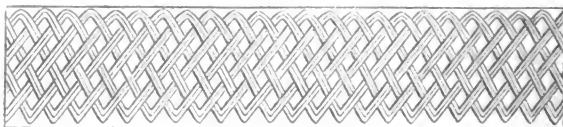
† A correspondent of the *Guardian* of June 12, of this year, is anxious to know whether the internal evidence of the genuineness of the Sinaitic MS. is satisfactory, having had his faith in that genuineness somewhat shaken by the narrative prefixed to this tract of Dr. Tischendorf's. We are persuaded that he may set his mind at rest on this point. The text of this MS. bears, to us, the strongest possible marks of originality and genuineness. If any man were capable, from his knowledge of ancient MSS., of forging such a text, it would take him almost the duration of a life to accomplish the forgery. Besides which, we are unable to see in the very straightforward narrative of Dr. Tischendorf any grounds of suspicion. Our friend is given to blow his trumpet before him somewhat loud; and this narrative is certainly not wanting in examples of his habit. We confess, too, to a certain anxiety—undispelled by anything he says at the end—as to whether the good monks of St. Catherine have got back, or are likely to get back their precious document, which was borrowed to be taken to St. Petersburg. See p. 17 of the German, p. 34 of the translation.

rendered, or even altogether passed over. *E.g.*, who would suppose that the English quoted beneath represented the German?

"For we find that the old Syriac version which has been recently found is quite as closely related (? see German) as the Italic. The fathers of the Egyptian church of the second and third centuries, moreover, established the trustworthiness of this Sinaitic text." (Translation, p. 116.)

"Vielmehr bestätigen grösseren Theils denselben Text gegenüber demjenigen der neueren Dokumente, die älteste erst vor kurzem aufgefundenen syrischen Uebersetzung, die kaum jünger ist als die altlateinische, aber aus einer ganz anderen Gegend der christlichen Welt her stammt, so wie die Zeugnisse ägyptischer Kirchenväter des 2 und 3 Jahrhunderts." (Tischend. p. 62.)

And this is by no means a solitary example.



THE WICKLOW COUNTRY.

MURRAY'S *Handbook for Ireland*. London: 1866.

BLACK'S *Wicklow Guide*. Edinburgh: 1866.

LEWIS'S *Topographical Survey of Wicklow*. Dublin: 1832.

SPENSER'S *State of Ireland* (Works, vol. vi., Jacob Tonson, 1715).

MONCK-MASON'S *History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's*. Dublin: 1819.

WAKEMAN'S *Handbook of Irish Antiquities*. Dublin: 1854.

THE Wicklow country conveys as definite an idea to an Irishman as the Peak country does to a North-Midlander. The district covered by the name begins in the southern part of the county of Dublin, and may be prolonged towards the south-west across almost to Kildare and Carlow, taking in the whole of that mass of granite and metamorphic rock which makes such a large patch on the geological maps.

Of course such rock, rising to two and three thousand feet in height, makes us look for fine scenery; and we are not disappointed. Moreover, we are not treated to a mere repetition of what we left behind on the other side of the Channel. Perhaps no two mountain districts are like each other; but the contrast between Snowdonia and Wicklow is almost startling. None of the Wicklow hills have the sharp forms into which the Welsh slate is cut by the frequent dykes of trap. There is no place in the whole district at all like Clawd Coch, or the rock-wall connecting the two Carneddys; no lake with that look of blank desolation which always marks the Capel Curig water, and which Lake Ogwen only loses

under the brightest sun. To the north, where the country grows more level, some of the single hills, like the Sugarloaves and Three-rock Mountain, have thoroughly mountain shapes. But in the heart of the district they are almost all rounded, like Dartmoor summits without their crowning tors. It is not an Irish Dartmoor, though; for its valleys or "glens" are a far more marked feature than Tavy Cleeve, or the vale of the Okement, or the rest of the Dartmoor vales: nor is it much like the dale part of Derbyshire; it is on a larger scale, and the heather-clad and peat-covered heights form a very much finer contrast to the valleys than the flat grass-downs of Eyam and Bradfield do to the hollows that are cut through them. The Devil's Glen, through which the Vartry runs, or ran before its waters were cut off to supply Dublin, is the most Derbyshire in its style.* Parts of it remind you of the best bits of Dovedale—magnified a good deal—for some points in the glen are said to be more than three hundred feet high. The great charm of the country is that you have so much in a small space. From Wicklow to the head of the Devil's Glen is not more than six miles; Arklow is barely four miles from the "meeting of the waters." Bray is close to the Dargle, and, be it remembered, is quite near Kingstown and within easy reach of Dublin. Thus you may live on a fine breezy coast, and yet get up daily into the heart of the hills, an advantage which those will duly appreciate who remember the weary drive from Bangor to Llanberis. Go by rail from Dublin to Arklow, and you will see how very little space is left between the sea and the hills. Through gap after gap, you get peeps up far inland: but all the rest of the way you have water on one hand and sheer rock on the other. Everybody has heard, though far too few know practically, that this Wicklow country is singularly beautiful. I set it as much above any of its Welsh or English rivals, as Killarney is without question superior to the lake country. No doubt parts of it have been overpraised. It is the ill-luck of Ireland to pick up cast-off English customs; and when the professional tourist and guide-book maker found his "occupation going" over here, he began to infest the more accessible parts of the Sister Island. The magniloquent race who used to talk of the "lovely scenery" of dull flat Leamington, and to grow rapturous about Weston-super-Mare, is over here becoming extinct. We have got to Murray and sober reality. Wicklow, however, still suffers from the mischievous breed, whose guidance is as unsafe as it is wearying. For to

* Dea was the Vartry's old name, Inbherdea, its mouth by Ashford and the Newrath Hotel. The district rejoices in Inbhers (Inver. Aber.): inbher Daile is now Ennerelly; inbher-na-mbarc is Bray; lower down, inbher Slaini is Wexford Harbour.

their natural love of bombast was often added the toadying instinct which led them, consciously or unconsciously, to lay the praise on very thickly when some great man's grounds were being described. We can fancy Prince Puckler Moskau, who speaks of a very ordinary wooded dale, as if it combined all the beauties of Tempe and Cashmere and Vallombrosa into the bargain, repaying in this way somebody's Irish welcome; just as Tom Moore found the valley "where the bright waters meet" the sweetest in the wide world, because of the very pleasant recollections connected with it. Far worse than the prince or the poet is Mr. N. P. Willis, who, for Ireland's sins, had to manufacture the letter-press to what was for a long while the best collection of Irish views. He and other "burdensome beasts" of the same genus have done much harm to the district by overpraising the outskirts, while almost silent about the interior. A man reads that the Dargle is "the most lovely, romantic, stupendous, &c.": he goes, and finds a very finely wooded glen with rock cropping well out here and there, and patches of old turf where you can sit and pic-nic, and watch the sun tinting each kind of tree with its own special green, and hear the river brawling among the boulders. If a Yorkshireman, you can count up a handful of dales nearly as good. Anyhow, you have seen better somewhere; and so you go away, talking of Irish exaggeration, probably without getting at all into the really wild and characteristic scenery. If you can do no more than that, you would do better to leave the Dargle alone, and to content yourself with running down by the coast-railway and seeing what you can as you pass along. You will say that, if Ireland is an ugly picture in a lovely frame, lovelier framing than the country between Killiney and Kilmichael Point it would be hard to find.

In this great mass of high ground rise several rivers, which, flowing singularly near each other in quite different directions, beautifully illustrate the "rainfall" or "water-shed" principle. Close by Sally Gap, through which goes a branch of the great military road (the country was almost roadless before 1798), rise the Liffey, running north-west, the Dargle draining east, and the Annamoe flowing south, through Lough Tay. A very low elevation divides the Vartry from the Annamoe; and in like manner the ground about Wicklow Gap, which throws off the King's river westward towards the Liffey and several affluents of the Ovoca to the south and east, is much lower than a good deal of the country round. Rivers do not usually rise in the highest parts of a mountain district; a comparatively flat moor will often do more to set water going and to divide the course of streams than a steep ridge or a high peak.

The largest river is the Avonmore—one of many,* for the natives had not a large choice of names. Ptolemy and Tom Moore call it the Ovoca. Small as it is, it has a host of tributaries. Every lake in the country drains into it except the two Loughs Bray, in Glencree, in the skirts of Kippure. Through Loughs Tay and Dan runs (as we said) the Annamoe, past its namesake village, where little Laurence Sterne fell into the mill-race and was almost drowned. At Laragh, sometime the head-quarters of outlaw O'Dwyer during the '98, there is a regular "waters meet." A bigger stream than the Annamoe comes down Glenmacnass. Lough Nahanagan drains through Glandasan, where you may still find, or fancy, traces of the sacred way, from St. Bridget's fire-shrine at Kildare, to the seven churches. An old Celtic track it was long before the saint's time, for the fire was only the heathen altar-flame christianized, and in the lake lived one of the many piasts or holy serpents whom St. Patrick banished. Lastly, still further to the south-west, the Glenealo runs through Glendalough. All these, meeting near Laragh Bridge, form the Avonmore, and run down through the lovely wooded vale of Claragh, to Castle Howard. If Moore had stood on the hill by Laragh barracks, when he wrote his song, few would have disputed its literal truth; for the view thence is such as you might go a long way without seeing the like of:—the wide, richly wooded Claragh valley in front, and the three glens, each wilder than the other, behind, and on the right the weird-looking level on which stood the city of the seven churches, and which not even Jerdon's Hotel, built close to the old cathedral, has succeeded in vulgarising. Softer it is, by far, than Snowdonia; and yet, if you have weather clear enough to look out beyond the nearer ranges, you will say that, though you cannot catch a glimpse of the upper lake, with the "gloomy shore," still the element of grandeur is not wanting in the beautifully mixed scene which lies before you. That is the charm of Wicklow: from the best points you get a little of everything. Here is one instance, perhaps the best:—go and see Lough Tay, rowing across Lough Dan to get to it; and then, before you walk down the steep road to Roundwood, look back at the lake, with the woods on one side and the lofty crags on the other, and the great scaur backing it up behind. It is as wild as Wastwater; yet close by, as it were in the same setting, you have the lovely little Cloghore dell—so green, so beautiful

* *E.g.* Northern Blackwater. The unhappy plasticity and love of strangers which have ruined the race shows itself in their frequent acceptance of English names. Among the more obstinate, Cymri names are corrupted—Avondhu becomes Hondy—but they are rarely lost.

in form; the place, perhaps, of all others, you will say, where one could enjoy life, at any rate when the sun is shining. So, again, the broad glen of Imaal, with the young Slaney running through it, is such a lively contrast to the mountains round, changes, too, so daintily at every mile, that you don't wonder, as you look at it from the military road over Table Mountain, catching new beauties every step you rise, that the Wicklow septs should have made harder fight than men who had only the central plains to do battle for. What a fine life of it the O'Byrne must have lived, lying with his creaght (cattle) about Lough Dan, perhaps in that very Cloghore dell, and swooping down every now and then upon the Pale, now seizing and holding to ransom the judges who were carrying the king's writ down among the English of Munster; now (as in Gerald Griffin's ballad) rescuing Talbot's daughter from his wild kernes, and getting taken prisoner for his pains, of course to be set free by the lady, who duly runs off with him to his lair. A wild country, possessing everything needful for defence (that Glen of Imaal, with its corn-land and water-power, might be quite a Swiss canton all to itself), lying comfortably between the sea and the high road to the south, no wonder it bred a wild race who kept up a sort of Robin Hood life, untroubled by what went on in the Pale or among the Irishry beyond it, for they belonged to neither.* No wonder Glendalough long remained virtually attached to the Celtic church, having its own Irish bishops; though, in the ecclesiastical arrangements of the conquerors, it had been lowered from a bishopric to an archdeaconry. If the archdeaconry was a sinecure because the Irish preferred their own man, at least it could not have been a rich one. It is rated, indeed, at ten marks in the Pope's valuation in 1306, and at 100 marks in the King's visitation of 1615; but we are told again and again that because of war the income is not to be had. "Nil propt. guerr.," "nil quia vasta," are constant entries in the valuation list before me. Even to the valuation of other preferments, nearer Dublin, there are the significant additions "temp. pacis" or "aut minus." Thus the prebend of Wicklow, attached in 1332 to the Archdeaconry of Glendalough, is described in the *Inquisitio*, 38 H. VIII., as worth "communibus annis, xlvij. xiiis. ivd.;" "it lieth in the Birne's country, and is of large extent, but even the particular names of the town lands are to us unknown," say the inquisitors. Indeed, when we remember that religion was a matter of race and not of creed, and that in the *Compositio Realis*, made in 1514, between the

* Mr. Vaughan brings out clearly in his "History and Geography" (*Contemporary Review*, May, 1867), the reason why Ireland was conquered. Her high lands are all isolated. Thus a Wicklow chief could not fall back on his friends in the Sliabh Bloomer without fighting his way across the Pale.

Archbishop and the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick, "the ancient custom of this church is confirmed and ratified, that all Irishmen by blood and nation, and all who conform to them in mode of life, are shut out from being members of this Cathedral," we shall not think it likely that the Dublin-appointed dignitaries would be of much account in places (as Abp. Alan has it) "*ubi O'Byrne capitaneus.*" This exclusion of mere Irish was no idle threat. About 1393 Thomas Snell (one would have thought the name should have been security enough) being made Archdeacon of Glendalough, the king was advised that he was an Irishman, and that therefore his presentation was, by 40 Edward III., null and void. The case was tried upon a *quare impedit*; but the jury found Snell to be an Englishman.

It was hard for an Anglo-Norman hierarchy—more hateful to the Irish then than "the Establishment" is now—to get tithes out of Glendalough archdeaconry and Wicklow prebend; well it might have been; for all these dainty little coombs, some of them so perfect in the mingling of water, rock, and wood, and tiny green meadow, that "Capability Brown" would have confessed himself unable to add a finishing touch, have seen plenty of hard fighting, from the days when the kerne, deep asleep after a long foray, was waked by the shout of the invading Marchmen, down to the '98, when the rebellion lingered on in spite of yeomanry and fencibles, and the peasant, hunted like a partridge, hoped against hope that "the French were on the sea," or that Lord Edward would reappear and lead him to victory. It is hard, in treating of such a country, to get well through the topography without branching off into the history which every pass and almost every valley bring to mind. And yet there are singularly few secular ruins in this historic country. Those chiefs seldom built castles; they preferred the free life of the hill-side, where Spenser saw them gathered to hear the brehon's judgments. The rath was mostly an earthwork surrounding wattled palaces. There is what they call King O'Toole's castle, indeed, close by Annamoe village; but Arklow and Wicklow castles were founded by the Danes. At Wicklow the steps still remain by which they went through the sea-postern to their ships. You won't care to go down now, they are so black and slippery; but any of the barefoot gossoons about will be glad to show you that the way is still practicable. No; if you want castles, go to the valleys of the Nore or of the Suir. There every townland has its square tower, whence a look-out could be kept against the Irish enemy. The Irish, too, thereabouts, built their castles: M'Carthys, M'Gwires (one of these was the first to seek an English title; he wanted Henry VIII. to make him an Earl that he might secure his lands), O'Mores of Leix, lords of what

is now Queen's County—these built as if they had been Butlers and Fitzgeralds; but the Wicklow septs have not left much record of themselves in ashlar or rubble work. Till Elizabeth's day there was little need for them to build; they were pretty safe without walls and towers; and afterwards the pressure on them became too great; down they must have gone, even if they had had a castle in every glen. But, to finish our topography. The district with which we have to do contains seven lakes and three or four tarns, half a dozen waterfalls, and nearly twice as many glens and passes, varying from the wooded luxuriance of Delgany to the bare wildness of Sally Gap, a pass through the high ground between the Liffey and the head waters of the Annamoe. There are hills of all shapes and sizes. Even the Dublin granite, rises in Two-rock Mountain to 1,763 feet, and seems, as does also its Three-rock neighbour, far higher by reason of its fine bold shape. This granite, too, is well represented at Killiney, whose tall obelisk haunts you almost all the way from Dublin to the Dargle. Hereabouts the country is like some parts of Cornwall, wild and bare, the fields strewn with huge granite blocks. These it pays very well to blast out and send down for sale to Dublin or Kingstown, what soil there is being as fertile as granite detritus almost always is. Let us hope the tenants have leases, and can make a fair bargain for improvements. The cob walls, too, and stone fences capped with earth have a very Cornish look, and the great chimney of Carrick mine strengthens the illusion. Through this upland there is no pass except the scalp, through which runs the Dublin and Enniskerry road. This scalp I think the poorest thing in the district, not noteworthy at all, except that such large faults are unusual in granite. It is nothing but a couple of not very steep banks strewn with blocks of all sizes. Even the guide-makers are beginning to give it up as a natural wonder, and to talk of it as made (or rather improved) by the Danes, that they might have a good road from Dublin when they went to rob the septs' bank at Glendalough sanctuary.* Of course a granite district generally keeps its cromlechs if it ever had any. There is one on Mount Venus, close to the scalp; but, like many more in Ireland, it

* Dublin (Blackpool—anciently *Ath-clíath*; *clíath*, the French *clai*) was a Norse town, capital of the Hy Imhar (query Vik-ings) until the great Celtic victory of Clontarf in 1012. A suburb is still called Oxmanstown, i.e. Ostmen's town. Hence the two cathedrals, one for each race. In the *Chronicon Scotorum*, we read, "A.D. 837: First taking of Ath-clíath by Gentiles. . . . A.D. 841: A fortress at Dubhlínn, from which Laighen (Leinster) and the Uí Neill were spoiled, both lands and churches, as far as Sliabh Bladhma (Slieve Bloome)." As in old Greece, the treasures of the Irish chiefs were kept in holy places: this was (say some) the final cause of round towers.

has had its table-stone upset, perhaps by some of the '98 yeomanry, who relieved in this way the monotony of desecrating old burying-grounds and wrecking disused churches. They have the credit of pulling down the fine cromlech called Pierce's Table, which now forms the base of the sappers and miners' cairn on the top of Lugnaquilla. Better worth seeing is "the Druid's judgment seat," just across the road by the Killiney Martello tower; the seat Wake-man suspects to be a modern antique, but its surroundings are curious; there are yet traces of the ring of boulders, the stone circle of power, as it is called in the Ossianic legends. That the Brehon judges sat on such seats and delivered judgment, up to comparatively recent times, we have Spenser's testimony. He says, in "The State of Ireland," that strange dialogue between Irenæus and Eudoxus, wherein he glorifies the (to us) barbarous policy of Lord Grey of Wilton, "there is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies together upon a rath or hill, there to parly about matters and wrongs between township and township, or one private person and another . . . which meetings it is very inconvenient should be permitted." Spenser, by the way, has his hit at the 'ologists of his day. Speaking of the big stones found on many of these mounds he says, "Some do vainly term them the old giant's trevets, and think that those huge stones would not else be brought into order or reared up, without the strength of giants. And others as vainly think they were never placed there by man's hand or art, but only remained there so since the beginning, and were afterwards discovered by the deluge." But it is not his archæology, it is his notions on politics and colonization, that make his book not only amusing, but instructive. The Saxon is the same being now that he was then, a coloniser by extirpation, unable to appreciate other people's ways of thinking. He means no worse than conquerors in general do, but this hardness seems worse in him because he has had so many opportunities of shewing it, and his impatience of all systems but his own makes him cruel on principle. Then he always takes his law with him; and English law in England may be an excellent thing, and always certain to bring about justice; but in Ireland in old times it meant delay and jobbery and bribery and all that is foully unjust, as they say it means in parts of India now. Spenser is, however, above the little weakness of wishing to bring in trial by jury among the wild septs, who (he says) "make no more scruple to pass a cause against an Englishman and the Queen, though it be to strain their oaths, than to drink milk unstrained." Like his hero, Lord Grey, he prefers the short and summary method of martial law. As for finding any good in the Brehon, of course he cannot be expected

to do that, when he says "the evil custom of marrying with the Irish is most carefully to be restrained as a most dangerous infection." In fact, he anticipated Cromwell's policy of ousting the native from all except the lands beyond Shannon. For this end he would make war in winter, as Mouravieff did on the Poles—

"For then the trees are bare and naked which use both to clothe and house the kern; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blow through his naked sides and legs; the kyne are barren and without milk, which useth to be his food, neither if he kill them will they yield him flesh, nor if he keep them will they give him food; besides, being with calf for the most part, they will through much chasing and driving cast all their calves and lose their milk which should relieve him the next summer."

There is to be plenty of garrisons, which are in each case to be fourfold, so as to drive the enemy from side to side, "and tennis him among them, that he shall find nowhere safe to keep his creet in." In this way "his creet (creaght, herd of horned cattle) is to be wasted, killed and starved, and he himself brought so low that he shall have no heart nor ability to indure his wretchedness, the which will surely come to pass in very short time; for one winter well followed upon him shall so pluck him on his knees that he will never be able to stand up again." Such is the application of the art military proposed for Ireland by the gentle court poet; and, verily, in Sir H. Sidney, Lord Grey, and scores of others, he found men to carry out, yea, to go beyond, his instructions. This is his picture of the state of the country after Lord Grey's campaign in Munster:—

"Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy were they that could find them—yea, and themselves soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks they flocked thereto as to a feast."

But what rouses Spenser's ire, is that—

"The noble lord eftsoons was blamed and complained of that he regarded the life of her Majesty's subjects no more than dogs; and the wretched people were pitied and new counsels plotted; and that good lord blotted with the name of a bloody man, whom who that well knew, knew to be most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate, but that the necessity of things enforced him to that violence."

It is Lord Grey, and not the miserable Munster men, whom the poet pities. Spenser, by the way (let us have done with him now we have him in hand; his "State of Ireland" cannot be pleasant reading for one anxious for the honour of Elizabeth's great men), has

a good deal about Wicklow, for (after Lord Grey had done his work, effectually we might have thought, and was gone to his account), among the chiefs who rose, the whole country over, one of the most famous was the head of the O'Byrne, Pheagh MacHugh, as the poet-politician calls him. He sketches out a plan, admirable upon paper, for thoroughly subduing Ireland with 10,000 footmen and 1,000 horse, of whom 8,000 are to "lie in garrison upon the Earl of Tyrone, 1,000 upon MacHugh, the rest upon some parts of Connaught." How he would make war we have already seen. Let us just hear what he would do with his conquests. Eudoxus, naturally enough, doubts as to this mountain tract, "those waste wild places, whether, when they be won unto her Majesty, any will be hasty to seek to inhabit them." No, says Irenæus, they are not all waste—

"I warrant you, though the whole track of the country be mountainous and woody, yet there are many goodly valleys amongst them fit for fair habitations; to which those mountains adjoined will be a great increase of pasturage, for that country is a great soil of cattle and very fit for breed. As for corn it is nothing natural, save only for barley and oats, and some places for rye, and therefore the larger pennyworths may be allowed to them; though otherwise the wideness of the mountain pasturage do recompense the badness of the soil, so as I doubt not but it will find inhabitants and undertakers enough."

There; a fairer picture of the Wicklow country, from an agriculturist's point of view, could hardly be drawn. It answers now just as well as it did then. Go to Lough Dan, and on the west side you will find one Manning, who will give you house-room if you want to try the fishing. Perhaps he is the descendant of one of Spenser's less successful "undertakers." Anyhow, he still rents his land (as Spenser recommends) in bulk, some fifteen acres, and the run of eighty-five more on the mountain, and for this he pays £20. If he has anything like a market he can hardly complain of being over-rented. His son, however, like so many of the best of them, is in America, a railway clerk at 40 dollars a month; and as he rowed us to the other end of the lake, past the rich heather-patches, up to the steep foot of the Cloghore mountain, where a little beach of whitest sand makes a fairy landing-place, I could not help feeling he cared less about the wild beauty of the place he lived in than about the solid gain to be made on the other side of the Atlantic. Don't expect, good tourist, that every Irishman you meet will be brimfull of legendary lore, or steeped in poetry to the very lips. Most of them are like folks in other countries, commonplace fellows enough. Besides, if they were not, would it be reasonable that they should wear their heart upon their sleeve so bare, that after half-a-dozen words you should be able to turn it inside out? The *Saturday Review* complains that the Irishman's fun and humour are

disappearing. Surely it is a good thing if he declines to be any longer the buffoon which the stranger, who only knew him from the caricatures in the plays, expected to find him. But Spenser has led me away from the cromlechs, of which I believe every one is clearly put down on the indispensable Ordnance map. Those at Kilternan close to Golden Ball, at Shanganagh near Killiney church, and in the Druid's Glen by Cabinteely, are fine specimens, all near each other, and all belonging to that granite district of which I was speaking. Kilternan cromlech is quite perfect; its covering stone measures twenty-three feet by seventeen. Its weakness is in its supports, which are only from two to four feet high, so that, if it was a tomb, the body must have been laid flat on the ground, contrary to the fashion which King Niall recommended to his son Loeghaire when he bade him (as we read in the book of Armagh), "never become a Christian, but keep to the old faith, and be buried in Tara Hill, *standing up like a man in battle*, with your face to the south, as if still bidding defiance to the Leinster-men." Talking of Tara reminds me of Dr. Petrie's remark, that the stone in Westminster Abbey is only a sham. The Lia Fail was hardly a thing which a mere colony like the Dalriad Scots would be allowed to carry off with them; besides, the Irish chroniclers, most accurate of men, testify to its existence on Tara up to the eleventh century. There it most probably is still; and so all the bunkum that has been talked about its serving as seat for the Brunswick line, and ensuring its permanence, is simply worthless.

Well, between Dalkey and Bray the granite sweeps inland, stretching down to New Ross, and forming the largest patch of red in the geological map of the British Isles. Nearer the coast are the Cambrian rocks, which come out so boldly at Bray Head: if you are lucky, you may find there that rare zoophyte the *Oldhamia*. Lower down you get the Silurians of various kinds. Strange that two districts so unlike as Snowdonia and Wicklow should be formed of nearly the same rock. I suppose the vast masses of trap in Wales have given the mountains that steep and harsh character which is wanting in the Irish granite and mica-slates. There are exceptions, of course. The scaur on the north-west side of Lough Tay comes down as sheer into the water as does the mountain at the head of Llyn Idwal. Wicklow cannot boast of great mineral riches; yet it has mines, which at any rate pay for working. The lead is found chiefly where the break comes between the granite and the mica-slate. At the head of the upper Glendalough lake are large works. The company, not content with St. Kevin's curse upon the skylarks, have poisoned all the fish. One cannot help wishing the lead had been found elsewhere; for the mile of very neat and well-built cottages, under the hill, along the north bank, though most pleasing in them-

selves, seem a little out of place. Down in St. Kevin's kitchen the miners hear mass once a year, on the saint's "pattern." The company offered to fit the building up as a regular chapel, but the priests declined—from antiquarian motives, I trust, and not for the reason given by my guide, that people might not lose sight of the old destruction done upon the place by the invaders. A richer mine, and well worth a visit, is Lugganure, up Glendasar. Walk over the mountain from Glendalough to dark little Lough Nahanagan; and, close by, you have the mines, the vein of which has been traced for 900 fathoms, and which (like those at Glendalough) are proportionally richer in the ore of silver than in that of lead. Two miles further north is Wicklow Gap, 1,600 feet above the sea, a good point for getting a notion of the way in which the Wicklow country might be defended. There is no road out of Glendalough, none out of Glenmalure except the military road over the mountain; while, on the north-east, Tonelage and other mountains block up the whole space between Wicklow Gap and Sally Gap—that is, between the King's River and the head-water of the Liffey. Further on, there is an opening to the interior between Sally Gap and Glencree, and then again no way but the military road from Glencree barrack to Rathfarnham. This road, be it remarked, was made by the Scotch regiments quartered in the country in '98, and (as an old guide-book before me puts it) "reflects much credit upon the sincerity of their labours." Even from the sea, it must always have been very hard to force a way into the interior. If you land at the little river below Delgany, the road through the Glen of the Downs will not take you over into the Vartry valley, but will throw you up to the lower end of the Dargle. Lower down, you may work up from Newcastle to Roundwood, either by Newtown-mount-Kennedy or by the Glen of Dunran; but at Roundwood you have nothing but a mountain-path up to Lough Tay. From Wicklow town there is a greater choice of roads. The old way doubtless was through the Deputy's Pass, through which runs a little stream down to Brittas Bay. But even from Wicklow there is plenty of rough country to be crossed, despite the present excellent roads, before you get well inland. I linger over this because it explains why such small septs held out so long, and continued—a kind of *Æqui* and *Volsci*—to be a terror to Dublin quite down to James I.'s time. Hence, too, the reason why Arklow was formerly such an important place. Wicklow is cut off from the interior by high ground; but at Arklow is the great mouth of all the valleys; and while the English held it they could always make a raid up at any rate as far as Pheagh MacHugh O'Byrne's castle of Ballinacor, in Glenmalure. And now for a little historical episode. The country

about Ballinacor is part of the land of the Gabhcail (Gael) Raighnail—the Irish Ranelagh; a name which calls up very different memories from those associated with its London namesake.

"I am nowe hastening backe to Dublin," writes Essex to the Privy Council, dating from Waterford, July 25, 1599, "but will passe through the countie of Wexforde and the Ranelagh, both to give ordre for those partes, and to seeke some reuenge on those rogues who, in my absence, had the killing of o' base, cowardly, and ill-guyded clownes. . . . At my retourne I purpose, by God's grace, to doe suche justice as shalbe for her Ma'ties hono', and make other men hereafter knowe that the iustice of a marshall courte is no lesse terrible than the furey of all the rebels in this kingdome."

The "killing" to which Essex refers took place a few miles east of Rathdrum. Sir Henry Harrington, commanding in Wicklow, "drew out 550 foot and 68 horse, and with them did sett forward towards the greate water (the Avonmore) nere Rathdrum, to viewe the sconces made by the Rebels to stope the passadge of that Ryver, and drawinge nere the Ryver he encamped wth the forces at a wast villadge, called Ballysha." There the poor remnants of the O'Byrnes and their brother sept (not yet quite on their knees) came down upon him. "Captin Mowntague charged them and drove them back to a wood; but, nevertheless, they charged faster and faster;" and with such effect that "Capten Wardman was lost and many officers, and Cap^m Adam Loftus, the Lo Chauncellor's sonne" got a pike thrust of which he died soon after. "Yett," says John Clifford, writing from Dublin to Cecil, Essex's enemy, "yett, the enemye noe more in number than they were, and was not above a dossen horse." In Trinity College Library there is a curious pen-and-ink map of the battle, probably by Montague, Essex's nephew. He shows where "I charged with the horse into the high waie," and how, after the charge "Cap" Loftus his men went to Wickloe, whoe never weere followed." These were led off by Lieutenant Piers Walsh, an Irishman, "who brought awaie Cap^m Loftus his cullo" and droom," for which (says Cox) Lord Essex, who "for example's sake cashiered and imprisoned the other officers and executed every tenth man only of the few surviving soldiers, had the said Piers killed." Essex wanted a scapegoat; his own march into Munster with 1,800 men—the army sent over to crush "Tir Oen, the arch Rebel"—had been a succession of mishaps, ending with the disgrace of Barnagletty, the Gap of Feathers, "when Oweny O'Moor, with 500 men, fell upon his rear, and did good execution, and took so many plumes as occasioned that pame to be given to the place of battle." But of this campaign the State Paper Office documents give no record. More curious still is the absence of any letters to Cecil, who would naturally be on the look-out for anything that would tell against his enemy. Cecil probably felt that the

muddling away of such an army would speak for itself. Anyhow, there are plenty of despatches about Sir H. Harrington's defeat; the more that could be made of it the better, so as to turn men's minds from the greater losses sustained by the General himself. Sir Henry, who attributed his defeat to "the cowardliness of o' armed men that neur wold ones cowche their pykes," speaks up for poor Walshe's company, "noe men cold serve better than his, whilest one man was hable to stand." But a victim was needed; and an Irish victim was naturally the most acceptable to all parties. Such was the battle of Fossa Ruadh (red ditch), of which I heard so often in my boyhood. I can remember how it was pointed out to me that the three septs got nothing by their victory, except the song, made perhaps by the very "Rymer" whom, just before they fell to, Phelim M'Feaghe had sent into the English camp to beg for terms.

"Byrne, Toole, and Kavenagh,
Will beat any Englishman,"

cried the bard, and that empty triumph seems to have satisfied "the mountayne galliglasce" (as Essex calls them), or rather the English were determined not to make peace with those whom they meant to reduce to serfage. *Delenda est Carthago* was their motto. Knowing the story well, I was glad to find in one of the papers of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society (vol. ii. no. 23) a full account of the battle, with copies of the documents and of the old map. And now for the other side of the picture. Phelim M'Feaghe (Spenser's MacHugh) is surprised in Ballinacor by Lord Mountjoy, his wife and children are captured, and he only escapes through a back window. He is more fortunate, however, than the O'Tooles, for he seems to have saved some portion of his lands, and to have died in peace in 1630; while the O'Toole country round their Castle-Kevin was all granted away to Sir Richard Wingfield, first Lord Powerscourt, who had brought himself into notice by defeating the O'Byrne in 1595. This is always the way in Irish history—one is taken, another left. Ballynacor, so lovely now, was probably then the wildest, least productive place of the two, and men in those days cared little for the picturesque.

I have said nothing about the sulphur mines of Ballymurtagh and its copper water, which deposits a rich metallic powder on bits of old iron laid along troughs to receive it; nor yet about the gold diggings in Croghan Kinshela just south of Woodenbridge. Some £3,700 worth of gold was obtained after Government took possession, but the mine soon ceased to be worth working, though they say more than £10,000 was paid to the peasantry for what they found before the regular search began. Clearly the old Celts need not have

imported gold ; there was, at any rate, enough for any amount of torques and collars that could possibly have been wanted. Croghan, however, is famous for other things besides gold mines. It is not very far from Gorey ; and during the attempts by the rebels to get possession of Arklow they made this mountain their base. The history of '98 has still to be written. Massey's *Reign of George III.* and Lord Cornwallis' Letters, give us some idea of what it will be like ; yet the horrors charged against the loyalists by the impartial Edward Hay almost pass belief. In an attempt on Arklow, Father Mike Murphy, one of the rebel leaders, was shot ; whereupon the Ancient Druids, British fencibles, roasted his body and oiled their boots with the grease. Lord Mountnorris had previously ordered his head to be struck off and the body to be thrown into a burning house, "that it might go where his soul had gone." So much for civil war as it was carried on by the dominant race ; and yet we expect the people whose fathers were nursed amid such scenes to have got rid of every trace of excitement.* In '98 the priests mostly went with the people. They could hardly help themselves. Flogging and the pitch cap and the wholesale shooting of loyal men by officers of their own corps (like the massacre at Saunders' Grove, near Baltinglass), were not likely to keep people to their allegiance. And when priests found their chapels wrecked, the altars torn up, and themselves pursued with fearful threats, they were likely to be of the mind of Father Mike Murphy, who, having at first strongly denounced the United Irishmen, at last told his flock they had better die bravely in the field than be outraged and butchered in their own homes. Never was a rebellion so thoroughly "brought to a head" as that of '98. It would seem as if the tradition of two centuries before, when it was the undertaker's best policy to egg on a wavering sept to revolt that he might profit by the confiscations, had still lingered in the minds of the settlers, even when their victims had nothing left to be confiscated. The Spenserian process had got the Celt on his knees, but he was still voted dangerous. Enough—too much—about '98. It is impossible to leave it out in any notice of Wicklow ; Laragh, Glenmalur, Glen Imaal are (so to speak) rebellion's classic ground. Even at quiet Glendalough there is the record of how O'Dwyer, a great man among the rebels, was surprised by a Scotch detachment as he was hiding in St. Kevin's bed. He jumped into the lake and swam across, unhurt, amid a storm of shot. The story

* The newspapers told us about the burial of Crowley, a well-to-do farmer, shot last April, in Killelooney wood. His grand-uncle, Father Peter O'Neil, had been flogged in '98. Crowley was carried to the grave by eight young girls dressed in white, and every shop in Mitchelstown was shut as the body passed.

gave rise to a whole string of the wretched puns for which Toler, Lord Norbury, was famous. He who cares to do so, may read in Hall's *Hibernia* how "hanging Jack" went on talking of the "holy man" who got off "Scot free," unhurt by the "Caledonian ball." The barrack at Drumgoff, grimly standing out on a knoll in the middle of Glenmalure, tells a tale of the times. Now five policemen with their families live there quietly enough; then we may fancy a swarm of poor creatures, inspirited by getting half a barrel of gunpowder sent up to them from Vinegar Hill, lurking about up by Kelly's little peat-water lough and by the waterfall that pours down through Drumgoff hotel garden, and at nightfall vainly trying to take that plain loopholed wall with a rush. You may see in Maxwell's *History* what George Cruikshank thought Irish rebels looked like. His notion of them was truer than that of the amiable and peace-promoting *Punch*. I can never forget one picture there—a line of yeomanry with a big gun facing a posse of "croppies," who are half afraid to advance, till their leader darts forward, thrusts his arm up the muzzle of the cannon, and roars out, "Come on, boys, her mouth's stopped!" Read Hay's book along with Spenser's "State," and you will wonder how people can feel disappointed, nay aggrieved, if Irishmen are not yet altogether as quiet and law-loving as South Saxons.

And now, as I am not writing a guide-book, I shall not say much more about the lions of the district. Buy Black's Wicklow—Heffernan's, which has the rare merit of rather underrating than launching out into wild praise, is to be found at most of the inns—buy Black, and do the country thoroughly, staff and compass in hand. When you have seen all the show houses (and whatever else the Wicklow landlord may fail in, he does his duty by the tourist), when you have been at Powerscourt and Hollybrook, and Shelton Abbey, and Mrs. Tighe's ("Psyche's") Rosanna, and Castle Howard, where I found the "Diversions of Purley" for my delectation in the pic-nic house, and Luggala Cottage (they try to derive this other name of Lough Tay—the name, too, of one of the loveliest of Moore's airs—from Loch-Hela, "so called by the Danes from its dark waters!"), and Kilmurry by Sugarloaf,* where they say General Wolfe was born,—when you have seen these and all the rest, you will find it worth while to go out of the beaten track, and get new points by working over the hills from one valley to another. Above all, mind you see the Slaney head just below that grand

* A vile name, prompted by the same spirit which presides over the naming of American scenery—"Big Horn," "Smoky Fork," and so forth. "The Gilded Spearheads," as the Irish call them; at sunset they deserve the name, seen in that radiant haze which is such a feature in Irish landscapes.

wall of rock, the North Prison—the one thing about Lugnaquilla which rescues it from being merely a big turbary. What a relief, after forging up and then down the long peat slopes, seamed with channels just too wide to jump without the chance of a run, to come upon that string of little pools, clear and deep, and to track the newborn river, now gurgling round the boulders, now lost for a few yards, and then bursting out again amid a little patch of brightest green, where wood-sorrel and primroses and cuckoo flower are in bloom in August. You will not enjoy your “prison” less if, while the hills all round are lost in white mist, you somehow have bright sunshine below. Then go up out of Glen Imail across Black Rocks to Ess waterfall, and there turn over the shoulder of Lugduff into Glendalough valley. Beginning to climb at Knocknamunnion mill, you follow the military road of which I have spoken. After you have crossed the watershed the walk becomes more and more “eerie.” The signs of the military road grow fainter and fainter; while the stream, which is by and by to give you the Ess waterfall, now brawls among boulders, now sweeps round a bordering of bright marsh-grass. If evening is drawing on—and you should arrange your time to get the first peep of Glenmalure when it has begun to look grander in the deepening shadows—you will feel that you are just in the sort of place which William Allingham had in his mind when he wrote that best of children’s lays:—

“Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee’folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl’s feather.”

Of Ess fall, Heffernan the conscientious says, “It won’t do, except after rain.” In that it is not singular; the Cumbrian and Cambrian falls have a strong disinclination to show off unless there has been wet weather somewhere within their radius. Ess when I last saw it was as fine a fall as I ever saw; but, then, while we were sheltering down at Knocknamunnion there had been a very heavy shower, and the dark “porter water,” foaming out from holes in the peat and coursing down the runnels in all directions, showed that there had been much more rain on the hills. Yet though, even when the rain ceased, the sun (shining brightly enough, we saw, on the ranges down south) refused to give us one gleam, our foreground did not lack colour. There were the hues of the granite, dashed with ochre and covered with gay lichens, and there was the heather, whose tint

is almost weatherproof. How true is George Sigerson—little known, I fear, out of Ireland—when he says —

“There blooms a bonnie flower,
Up the heather glen;
Though bright in sun, in shower
’Tis just as bright again.
I never can pass by it;
I never dare go nigh it;
My heart it won’t be quiet
Up the heather glen.”

St. Kevin, the saint of Glendalough, really spells his name with the usual Gaelic prodigality of consonants, Coemghen. Born about 498, at seven years’ old he was given over to Petroc, a Briton, from whom is named Padstow (Petroc-stow), and who spent twenty years in Ireland “studying the Scriptures.” So, at least, say Collier and Dr. Lanigan, who are very great on the close relation kept up in the fifth and sixth centuries between the saints in Ireland, Britain, and Brittany. His Glendalough with its seven churches was the rival of St. Kieran’s Clonmacnoise with its eleven. But the latter ruins, now sadly broken and wrecked, have been richer than anything in Wicklow. They have two round towers instead of one, and at least five fine sculptured crosses. The Glendalough crosses are so mutilated that nothing can be made out of them; they are mostly of the soft mica-shale, of which was made King O’Toole’s tomb, in the Righ-feart church (kings’ burying-place), which has wholly disappeared, having been broken off bit by bit for “tourists.” Glendalough, however, has, what Clonmacnoise has not, the charm of scenery. It is impossible to overpraise the upper lake, for it is something *sui generis*. If you call the Wicklow mountains tame, you must own its lakes are wild enough; and this is by far the wildest. All along one side the red-brown rock springs sheer out of the water; on the other side there is barely room for the miners’ road and the line of their cottages. Byrne’s hotel between the two lakes gets no direct sunlight for four months in the year. Nevertheless it seems the favourite haunt of T. C. D. men. In the visitors’ book you will find poems—Latin and Greek. Yes, guide Doyle is immortalized in very fair iambics, just as at Wooden-bridge hotel a learned hand has written—

“Sublicius nos pons agnina accepit et ovis :
Sublicii pontis nil nisi nomen erat.”

The Glendalough buildings I need not describe. Notable is the form of doorway in “our Lady’s church;” it gets slightly narrower above; and Irish antiquaries delight to call this the early Greek form. The contrast between the perfect freshness of the granite work, where it has been left untouched, and the sad way in which

capitals, carved stones, and rubble are in most parts heaped together, shows what the place has suffered. Of the Glendalough bishops there are plenty of historical notices. Pope Lucius III. speaks of one as *Episc. Insularum*; another is styled *Episc. Bistagnensis*, from his two lakes; another sits, under the Archbishop of Cashel, at the Synod of Rathbrassil, in 1118, when first a Pope's legate—to wit, Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick—was seen in Ireland; another was present at Legate Paparo's Synod of Kells, in 1152, for distributing palls. Paparo did not get on well among the Irish; no doubt his representations helped to induce Adrian to sanction Henry II.'s invasion, "that he might bring back the beastly inhabitants to holding the faith of Christ in a more seemly manner." In 1214, William Piro surrendered his bishopric; but not till 1426 did Dennis White, the last Irish bishop, "come in." Who made the intermediate bishops I must leave Dr. Maziere Brady and his opponents to settle. The Romish Church then was almost as much an alien Church as the Protestant Establishment is now.* It has been said that had Ireland continued heathen, England would never have been able to get a footing on the island. Anyhow, bishops like Henry de Loundres, *alias* "burn-bill" and "scorch-villein," who got his Dublin tenants together to examine their leases, which he then threw into the fire before their eyes, bidding them be tenants at will, were not likely to encourage the men of the glynns to forsake their native hierarchy.

In St. Kevin's bed the great St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archdeacon of Glendalough and then Archbishop of Dublin, often went into retreat. St. Lawrence, the second Irishman on the Papal Calendar, was a model of pious mortification, as well as a statesman in his way. How he could have remained sane in such a place as the "bed" I cannot understand. I only know one worse; that is, "Oilean an Easpoig Gortaigh" (starving bishop's island), a wild rock off Kilkee on the coast of Clare. I don't want to luxuriate in description, so I will only say that the Seven Churches and their surroundings form a place which the richest fancy could not dream

* I know nothing in all history more touching than the fruitless appeal made by Donald O'Neil and the Irish people to Pope John XXII. It shows most clearly how religion was even then as nothing when race came in the way; English priests preached that killing mere Irish was no murder. What "Adam Niger (*i.e.* Dhu) of the respectable family of the O'Tooles of Leinster," might have done, had he lived, in the way of setting up an Irish National Church it is impossible to say. He was burned as a heretic on Hoggin Green, near Dublin, in 1326, accused of being possessed with a diabolical spirit, denying Scriptural truths, as the resurrection of the flesh, &c. (See Loftus MSS. in Narcissus Marsh's Library.) The *Saturday Review* says "the Establishment is the strength of Ultramontaniam." If so, this is a much stronger argument against it than the disproportion between population and endowment. Shall we ever get an Irish Catholic Church affiliated to Rome, yet independent and national, such as the author of *Le Maudit* dreamed of for France? Let us hope so, and pray and work to that end: for it is the last hope of the Irish as a race.

of: all harmonises so well—rock, mountain, lakes, and ruins, all except the miners' houses. Thackeray is very good about it, except that he makes it all out much more miniature than it is. When you have seen it you will agree with Wakeman that "Ireland is remarkable for the nationality of its ruins. About which (he adds) the *sqwireen* often knows less than he does about the Coliseum or the pyramids."

I feel I have said very little about the worthies of Wicklow. There is the great Wingfield family; and there are the native chiefs, not particularly famous in the history of the world at large. An Irish archæologist warns me that the O'Byrne and O'Toole were not aborigines, but were driven up out of the Pale (as the O'Kavanagh were later) by the English. The Cullens are, I believe, amongst the oldest inhabitants; but whether they are some of Camden's Menapii or not, I cannot tell. It is worth while to quote him, both for his quaint etymology and for the glimpse he gives us of old Irish history through old English eyes.

"In *Caterlogh*, Carlow (he says), live great numbers of *Cavanaghs* . . . good soldiers, famous horsemen, and still breathing the spirit of their antient nobility in the most abject poverty. But as they cherish the utmost inveteracy against each other, for I know not what murders committed on both sides many years ago, they are continually destroying one another with mutual violence and assassination. . . . Some of them took the name of *O'More*, and, associating with the *Toles* and *Brens*, gradually dislodged the English from the country between *Caterlogh* and the Irish Sea."

These *Toles* and *Brens* "are representatives of the old Cauici, who lived near the Menapii, but not at the same distance as in Germany; men (he testifies) who live by rapine and blood, ever restless, and trusting to the strength of their forts, they refuse to submit to laws, and bear an inveterate enmity to the English." To keep them in check the county of Wicklow, or Areklo, was formed in 1578, Areklo being the important place where the river "*which Ptolemy calls the Oroca*," falls into the sea, retaining (as Giraldus says) its native freshness, whether the tide is in or out. Of Wicklow (Gwykingelo, Giraldus calls it) Camden tells us that "of the castle, as well as of the rest in this kingdom, by Act of Parliament, none but an Englishman can be constable, because the Irish who commanded connived at the escape of prisoners to the prejudice of the State." As to its old inhabitants they must, he says, have been Menapii, seeing that "the British *mene ui pow* greatly resembles Ptolemy's *Μεναντιοι*, and hath the same signification as the Irish *croigh cuolan*, the narrow land, *i.e.* between the mountains and the sea." So much for the philology of our forefathers. That Wicklow received Welsh colonists, as Anglesea did Irish, is proved by the traditions about rooting out the "woodmen of Wales." As to the hill country,—the three

baronies of Talbotstown, Ballynacor, and Shillelagh, "it was never reduced to shire ground till James I.'s reign." The king's writ was a long time learning to run in this wild land; for "all the south part of the county of Divelin (Dublin), which is the least cultivated, and rises here and there with woody knolls, under which lie the deep woody valleys, called *Glynnes*, is infested by those two mischievous clans the O'Tooles and O'Birnes." There are plenty more old forms of Wicklow. Wolsey's friend, Archbishop Alan, calls it Wygford, and says that of old it was called Tilachtipper. Cillmantain is its name in guide-book Celtic. More important than the name is the fact that in Henry VIII.'s reign, the O'Byrne wanted to have it made into an English county, with himself as earl. His wish was refused. It was too near Dublin to be trusted to a native noble, and was left a prey to undertakers. Pheagh MacHugh, prevented by England's Roman policy from getting peace, made fierce war, "being (as Spenser says) for some time like a sword over Wicklow and Dublin." But at last the confiscation, recorded in Camden's book, under the title of "the Civilizing of the Glynns" was carried out in earnest. Mr. Prendergast should take this subject up when he gives us a new edition of his "*Cromwellian Settlement*:" for "*Böses muss mit Bösem enden*;" and the doings of the earlier time led necessarily to the outbreak which followed some two centuries later, as well as to a good deal of trouble since.

One word as to travel. You will be astonished, if you are used to English abuse of Irish inns, to find really good hotels at almost every tourist's station in Wicklow. If you go off the beaten track, you must be prepared to rough it here as elsewhere, and here certainly no more than elsewhere. But, looking to the contrast between the English picture and the comfortable reality, I can say (in the words of the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, whose compiler, by the way, has just been stigmatizing the climate—"l'air y est grossier") "*les Anglois sont bien injustes sur le chapitre des Irlandois*." And when I read English newspapers, with their absurd advice and their would-be-clever satire and talk about "Galway having no right to grumble because its taxes are spent in Middlesex, seeing that Middlesex is what keeps it from going back to primeval heather"—this of Galway, which was a city of kings while London was a swamp—I feel that the Frenchman's words are unfortunately almost as true now as they were a century and a half ago.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

History of the Norman Conquest. By E. A. FREEMAN. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

IN reading Mr. Freeman's first volume every lover of history will acknowledge that a long-felt want has been supplied. We have at last an account of the early history of England worked out from the original sources with unsparing labour and minute criticism, and at the same time clad in interesting and often eloquent language. The first half of the volume, up to the accession of Æthelred, is really introductory, the chief points of importance being thoroughly worked up, while the rest are disregarded. It has one defect in that much is told us which has nothing to do with the Norman Conquest. This is especially observable in the very detailed account of the over-shifting relationships between the duchy and the kingdoms of France and Burgundy.

The second chapter, on the formation of the kingdom of England, contains two highly interesting subjects—the gradual growth of the power of Wessex, and the position in which Scotland stood to England up to the accession of Eadward the Confessor. The supremacy of Wessex began with the victory of Egbert at Ellandun, and ever since that time, save during the short reigns of Cnut and his sons, his descendants have ruled over England, with only five exceptions, up to the present day. But at the same time Mr. Freeman seems to us to view English history too much in a West Saxon light, to make too much of the short space during which the consolidated dominion gained by Eadward the Elder actually lasted, and to make too little of the ever-recurring tokens of hostile feeling north of the Humber. He thus probably loses the key of many seemingly unaccountable events of Æthelred's reign. Mr. Freeman has drawn out in a most masterly manner the relations between Scotland and the West Saxon Court, showing the three events on which rested our old claim to superiority over the sister kingdom, and giving to each its proper significance. First, the commendation of the king and people of Scotland proper, north of the Forth, of the Brit-Welsh of Strathclyde, and of the Lothians, to Eadward, when they of their own will "chose him to Father and Lord." Here a weaker kingdom simply sought protection from a stronger—a tie which, as feudal ideas developed, changed into absolute dependence, recognised in 1071. Secondly, the grant of the kingdom of Strathclyde by Eadmund to Malcolm—the cession of a troublesome and newly-conquered country on the condition of military service. And lastly, the grant of the Lothians to the Scots, first made by Eadgar, and after-

wards renewed by Cnut, when a part of purely English territory was ceded on the same conditions. The clearness with which this has been shown by Mr. Freeman will be appreciated in proportion to the reader's knowledge of the materials on which he worked. The *Imperial* style and position of the kings of Wessex—a consequence of this growth of their power within the island—though a curious and interesting point, has, we think, been unduly dwelt upon. Formal developments have no doubt been too much neglected, but the present danger seems to be lest they should be strained too far. In the chapter on the Constitution Mr. Freeman has wisely availed himself of the help of those who have gone before him, but he has made interesting much that is in them utterly unreadable save by the professed student of history. His great fault lies in his having given us no insight into the everyday life and feelings of the people—surely the highest aim of the historian. This arises from a disregard of the lives of saints and bishops; for though they are for the most part legendary enough, yet they contain many valuable hints about ordinary life undesignedly brought in as the scenery amid which the great actor moves.

Mr. Freeman is most in his element in his battle scenes, which he describes with thorough epic fervour and acute historic accuracy. Nothing can be finer than the story of the battle of Maldon, where the patriot Brihtnoth checked for a moment the ravages of the Danes. The whole scene on the banks of the little river, the three who kept the bridge so well, and the brave old English chief, are brought before us in lifelike colours. The whole of the heroic defence of Eadmund has for the first time been worthily described, and the story of the fight at Assandun, his last great struggle, gives us good reason to look forward with pleasure to the account of the still greater battle at Senlac.

One of the great merits of the book is its triumphant vindication of the continuity of English history, of the English language, and the English people. Over and over again, here and elsewhere, have Mr. Freeman and others tried to make men understand that they are the same folk with those who lived and spoke and fought in England for six hundred years before William the Bastard came over; that our language has never been changed either in name or in fact; that a book written "on English" does not mean a book written "in Saxon;" and, still more, that the phrase "Semi-Saxon" does not mean anything. Mr. Freeman's book gives good proof of the advance of historical study in England, and we feel sure that, as it continues to grow and spread, the "History of the Norman Conquest" will be more and more thoroughly appreciated.

WILLIAM HUNT.

The Birds of Middlesex: a Contribution to the Natural History of the County. By JAMES EDMUND HARTING, F.Z.S. London: Van Voorst.

We have every reason to be grateful to those who compile records of local phenomena in regard to natural history, and happily in this country there is no lack of intelligent and diligent observers and tabulators. We possess the model book of this kind in "White's Selborne," and from his time to ours a worthy succession has been kept up, and a series of books produced invaluable as a repertory for facts and a material for scientific conclusions.

Among these, Mr. Harting's "Birds of Middlesex" holds no undistinguished place. The metropolitan county, besides the advantage of having the Thames as its southern border, possesses the large reservoirs of Kingsbury and Elstree, the constant resort of waders and wild fowl. The former of these is close to our author's residence, and he has embellished his frontispiece with an engraving of it, "selected from the fact that so many rare and beautiful birds have been at various times observed there."

"It will be seen," Mr. Harting says in his preface, "from the following pages that no less than 225 species of birds have been found in Middlesex. Of these 60 are resident, 68 migratory, and 97 rare and accidental visitants. The woods around Hampstead, Highgate, Edgwarebury, Stanmore, Pinner, and Harrow, still afford protection to various members of the hawk, owl, crow, and woodpecker families, in spite of the persecution they are constantly receiving at the hands of keepers, birdstuffers, and mere collectors. The warblers are found suddenly scattered over the country at the period of their usual migration. Wheat-

ears and stonechats then appear on the fallows; whinchats in every grass field; willow wrens and noisy whitethroats in the green lanes; and the handsome butcher bird in the tall tangled hedges; while all along our brooks the sedge warblers and amusing tits are found hunting incessantly for their insect-food." Nor are the rural districts of Middlesex the only abodes of their kind. Every one knows by sight the dingy little scamps, the city sparrows. Goldsmith has recorded his observations of the rooks in the Temple Gardens.

"In the spring of 1838, a pair of rooks began to form a nest on the crown which surmounted the vane of St. Olave's Church, in Hart Street, Crutched Friars. Many persons will remember the nest built on a single and not very lofty tree near the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, in the season of 1836, and two nests were built and occupied in the year 1845. Some years since, a pair built their nest between the wings of the dragon of Bow Church, and remained there till the steeple required repairs. In the gardens of two noblemen in Curzon Street, Mayfair, a considerable number of rooks have built for many years, and these probably received an addition at the destruction of the rookery in the gardens of Carlton House. A colony of rooks are still in possession of some tall thin trees in a little back garden in Gower Street, close to the University; and another colony is established in a large tree in the Marylebone Road, opposite Devonshire Place."—(P. 100.)

A writer in *The Intellectual Observer*, in April, 1865, says: "Of what race or descent, of what origin or history, are the Guildhall pigeons? I know not; but if any naturalist inquires after City birds, they claim first mention, and might well have a place in the civic emblazonment of arms. It is rarely any one has the audacity to trap or lure a City pigeon. They are as sacred as storks in Holland, and the birds of good omen that built in the temples and residences of classic Greece." "The ornithologist in London," Mr. Harting adds, "will find colonies of these pigeons at the Royal Exchange, at the terminus of the South-Eastern Railway at London Bridge, and at the British Museum."—(P. 134.) We can thoroughly recommend this work to our naturalist readers. The information is carefully and accurately digested, the style is pleasing and untechnical, the observation of nature is that of an able and a feeling man.

A Song of Italy. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Hotten. 1867.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "Song of Italy" is very very beautiful. It is a sustained lyrical poem, full of feeling and power: such a lyrical poem as, to our mind, we have not seen since Shelley's "Lines written among the Euganean Hills." It is too short, and too complete, to admit of specimens being culled from it. Let our readers buy it, take it with them into the wood or by the sea: dwell on its raptures, and utter for themselves its melodies, and they will thank us for having thus characterized it, without feeling themselves committed to Mazzini's politics, or Garibaldi's enterprises.

English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce.
By H. R. FOX BOURNE, Author of "A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney."
London: Bentley.

OF all classes of men, perhaps none have less claim to immortality than merchants. Mankind owes no gratitude to those who have distinguished themselves merely as the architects of their own fortunes. There is a merit, doubtless, in self-reliance, even where it is entirely associated with self-interest; but where it achieves its own reward, it has but a slender claim to admiration. A great poet, a great statesman, or even a great lawyer, is necessarily, to some extent at least, a great man. But a great merchant, unless he be something more, is justly doomed to oblivion.

Still, it is right that some memoirs of merchants should be written; and Mr. Fox Bourne, who has already earned an honourable place for himself in literature by his valuable *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, has here extracted out of our commercial annals those chapters which possess most human interest. As commerce has been, for many centuries, the principal vent for British energy, we gain from personal notices of its votaries a more complete view of the national

character, both in its strength and in its weaknesses, than we could easily obtain from any other source. And there is a further subject for study when we pursue the history of commerce, in tracing that intercourse of thoughts and ideas which naturally springs out of the material traffic, giving birth to wonderful inventions like those of Watt and Stephenson, artistic manufactures like those of Wedgwood, or political and commercial reforms like those of Cobden and Peel. How far our thoughts, even upon the very highest subjects, may be influenced by the commercial pursuits of a busy and hard-working community, is a question which deserves inquiry. But, without troubling ourselves about its more subtle effects upon the intellect, we may note, in many ways, the influence of commerce upon science, art, and manufactures. This subject receives pretty considerable illustration in these volumes, and is, to our mind, of far greater interest than the development of the vast material resources of this country. To the latter topic Mr. Bourne does ample justice; but the chief value of his book seems to us more in connection with the points which we have noticed than with any other.

As to the biographical interest of these volumes, a brief abstract of some of the matter contained in them will, perhaps, enable the reader to form some idea of the book.

The first great merchants whose lives are not an entire blank to us, are the De la Poles of Hull,—a family that were of some importance even before they took to merchandise, seeing that they came in with the Conqueror. None of them, however, can be said to be distinguished in history till the days of Edward III., when the brothers Richard and William de la Pole contributed signally to the success of the French and the Scottish wars by the very large loans with which they accommodated the Crown. The manner in which these services were acknowledged, by the king himself in one instance, is exceedingly remarkable; for he issued a charter containing an express admission that, without William de la Pole's assistance, he would have been compelled to abandon his campaign in Flanders in 1339, and for the signal service thus rendered, he made the merchant a knight-banneret,—a dignity which, according to rule, could only be conferred upon the field of battle in reward for some feat of arms.

We should think such a recognition of pecuniary aid in those days was altogether unique, but so also appears to have been the patriotism that prompted it, if, indeed, that is to be measured by the extent of the contribution. For William de la Pole had mortgaged his own real estate to supply the king's necessities, and the king acknowledged himself in debt to him to the enormous amount, for those days, of £76,180, besides a sum of £46,389 19s. 10½d. supplied in instalments during that and the previous year. Perhaps no other man in England could have furnished half as much. But Edward did not always show himself equally grateful. He appointed him Chief Baron of the Exchequer—an office which at that date seems to have meant chief collector of the revenue, and in which De la Pole did not give satisfaction. The tenths which he had been ordered to levy were so extortionate that they could not be collected without fear of an insurrection, and he was obliged to tell the king so. The king was angry, and sent him prisoner to the castle of Devizes, and it appears to have been some years before he was restored to favour. In his prosperity he did much for the improvement of the town of Hull, and at his death he left a large sum for the endowment of a Carthusian priory, there still in part existing.

Sir William was the ancestor of a line of De la Poles more famous than himself, who, however, not being merchant princes, do not come within the scope of Mr. Bourne's book, and are therefore only glanced at. His son became a favourite of Richard II., who created him Earl of Suffolk; but he was impeached by the Commons, and driven into exile for his misdeeds. The earldom, however, was restored to the family, augmented into a dukedom, and passed through several descents. It at last became connected with the blood-royal by the marriage of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, with Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV. Their sons were the last representatives of the House of York, and as such had an unquiet time of it under the Tudors. One of them fell at the battle of Stoke, fighting for the impostor, Lambert Simnel; a second perished by the axe of the executioner; the last, after many years of exile, met his death at the battle of Pavia, fighting under the French banner.

After the De la Poles, the next conspicuous merchant in the order of time is the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, with whose history and fortunes it is a sort of satisfaction to find Mr. Bourne thinks that a real cut was in some manner connected. Contemporary with him was Sir William Walworth, the fishmonger, who slew Wat Tyler. There was also a very public spirited merchant, named Sir John Philpot, who was appointed along with William Walworth by the parliament of 1377 to take charge of the money voted to the king as subsidy, and prevent its being misapplied. Philpot was mayor of London in the following year, and distinguished himself during his year of office by fitting out at his own cost a fleet with a thousand armed men, which inflicted signal chastisement upon some Scotch pirates who had been ravaging the Yorkshire coasts with French and Spanish vessels. Of other early merchants also some slight but interesting notices are preserved. There is a good deal about those of Bristol in the days of the Tudors, when the Cabots discovered Labrador, and the Thornes led the way in the search for a North-West passage. The spirit of adventure thus originated is further traced in the annals of a seafaring family of Plymouth, named Hawkins, of whom one member in particular is very well known in history. The daring and altogether unscrupulous exploits of that hero had been treated of by Mr. Froude just before the appearance of Mr. Bourne's volumes; but even the readers of our most interesting history of Elizabeth may refer with advantage to Mr. Bourne's account, where the same transactions treated of by the general historian in connection with the political history of the times, are viewed in their relation to the development of English commerce.

To the commercial history of London during the same period belongs the life of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange. Apart from that great monument of his fame, he would have deserved a high place among the munificent benefactors of cities, were it only for his noble foundation of Gresham College, the objects of which are so inadequately represented by the existing institution. As for the work by which he is best known, it was a project of his father before him. There was a considerable family of Greshams, to whom Mr. Bourne devotes a special chapter. Originally country gentlemen of Norfolk, they all became more or less successful in commerce; and those two with whose lives we are best acquainted, Sir Richard and his son Sir Thomas, were distinguished by a noble liberality in the use of their wealth, of which there are not many examples to be met with even in recent times. It was to Sir Richard, who was mayor of London at the time of the general dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., that the City is mainly indebted for having acquired the control over several of the monastic establishments, such as St. Bartholemew's, St. Thomas's, and Bedlam hospitals—institutions which had even then acquired special functions of usefulness, and were not to be swept away in the general clearance of a superannuated system.

The seventeenth century produced several merchants whose names deserve to be held in especial honour—especially men who did great public services at their own cost, like Sir Hugh Myddelton, or who left large sums of money for great and useful objects, as did George Heriot, of Edinburgh, and Humphrey Cheetham, of Manchester. No less unselfish, according to his later biographers, who have done much to vindicate his reputation, even for wisdom, from the charges brought against him by Macaulay, was William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. The story of Paterson's life, as gathered from the latest authorities by Mr. Bourne, presents us certainly with a very different picture from the notices given of him by the great Whig historian. Lord Macaulay himself, it is true, admits that he was a man of integrity and of parts, but imputes to him a deficiency of common sense, scarcely reconcilable with the acknowledged soundness and proved success of his scheme for a national bank. The truth appears to be that the chief, if not only, wisdom in which he was deficient was that of self-interest. The Darien project did not begin with him, and the ruin of the enterprise can be traced to a mismanagement against which he did his utmost to protest.

It is to be feared, however, that merchants of an unselfish type do not increase in number with civilisation. In our own day we have seen, undoubtedly, one noble example of munificence in the bestowal of private gains for public objects, which throws even the liberality of men like Whittington, and

Gresham, and Heriot, quite into the shade. But such men are, on the whole, less frequently met with as we approach our own times. In the eighteenth century we have merchants distinguished by many great and excellent qualities, but not so frequently by this disinterestedness in devoting the gains of their own industry to objects which did not benefit themselves or their families, but the world in general. A change seems to have come over the spirit of English commerce from about the period of the Revolution; and, together with improved facilities for the operations of trade, there came to be a less noble ideal of the functions of commerce. "Although to buy and sell," said Sir Dudley North in 1691, "be the employment of every man, more or less, and the common people, for the most part, depend upon it for their daily sustenance, yet there are very few who consider trade in the general upon true principles, but are satisfied to understand their own particular trades, and which way to let themselves into immediate gain." Selfishness had come to be the acknowledged law of trade, and was soon destined to bear those fruits which it never fails to bring forth. England was then just entering into her first great fever of speculation, and an age of stock-jobbing and lotteries had set in which culminated in the South Sea Bubble.

We have not spoken of the more modern biographies, such as the Couttses, Peels, and Rothschilds, contained in Mr. Bourne's second volume. To many, if not most readers, these will be the most interesting of all, as being so near our own time that personal recollection will often aid to complete the picture. But we trust we have given a sufficient account of the book to indicate its general character.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

The Christian Year-Book; containing a Summary of Christian Work, and the Results of Missionary Effort throughout the World. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

It is needless to say that the design of this work is a most useful one. Everything, of course, depends on the manner in which it is carried out. As far as we can judge, pains have been taken to obtain accurate returns from the various societies. The departments of missionary work are conveniently classified for reference; and the combined result is, a vast amount of information respecting the manifold agencies in Christendom for spreading the faith. The book has, in general, been conducted in an impartial, or, as its own phrase is, an "undenominational" spirit. But what would our friends of the Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom (the "A.P.U.C.") say to the following passage?—

"The desire shown in certain quarters for a union of the Anglican, Roman, and Greek Churches is one on which but few words need be said, for the simple reason that it is a desire by no means reciprocated by the unbending Church of Rome; and if cherished by some members of the other two Churches, is of too vague a character to warrant us in regarding it as possible of realization. Were the alliance to be effected, it would perhaps be the surest means of hastening the accomplishment of that real union of the whole Protestant world, for which we now pray so often and so fervently. *A grand combination among errorists* would surely lead the friends of truth to regard as of comparatively slight moment many subjects now deemed sufficiently important to warrant division in action and sometimes in spirit."—(P. 333.)

This is pretty strong for an impartial year-book, especially considering that it has recorded the efforts of one of these "errorist" bodies as "Christian work." Until this intolerance of assumption is fairly eliminated, we never shall have a real Christian Year-Book. Meantime, let our readers admire the new word "errorist"—as far as we are aware, the last new coinage of intolerance.

We observe one important omission in the list of Church of England agencies. There is no mention of the "Anglo-Continental Society," which is doing a most salutary and increasing work, in preparation for the good time which it may yet be hoped is coming on Italy.

Perhaps our friends of the "A.P.U.C." may regard this omission as a set-off *per contra* to the passage just quoted, and patronize the "Christian Year-Book" after all.

Ipomponia; or, the Gospel in Caesar's Household. By MRS. WEBB, Author of "Naomi," "Alypius of Tagaste," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1867.

THIS is a well-meant, and for the most part, well-written tale, founded on the conjectural identification of Pudens and Claudia in 2 Tim. iv. 21, and Rufus in Rom. xvi. 13, with the Pudens, Claudia, and Rufus of Martial and other contemporary writers. We may refer our readers to any of the ordinary sources of information on New Testament matters, to show that this conjecture can hardly be wrong. Our authoress has woven the few hints which history gives into a very readable tale; and having said this, we have said all. We do not find any power of feeling to comprehend the real wants and tendencies of the minds of men at the time: whenever Mrs. Webb relates (and she does relate at almost every turn) conversions to Christianity, they are all in the same "done to order" kind of style; her preachers, be they Aristobulus, Artemas, or St. Paul, have a strong family likeness, and seem never to travel out of the merest common-place. The information about Roman habits and customs is for the most part fairly correct; but this is small merit now, in this Smith's-Dictionary period of human knowledge. Still, Mrs. Webb has not always followed that indispensable guide, and we need hardly say that, where she has not, it has been to her own cost, and that of her readers. Dr. Smith certainly never informed her that the name of Messalina's paramour was Caius Lilius (see p. 99), or that Messalina herself was the *fifth* wife of the Emperor Claudius (*ibid.*), or that Agrippina's second husband was Palsienus (*ib.*), or that the ancient port of Rome was Ostium (p. 152). We wonder whether she has ever been to Rome: "the sluggish Tiber" (p. 155) hardly looks as if she had. We have noted a few other blemishes. In p. 331, the centurion who carried St. Paul to Rome is called Julian. In p. 306, we have the double marriage between Pudens and Claudia, and Linus and Flavia, celebrated in private in the house of Aulus Plautius; the Christian minister Mandatus "joining the hands of the two young Christian couples, and pronouncing on them a Christian benediction." But it is known that the Roman Christians for some ages were joined together according to the most solemn rite of pagan marriage, the *Confarreatio*; without which, indeed, they could not have enjoyed the full legal rights of the married state. In like manner they very gradually passed out of the heathen forms of inscription over their dead. Many of the early Christian epitaphs begin with the customary pagan D. M. (*Dis Manibus*). In another place (p. 215) our authoress tells us that when St. Paul left Tarsus after restoring Eutychus to life, "it was arranged that most of his companions should take ship on the morrow and sail to Assos; but Paul and one or two chosen men proposed to go thither on foot, as the apostle wished to visit a small town by the way." Where is Mrs. Webb's authority for the words which we have printed in italics? Nothing of the sort is mentioned in Acts xx. 13, 14: and we have always thought this solitary walk of the great missionary a touching incident in the journey. It strikes us that enough is not made (p. 214) of the "breaking bread" on the previous night—"we all sat at meat with Paul and shared his blessing." Putting together the expression here used, and 1 Cor. x. 16, "the bread which we break, is it not the participation of the body of Christ?"—surely there can be no doubt what that early meal was. We are amazed, towards the end of the book, at finding that the 2nd Epistle to Timothy was written in the Mamertine prison (!) Has Mrs. Webb ever been in that prison? Can she conceive it to have been a place from whence a man would write to his friend to bring him "books and parchments," and to "do his diligence to come before winter?"

Mrs. Webb's English is not always faultless. Witness "the colonnade that extended along the front of the house, and which was tastefully decorated with vases of sweet flowers." Witness also (p. 183) "the wide-stretching aqueducts that formed one of the glories of ancient Rome, and are still among her chief beauties." Sometimes, too, we meet with a trip occasioned by carelessness. Aristobulus, at his martyrdom, sent a scroll to Claudia, which she finds to contain the Gospel of St. Matthew (p. 120). Yet afterwards, when Claudia and Pudens read together out of "Aristobulus' precious legacy," Pudens was inclined to acknowledge Christ—"whose history was so strikingly set forth in the Gospel by St. Luke"—to be the Son of God. We suspect that Junia, who

has been taken by Mrs. Webb as one of her secondary female characters, represents the person wrongly so named in the English version of Rom. xvi., who is in reality Junias, and of the male sex. By-the-by, if Aristobulus was martyred in Britain in the reign of Claudius, as our authoress represents him to have been, how comes he to be saluted in Rom. xvi., seeing that Claudius died in October, A.D. 54, and that epistle was written from Corinth in A.D. 58?

We point out these anomalies, in hope that Mrs. Webb may be able to correct them in a future edition.

The book may be very profitably given as a present, and must interest every young person, as it has interested us.

The Pyrenees: a Description of Summer Life at French Watering-places. By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Travelling in Spain in the Present Day," &c. With upwards of One Hundred Illustrations by Gustave Doré, and a Map of the Central Pyrenees. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1867.

THIS is a singularly attractive book. It is well written, and of course beautifully illustrated. To those who, like ourselves, have spent pleasant summer weeks in exploring the very scenes to which Gustave Doré's pencil has here given life and all but motion, it is delightful to have all our memories refreshed while sitting here at home. Something like this used to be the charm of Bartlett's illustrated drawing-room books: but there is this great difference in Doré's illustrations, that we have not mere conventional arrangements of light and shade for effect, but real genius, in all its native playfulness and versatile power. We would adduce as instances the whole set of illustrations of the chapter entitled "Storm;" and especially that one on p. 158, of the wreck of the pine trunks, when calm has succeeded, than which it is not easy to imagine anything more masterly or effective.

Some exceptions must be made to this universal praise. We do not altogether like the "Cirque de Gavarnie," p. 183. No one who has seen it can ever forget the effect of those remarkable shelves of snow, one over another, separated by leaps of vertical rock. But M. Doré has not given them so as to make them tell, to the uninitiated, their own story; nor has he sufficiently indicated the concave, bowl-like form of the cirque, or "*oule*." It appears, in his drawing, too much like a straight line, or wall.

It would not be right to pass over the vignettes, of which the dog straining his chain to reach a cat who is plundering his dinner (p. 248), is one of the most comical.

We must enter a protest against a misquotation of George Herbert in the title of the print opposite p. 112 (which title, by the way, has but the slenderest possible connection with the thing represented). The words, as they stand in the volume before us, are—

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The moon (!) shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

Why the moon should have been substituted for "the dew," which stands in the original, we cannot say, nor how the moon can be said to *weep*. "*Pallida luna pluit*," it is true, but in a very different sense from this.

It only remains to be said that the letter-press is well arranged, and written in a lively and simple narrative style.

The book can hardly fail to become a favourite in the drawing-room and boudoir tables of those who have been Pyrenean travellers.

Sacred Music for Family Use. A Selection of Pieces for one, two, or more Voices, by the best Composers, Foreign and English. Edited by John Hullah, Professor of Music in King's College and in Queen's College, London, and Organist of Charterhouse. London: Longman and Co. 1867.

MR. HULLAH's name is a guarantee for the excellence of this acceptable book. Since the publication of the selection of pieces by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, some thirty years ago, we have had nothing so well serving the purpose of families as this. Its contents are very varied.

Handel, of course, occupies the post of honour. We have a selection from *Saul*, three pieces from *Joshua*, four from *Deborah*, three from *Theodora*, two from *Susanna*, six from *Jephthah*, and four from *Solomon*. Then we find two from Haydn's *Stabat Mater*, four from J. S. Bach's *Weihnacht's Oratorium*, &c. &c., the list containing many pieces, principally those best known to English singers, of Cherubini, Marcello, Mozart, Pergolesi, Beethoven, &c.

Mr. Hullah has printed, from the original cast of the *Messiah*, the music, afterwards abandoned, of "There were shepherds," "And lo, the angel," "How beautiful are the feet," and "Break forth into joy." We are disposed to question whether this was worth while, and whether it have not rather a tendency to confuse the associations connected with these well-known pieces.

"Two pieces, or *suites* of pieces," says Mr. Hullah in his preface, "must be especially named; the first as the work of a living composer, the second as that of one whose career was not long since brought to an untimely close. The Editor has to offer his best thanks to John Lodge Ellerton, Esq., for having allowed him to make so large an extract from his oratorio, *Paradise Lost*, one of the most refined and musician-like works of recent works of its class, that class being the highest. To like courtesy on the part of Mrs. Edward Fitzwilliam many readers will probably owe their first acquaintance with the quartet, 'We therefore pray Thee,' a composition the subject and treatment of which will doubtless stimulate curiosity as to other productions of a man and a composer too early lost to his friends and to the world."

It is no small merit of this work that the pianoforte accompaniments have all been arranged from, or tested by, the original scores. Of the ordinary accompaniments, Mr. Hullah most truly says:—

"The ease of the performer is surely bought too dearly when half the passages in a great composer's score are omitted, and all are mutilated; when the chords which he has laid out with the most exquisite art are entirely deranged, and every characteristic orchestral feature is brought down to the level of the accompaniment to a popular ballad."

This he illustrates by two instances:—

"From every copy with which the Editor is acquainted of Beethoven's *Et incarnatus*, one of the most striking effects (it is insisted upon by the composer to the extent of *triplification*, the notes being simultaneously uttered by the flutes, oboes, and clarionets) is omitted entirely; nor has he ever seen an indication in any pianoforte arrangement of the orchestral accompaniment of Mozart's *Dona nobis*."

He adds:—

"If some passages of accompaniments in the following pages are difficult to play, it is because the composer's fulness of thought would have rendered 'facilitation' only possible at the cost of beauty."

We heartily wish success to this useful and handsome volume of family music.

The Journal of a Home Life. By ELIZABETH M. SEWELL, Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. London: Longmans. 1867.

This is, as described, a *journal*; purporting to be written by a widowed step-mother, who finds herself called to amalgamate two families, and, moreover, hampered by a promise made to her dying husband, never to allow a connexion between either of *his* girls and a certain obnoxious branch of his family. As might be expected, the course of the incidents of the story is to bring the said girls nearer and nearer to the said forbidden acquaintance. But, as we now have it before us in one volume, it is impossible to say what is going to be the result. It ends with the confirmation of Ina and Cecil, and with all the under-plots in a delightful state of entanglement. There surely must be more to come. Of this there is perhaps some indication in the last sentence, "I look at the blank pages of my journal, and think of what hereafter I may have to write there—yet I do not tremble."

To criticise Miss Sewell's works is always an agreeable task. Putting aside a few names of authoresses of fiction of the sensational and dubiously moral kind, Miss Sewell stands, in our estimation, easily first among our lady novelists.

She has more originality, more insight into character, more power of managing her plots, than her only worthy rival, Miss Yonge. And this is surely, in these excellences, one of the very best of her books. There is not in it one love-scene; hardly a hint of so much as an attachment, or at all events of one likely to go on and ripen: only one incident which can be at all brought under the description "sensational." Yet the whole is lively, full of sparkle and of genius, suggestive of thoughts worth thinking, and consequences worth following out. The chief merit, as in several other of Miss Sewell's works, is, the clever, far-sighted, natural delineation of female character. The matter-of-fact, original Mrs. Bradshaw, always talking of serious things that which is on the verge of "naughty," but which after all turns out to have been the very thing that wanted saying and that does the work, seems to us a very capital character, seldom better described. The two girls, Ina and Cecil, entrusted to her by her dying husband, and first brought under her care on her return from the Cape as widow, are well and discriminatingly drawn. The wrong head and right heart of Ina, leading her into all kinds of complications with the objectionable branch of the family, and her duty to her mamma; the heart, clear by reason of singleness, and the head, clear by reason of simplicity, of the lovable and loving Cecil; the very fascinating half Italian Marietta, who from being the companion of the chief lady in the tabooed branch of the family, becomes, by reason of her truthful kindness and nobleness of character, adopted into the sisterhood at the cottage,—these, with the minor figures of Mrs. Anstruther's (the journalist's) own children, form a group beautifully arranged and skilfully unmanipulated throughout the progress of the painting.

About the male characters, we are not so sure. Ladies, as a rule, do not describe us well. How should they? The stern, and at the same time violent, Mr. Randolph, of whom it is at last discovered "that the singular prejudice and hardness of his character were really only excrescences, as it were; that the fundamental principle was, a desire to live to God" (p. 396), seems to us almost impossible; and the other male characters, even including the Rector, who is evidently intended for a reality, do not appear to us much better than lay-figures. Perhaps the master-stroke of the book is, the effect upon the fermenting elements in Ina's character, of having witnessed the terrible accident which led to Mr. Randolph's death.

Leaving the reader to enjoy this charming volume more by its own perusal than he possibly could do by our analysis, we cannot help giving him a few specimens of the gems of thought and experience which are strewn with no sparing hand up and down its pages:—

"For myself, I should have rejoiced above all things in a daily service; I know nothing so resting; but I should certainly not have expected Ina and Cecil to go to it, unless they expressed a decided wish to do so, which I suppose they would not be likely to do. Religion is of all subjects the one in respect to which one must be patient with young people. God is dealing with them in a way we know nothing about; and, as it is in nature, if we force the bud open before its time, it will die."—(P. 18.)

"I am so thankful now that I did not propound my present plan before I had finally arranged it. I should have had schemes suggested on all sides, and I must have carried out my own views, and then there would have been annoyance. I have learnt that it is a great thing in this world not to give people the opportunity of giving or taking offence by putting it in their power to offer advice which cannot be followed."—(P. 20).

And yet there is another side to this; for, on this axiom, how can one ever get the safety of a multitude of counsellors at all? The advice of *some* must be rejected. Does not more experience still teach us to take the lesson higher up, and say, Consult friends, even with plans unformed; but take good heed *whom* you consult?

"Casting one of those curious glances around, as she went out, which is so indicative of the school-room curiosity of sixteen, quickened by the impertinent fashion of eighteen."—(P. 31).

"I see her looking sad, and yet do not like to ask what is the matter, for fear of forcing her to put into shape the half-formed misgivings which, if left as they are, may soon melt away. I had so many of those fancies when I was a child, and I am sure I was the better for not having any one to tell them to."—(P. 39.)

"It looks like selfishness on Mr. Randolph's part—that kind of stern selfishness which takes the form of principle, and is, therefore, utterly deceptive."—(P. 96.)

"If one delegates authority, it is ruinous to interfere with its exercise."—(P. 162.)

"As I talked to her, I could not help feeling that it is the poetical rather than the matter-of-fact view of life which contains its reality, since it is that which enables one mind to comprehend another."—(P. 172.)

"Falsehood is the hare; truth the tortoise. Wait long enough, and the tortoise will win the day. Explanations are of no use; your own conduct will be your defence."—(P. 309.)

"When we all meet, as I trust we shall, hereafter, perhaps one of our greatest happinesses will be, the clearing up of misunderstandings."—(P. 400.)

We felt one passing antagonism to the journalist's practice, when we read, at the beginning of the book, of the reforms which she introduced on shaping her household in its new home. We can hardly designate it, except by quoting in full p. 10, 11, and then we should throw it into too much prominence. But we can indicate it, by one sentence about her regulations for her babies:—

"Nurse cannot at all understand why I insist upon having Hugh dressed in Charley's room, instead of in the nursery with Agnes"—(p. 28);

• and her reason for them:—

"If the children are to be refined and pure-minded when they are grown up, they must learn refinement and purity in their infancy, and the lesson can only be taught by practice."

It is not, of course, on this last dictum that our difference arises, but on the way of carrying it out. And on this we are persuaded we have a single woman writing, not an experienced parent. That there may be a sort of conventional purity produced by the kind of management which she advocates, we do not deny; but let us take care that it be not of the kind of which Coleridge said, as it appears at the end of the story of "Paul and Virginia," that he knew of no surer symptom of the rotten state of moral feeling which preceded the French Revolution. Domestic experience teaches us that there is a higher and nobler kind of refinement and purity, arising not from a system of fidgety and unscrupulous concealment, but from the healthy atmosphere of true Christian chastity: a purity which will stand proof where the other will fail. We are bound to say that this, which appears to us a fault in her opening maxims of management, does not appear again, nor anything like it.

On p. 321 we read, "God has said to us, most plainly, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil.'" O these mistranslated texts—what mischief they are continually doing! Has not Miss Sewell yet learned that the words mean no such thing as that which she is here making them say, simply importing as they do, "Abstain from every kind of evil?" Hardly ever have words done more harm than these, misapplied as they continually are to justify a cowardly shrinking from giving offence in matters where our Christian courage is put to the test.

But these are minor blemishes. We cordially recommend the book to all, whether for the purpose of refreshment or of instruction.

The Oxford Reformers of 1498: being a History of the Fellow-work of John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More. By FREDERICK SEEBOHM. London. 1867.

THE volume before us contains a sketch of the reforming work of three very distinguished men who found themselves together at Oxford in the year 1498. They are not among those to whom the title "Reformer" is commonly applied; that name rather suggests men like Luther and Calvin on the Continent, Cranmer and Latimer in England; men who had openly broken with the See of Rome, and taken a leading part in the formation of new dogmatic systems and new religious communities. "Why," it may be asked, "should we confer the title of *Reformer* on men like Colet, Erasmus, and More, who lived and died in communion with Rome?" This limited conception of Reformation is, we think, unfortunate; and we are grateful to Mr. Seebohm for having thrown a clearer light on the work of three men who were, in the truest sense, Reformers in the

sphere of scriptural interpretation, morals, and politics. Too little attention has hitherto been paid, especially in England, to the labours of those enlightened and earnest men who maintained the cause of simple piety and sound scholarship against the school-divines and obscurantists of the early years of the sixteenth century.

With regard to the interpretation of Scripture, any one who will take the trouble to look into the ingenious pages of the schoolmen, will see that they can scarcely be said to interpret Scripture at all. They quote it indeed frequently, and found much upon it; but they almost entirely ignore the literal and historical sense. A long series of theologians, from Augustine to Aquinas, might be quoted, in whose writings the *facts* of sacred history are almost entirely hidden under a cloud of "spiritual" explanations; and every text, interpreted in this manner, is made the basis on which countless deductions are carefully balanced, like scholastic angels on the point of a needle. In the fifteenth century, the Bible was so surrounded by a tangled growth of comments of Fathers and deductions of schoolmen, that it required a bold man to cut his way through, and wake into renewed life its hidden beauty.

Such a man appeared at Oxford in the person of John Colet. He had been in Italy when the scandals of the Papal court were at their height under Alexander VI., while Savonarola was stirring the hearts of the Florentines by his glowing eloquence; whether he ever talked with the Italian prophet we cannot tell. With the knowledge of Greek which he had acquired in Italy he returned to Oxford in 1496, and began a course of lectures on St. Paul's Epistles. In these lectures he frankly applied to Scripture the same scholarship, the same methods of interpretation, which he had learned in his study of Plato and Plotinus. The letters of St. Paul were to him not mere collections of texts on which dissertations might be written, but the words of a living man speaking earnestly to living men. Hence, he is not afraid to trace St. Paul's character in his style: he points out how his vehemence produced sentences abrupt and often unfinished; he loves to dwell on the outward circumstances of the Apostle's history; his wish to visit Rome and Spain; his long detention in prison; the faith and love which led him cheerfully to encounter bonds and imprisonment, in spite of the apparent hindrance of the work to which he had given his life; and he draws illustrations from a heathen like Suetonius, when he has to speak of the state of Roman society. In more than official dignity, Dean Colet was a predecessor of Dean Stanley and Dean Howson. And the same right judgment and quick insight which he brought to bear on St. Paul's letters, he applied also to the older Scriptures. He was not content with allegoric or non-natural interpretations of the early chapters of Genesis, and was astonished that a professed interpreter of "hard places" should have found no difficulty earlier than the song of Lamech; with him these early Scriptures are a cosmogony and primeval history adapted for a people yet hardly emerged from barbarism. In a word, Colet is the "father" of all who in England have wrought at the life-like and realistic interpretation of Holy Scripture. And his work was not without effect upon his contemporaries. Young Thomas More, who came to Oxford in 1497, received from his older friend Colet a lasting bias towards that liberality of thought and simplicity of Christian doctrine to which his genial nature already inclined. And a greater than More, the greatest scholar then to be found north of the Alps, Desiderius Erasmus, who visited Oxford in the same year in search of a teacher of Greek, also formed a friendship with him and probably felt his influence. Certain it is that the question of the "manifest senses" of Scripture was eagerly discussed between them, and that in later years Erasmus abandoned much of the mysticism which he had brought with him on his first visit to Oxford; he became, like Colet, a disciple of Jerome rather than Augustine.

The little band of Oxford friends shared the usual lot of university "sets;" they were dispersed to their general occupations. Colet was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1505. More, after retiring for a time from the displeasure of the king, became a prosperous lawyer, employed in courts and embassies. Erasmus was a wanderer on the face of the earth; now in the Netherlands, then in Italy, then again in England, teaching Greek at Cambridge, then at Basle, superintending the progress of some of his works through Froben's press. But in all

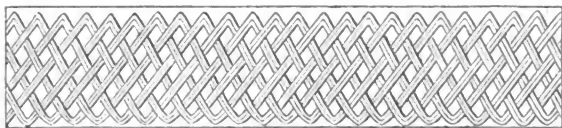
this variety of occupation, there was a certain unity in the work of the trio. They were entirely at one in their desire to restore the simplicity of Apostolic doctrine in the Church; they were entirely of one spirit in their attack upon the many ecclesiastical and political corruptions of the time. Colet continued his work in London, preaching in St. Paul's as he had lectured at Oxford, but dwelling now rather on the Gospels and the person and work of the Lord Jesus Himself, than on the Epistles and the work of the Apostles; and he devoted his patrimony to the foundation of a school which might promote that sound philology, without which he saw that there could be no sound theology. More lectured—a strange proceeding, it would seem, in these days for a newly-called barrister—in the church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, on Augustine's "City of God;" he translated the Life and some of the works of Pico della Mirandola, showing in this that he was entirely on Colet's side with regard to the study of Scripture, while he paid little regard to the papal anathema on Savonarola; and in his "Utopia" he attacked whatever he found rotten in the social state of his time: wars of aggression, injustice of the rich towards the poor, the foolish or defective education of children, the want of care for sanitary matters in towns; taught the essential harmony of faith with science, and recommended perfect toleration of all religions which were content to take their own way quietly, without injuring their neighbours. His teaching was, in truth, not only in advance of the sixteenth century, but, in many respects, more enlightened than popular opinion in the nineteenth. Meanwhile, the more able and versatile Erasmus was producing, in rapid succession, those works in which we still enjoy the discomfiture of ignorant monks and pedantic professors. In his "Encheiridion" he sought to "counteract the vulgar error of those who think that religion consists in ceremonies." In the well-known "Praise of Folly" (written in More's house, in Bucklersbury, about 1510), he satirised the many follies and basenesses which had met his keen glance in his wanderings over Europe, especially those of the schoolmen and the monks. He set forth a noble ideal of a teacher—realised, perhaps, in some of our own days—in his "True Method of Education," and of a ruler, in his "Training of a Christian Prince;" above all, by his editions of the New Testament, and his paraphrases—translated and placed in English churches in Edward VI.'s time—he gave most powerful assistance to the cause of simple and natural exposition of Scripture. There is thus an inner unity in the work of the three who met at Oxford in 1498; all alike were for greater simplicity and freedom in Christian teaching; for more frank and intelligent interpretation of Scripture; for abolishing unmeaning ceremonies and useless orders; for setting up a nobler and less selfish standard before the eyes of the great ones of the earth, whether in Church or State. They are rightly called "Reformers;" they were at once the "Broad-Church" men and the "Social Science" men of their day; and Europe might perhaps have been spared much suffering if their words had been more regarded. We have long felt that the "Humanists," the men of sound scholarship and polite learning, had less than their due share of influence in the Reformation period; the leading spirits of that movement were politicians and dogmatists; hence the effect of it was, in a large part of Europe, to substitute a narrow and inflexible dogmatic system for the old tyranny and corruptions of Rome. That the Reformation was a very great blessing to Christianity we should be the last to deny, but it was certainly less complete and less beneficial than it might have been had it been more under the control of the more able and thoughtful "Humanists."

The work in which Mr. Seebohm has brought these things before us is both able and interesting. It is not one of those ephemeral compilations from cyclopedias and biographies, which so often disappoint us in the present day, but the fruit of the honest and loving labour of several years. He draws his information from the sources; so far as may be, Colet and More and Erasmus tell their own story; not only the treasures of the Record Office, but the MS. stores of the University Library, and of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, have been laid under contribution; and of Colet's life and work Mr. Seebohm has produced a very complete account. The history of the other persons of the drama, though very interesting and thoroughly trustworthy, is, from the nature of the design, less complete, and they are dropped abruptly at Colet's death. The

effect of this abrupt close is somewhat disappointing. Indeed, the only fault we have to find with Mr. Seebohm's conscientious book, is its plan. We are conscious, as we read, of a certain want of organic unity; the real identity of spirit and purpose in the three persons treated of is less obvious than it might be; the juxtaposition of events is generally purely chronological; we pass from London to Basle, from Henry VIII.'s campaigns to Erasmus's "*Novum Instrumentum*," somewhat too rapidly, and sometimes lack that subtle thread of connexion which should lead us on from the beginning of the book to the end. The truth is, Mr. Seebohm is a little too cautious and documentary. His faithfulness to his authorities is beyond all praise, and his style pleasant and admirably lucid; but he appears too little in his own person. When he does appear, we find him so intelligent and agreeable a companion, that we wish to see more of him. From one who has been much in the society of men of the past, we desire not only information of what has been done by his heroes, but a certain tone and colour caught from theirs. We are exceedingly well satisfied with what Mr. Seebohm has done; but we shall hope in future works to see a rather more vigorous chiaroscuro, and somewhat more breadth of treatment.

We have noted one or two slight errors. On page 1, we read that in 1496 Colet was not yet in deacon's orders; but on page 7, we find that before 1493 he had a living in Suffolk, and a prebend in Yorkshire; and surely a mere layman, or one in minor orders, was not at any time capable of such preferment; unless, indeed, Colet was merely the *impropriator* of the "living," and the prebend. An expression on page 273 seems to indicate that the author is not aware that the Epistle and Gospel form part of the service of the mass; we do not know what authority there is for supposing Latimer to have been Professor of Greek at Cambridge (p. 324); on page 323 there is a note which perplexes us. A letter of Erasmus is dated "In die S. Edvardi, in Festo sue Translationis." Some editor has added the date "13 Oct." Mr. Seebohm conjectures "*secundæ*" for "*sue*," and supposes the *second* translation of St. Edward to be June 20. But, in fact, June 20 is the translation of Edward, king and *Martyr*: i.e., the king who was murdered at Corfe Castle; Oct. 13 is the translation of Edward, king and *Confessor*, the well-known founder of Westminster Abbey. As the latter is much the better known saint, and is acknowledged in the Roman Calendar, while the other is not, we should think that the "*trans. S. Edwardi*," probably means Oct. 13. But these are small blemishes, such as no book is entirely free from; and "*Ubi plura nitent . . . non ego paucis offendar maculis*." We hope our readers will judge for themselves of Mr. Seebohm's merits.

NOTE.—A critical notice of Dr. Tischendorf's "*Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst*" appeared in this journal, vol. iii. p. 602. We have returned to it in the present number, not so much for the purpose of criticism as for that of enforcing the main argument.—Ed.



PAPIAS OF HIERAPOLIS.

THE Churches of Asia Minor owed more to the personal teaching and direct supervision of the Apostles than any other portion of Gentile Christendom. In Ephesus, the metropolis of the old Roman province, St. Paul spent a longer time than he is known to have spent elsewhere. After his departure he manifested his care for his converts in these parts, not only by his letters and through his delegates, but also by occasional visits in person. To the Churches scattered throughout this and the neighbouring provinces, and to these alone, the Epistles of St. Peter are addressed. And after these two Apostles have been removed by martyrdom, it is to the seven leading Churches of proconsular Asia that St. John is commissioned to write from his exile in Patmos, and in the capital of this province that he fixes his permanent abode and ends his days.

Nor was St. John the only personal disciple of our Lord who resided in this province. Whether from the attraction of the great Apostle's presence, or as the result of some definite arrangement, the chief preachers of Christianity would seem, as if by common consent, to have transferred their head-quarters to "Asia" after the fall of the Holy City. A very ancient tradition represents St. Andrew as living here.* Philip the Evangelist, again, is known from the account

* The fragment of the Muratorian Canon (about 170 A.D.). See Routh, *Rel. Sacr.*, I. p. 394.

of Papias to have resided in these parts.* We have it also on the same authority, that two other personal followers of the Lord not otherwise known to us, Aristion and John, were settled in this neighbourhood. So far, therefore, as we are justified in inferring the teaching of the first disciples from the traditions of any individual Church or Churches, it is not at Pella or among the neighbouring communities of Palestine, but in Asia Minor, and more especially at Ephesus, that we may hope to catch the lingering echo of the voice of Apostolic Christianity. The remains of Polycarp and Papias, of Melito and Irenæus, are likely to reflect a less distorted image of primitive faith and practice than the notices of Judaic Christendom, whether Catholic or Ebionite.

Thus favoured, the Churches of Asia Minor early assumed a prominence beyond any other Christian communities. While the after-glow of the Apostolic age is fading into darkness at Jerusalem; while an impenetrable veil still hangs over the infancy of Carthage; while Corinth and Antioch and Alexandria betray their existence merely by the name of a chance writer here and there; while Rome herself, gathering strength in silence, is only forced into notice now and then by the intrusion of a foreign teacher or the agitation of an imported controversy, Asia Minor is the focus of the life and energy of Christendom. Here the external organization of the Church was first matured by the development and extension of Episcopacy. Here the aggressive energy of the Gospel was first measured, and the moral conviction of its adherents tested, by a wide and systematic persecution; when the Roman governor informed his Imperial master that the temples were almost deserted, that the solemn rites were neglected, and that scarce a purchaser could be found here and there for the victims.† If this notice refers directly to Pontus and Bithynia, it cannot be doubted that the Christians of proconsular Asia were at least as numerous and influential. Hence also issued the two great controversies which distracted the Church of the second century, spreading through the length and breadth of Christendom, and lingering on for many generations. The Paschal question affected a most important point of ecclesiastical order. The Montanist dispute lay at the core of the spiritual life of Christianity. Thus in matters of belief and of practice alike, of external observance and of inward life, Asia Minor took the lead. In the middle of the second century her influence had reached its zenith. At the beginning of the third, the sceptre was already passing from her hands, to be disputed between the Alexandrian and Latin Churches.

* Euseb., *H. E.*, iii. 39. The notices of Papias are all taken from this passage, except where some other reference is given.

† Plin., *Epist.* x. 97.

This general activity of Asiatic Christendom in the second century was shared by the Phrygian Churches lying on or near the Lycus, a tributary of the Mæander. The Christian communities of Laodicea, Hierapolis, and Colossæ become first known to us through the Epistle of St. Paul to the last-mentioned of the three. Though not converted by the personal labours of the Apostle, they owed their knowledge of the Gospel indirectly to him, having been instructed in the faith by his disciple Epaphras. Of Colossæ this may be affirmed with certainty;* and, since Epaphras is represented as standing in equally close relations to Laodicea and Hierapolis,† he was probably the evangelist of these places also. These Churches were moreover connected with the Apostle of the Gentiles by another link, in the family of Philemon, whom St. Paul himself had converted to the faith, and through whose slave, Onesimus, his intercourse with Colossæ was strengthened. If the Apostle ever visited these Churches in person, it must have been after his release from his first Roman captivity. He expresses his distinct intention of doing so,‡ and there is every reason for supposing that he was afterwards in a position to carry out his design.§ For the time, however, being a prisoner, he is obliged to content himself with writing. He not only addresses one letter specially to Philemon, and another to the Colossians, but he writes at the same time to Laodicea, the chief town of the neighbourhood, intending that this Laodicean letter shall be read at Colossæ,|| and, as we may reasonably infer, at Hierapolis also.

Beyond these scanty facts nothing is known of St. Paul's influence on these Phrygian brotherhoods. Of St. Peter no direct connexion with these Churches is recorded, though they belonged to the province of "Asia" included in the superscription of the first epistle. But with St. John they again come into notice. To Laodicea, as the metropolis of its own district, one of the seven epistles in the Apocalypse is addressed.

If, independently of the Apostolic teaching, we ask what prevailing influences were likely to tinge the Christianity of this region, it is not easy to give a decisive answer. The characteristic features of the Phrygian race, their excitable temper and their orgiastic worship, will at once rise before our minds; but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Hierapolis gave birth to Epictetus, the leading representative of the most impassive of all philosophical sects. It is more important to observe that Jews, of an Essene rather than a Pharisaic type, seem to have been influential, if not numerous, in this district. One of the Sibylline Oracles, which appears to have been written soon after the fall of Jerusalem, and to have emanated from

* Col. i. 7.

† Col. iv. 13.

‡ Philem. 22.

§ 1 Tim. i. 3; 2 Tim. ii. 15, iv. 13, &c.

|| Col. iv. 16.

the neighbourhood of the Mæander,* exhibits this type of religious thought. And somewhat earlier St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, denounces the ravages which this false philosophy, with its ascetic rigour and its mystic speculation, is making in the Church of Christ, exalting the worship of angels and depressing the honour of the Son. Nor when St. John writes from Patmos has the danger passed away. It cannot be without reference to this form of error that in language closely resembling the words of St. Paul, this Apostle delivers the message of his Lord to the Church of Laodicea, declaring Himself to be "the Amen, the witness faithful and true, the beginning (the principle) of the creation of God."†

Of the three towns Colossæ was the least important, its prominent place in the Apostolic history being due to circumstances which would be called accidental. A very considerable city in earlier ages, it had by this time dwindled away into an insignificant town or village,‡ and soon after disappears from history. Laodicea was the capital of the district, and became afterwards the head-quarters of the Paschal controversy;§ but Hierapolis was also a large and thriving place, second only to Laodicea in importance. As the three towns lie so near that they can be visited in a single day, it may be supposed that the Judaic influences which we have seen working at Laodicea and Colossæ were not inactive at Hierapolis.

So much space has been given to these scanty indications of the religious influences, good and bad, which prevailed, or may be supposed to have prevailed, in the native town of Papias, because the complexion of his opinions has been much canvassed, and it seemed right not to omit any considerations which might bear on the subject. His importance, indeed, has been unduly exaggerated; for the views of any single person, however favourably situated, cannot weigh against the concurrent testimony of antiquity. But still, as one who lived on the confines of the Apostolic age, and seems to have conversed with personal disciples of the Lord, his traditions and opinions possess an interest which claims the most careful inquiry.

Of the personal history of Papias next to nothing is known. He appears, indeed, to have been a Phrygian, or Phrygian Greek; for the name occurs with some degree of frequency among this people, and more especially at Hierapolis. This last circumstance may be accounted for by the fact that Papias, the Father or the Fatherly, was

* The Sibylline Oracle contained in the fourth book seems to have emanated from this district: see especially vv. 106, 145 sq.

† Rev. iii. 14: compare Col. i. 15—18, ii. 10.

‡ Contrast Herod. vii. 30, Xenoph. *Anab.* i. 2. 6, with Strabo xii. p. 576.

§ Euseb., *H. E.*, iv. 26.

an epithet of Zeus Soter in that city.* A somewhat late tradition calls him bishop of Hierapolis; † nor is there any ground for questioning the statement, though it can only be affirmed with certainty that he was a prominent member of the Church there. If Irenæus may be believed, he was "a hearer of John and companion of Polycarp." ‡ The testimony of a scholar of Polycarp may, perhaps, be considered decisive on this latter point. To the first part of the statement, however, if Irenæus means the Apostle St. John (and thus expressing himself, he can hardly mean any one else), exception may be taken. The language of Papias himself, at all events, suggests a different account. As reference will be made again and again to the passage which Eusebius has preserved from the preface to his work, it is here given in full: §—

"But I will not scruple also to give a place along with my interpretations to everything that I learnt carefully and remembered carefully in time past from the elders, guaranteeing their truth. For, unlike the many, I did not take pleasure in those who have the most to say, but in those who teach the truth; nor in those who relate strange commandments, but in those [who record] such as were given by the Lord to the Faith, and are derived from the Truth itself. And on any occasion when a person came [in my way] who had attended on the elders, I would inquire about the discourses of the elders; what was said by Andrew or by Peter; or by Philip; or by Thomas or James; or by John or Matthew; or by any other of the Lord's disciples; and what Aristion || and the elder John, the disciples of the Lord, say. For I did not think so much profit was to be got from the contents of books as from the utterances of a living and abiding voice."

Arguing from this passage, Eusebius objects to the statement of Irenæus. He points out that two distinct persons bearing the name John must be meant here; for the Apostle would not have been twice named, and placed in two different lists, nor would the precedence over him in the second place have been given to Aristion. The term "elder," therefore, he argues, must be taken as a characteristic title distinguishing this second John from the Apostle. He men-

* The name Papias occurs several times at Hierapolis, not only in inscriptions (Boeckh, *Corp. Inscr.* 3930, 3912a Appx.), but even on coins (Mionnet, iv. p. 301). As an epithet of Zeus, it is found not only at Hierapolis (Boeckh, 3817), but also at Prynnessus (Eckhel, *Num. Vet.*, tab. xiv. 16, quoted in Boeckh). Other analogous Phrygian proper names are Ammias, Tatias (with the corresponding feminines), which, with Latin terminations, become Ammianus, Tatianus. The name Apphia also (Philem. 2), is strictly Phrygian, and seems to be quite distinct from the Latin Appia, with which the commentators confuse it.

† Euseb., *H. E.*, iii. 36.

‡ Iren., v. 33. 4.

§ Euseb., *H. E.*, iii. 39. Οὐκ ἀνέησά σοι καὶ ὅσα ποτὶ παρὰ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων καλῶς ἔμαθον καὶ καλῶς ἐμνημόνευσα συγκατατάξαι ταῖς ἐρμηνείαις, διαβιβασοῦμένος ἐπὶ αὐτῶν ἀλήθειαν, κ.τ.λ.

|| This seems the most natural construction of the passage: ἃ τε (not ἃς) being read, and ἃ being made to depend on ἀνέκρινον.

tions also, in confirmation of his view, the fact that at Ephesus two graves were shown in his day, both bearing the name of John. "Papias," he proceeds, "confesses to having received the discourses of the Apostles from their followers, but says that he was himself a hearer of Aristion and the presbyter John. At least, he mentions them often by name, and inserts their traditions in his work." Though recent critics have sought to break the force of these arguments, they seem insuperable; and we must therefore conclude that the immediate instructor of Papias was not the Apostle, but the presbyter John.* It is just possible, indeed, that Papias had seen the aged Apostle, and so far the assertion of Irenæus might be true; but the probable solution is, that this writer has confused the two persons of the same name mentioned by Papias. At all events it is clear that the traditions preserved in the work of Papias were not in any case obtained immediately from the Apostle. Later writers from Jerome onwards, following Irenæus blindly, speak of Papias as a scholar of the beloved disciple; and even Eusebius himself, in an earlier work,† doubtless before he had investigated the matter, had been betrayed into using the same language.

Of the presbyter John nothing is known beyond his connexion with Papias. Dionysius of Alexandria, indeed, proceeding on purely critical grounds, suggested that he might be the author of the Apocalypse;‡ and all the canonical writings of St. John have been, at one time or other, ascribed to him by different writers, ancient or modern. But no distinct historical tradition has ever been alleged in favour of any of these views, and they must, therefore, be judged on their own merits. Whether the far-famed Eastern potentate, who appears and reappears so mysteriously in mediæval story, borrowed his name from this early disciple, we need not stop to inquire. The substance of the legend of "Prester John" was doubtless derived from another source;§ but a combination of names familiar to Christian ears may possibly have displaced some Oriental title similar in sound. Of Aristion, whom Papias connects with John the Presbyter, no mention is found elsewhere.

But besides these two personal disciples of the Lord, Papias asso-

* Even the personal connexion of Papias with this second John cannot be regarded as absolutely certain, since it is given by Eusebius rather as a critical inference from the language of Papias than as a direct statement of this writer. If the passage from the preface of Papias is rightly translated in the text, it seems not to favour his direct intercourse with Aristion and the presbyter John. But the conclusion of Eusebius may have been drawn from other passages; nor is the mistake of Irenæus easily explained, unless Papias had learned from some person bearing the name of John.

† Euseb., *Chron.*, Ol. 220.

‡ Euseb., *H. E.*, vii. 25.

§ This legend has been investigated in a recent work: *Der Presbyter Johannes in Sage und Geschichte*, by G. Oppert. Berl. 1864.

ciated also with others mentioned in the Apostolic history. In the year 58, St. Paul and St. Luke, with others, resting at Cesarea on their way to Jerusalem, lodged in the house of Philip the Evangelist, who "had four daughters virgins, which did prophesy."* At a later date Philip settled with his family at Hierapolis, and there died. Of his four daughters three are mentioned in later history, one as having married and died at Ephesus, the other two as living in celibacy to an advanced age at Hierapolis.† With these last Papias was acquainted, and from them he learnt some stories, which he afterwards wove into his work.

But though the earliest recollections of Papias thus carry us back to the close of the Apostolic age, he appears to have survived the middle of the second century by some years. A companion of Polycarp in life, he was not divided from him in death. The two are said to have suffered martyrdom at the same time, the one at Smyrna, the other at Pergamum, in the persecution under M. Aurelius. If so, the date of Papias' death must have been somewhere about the year 165. Though our direct authority for this fact is somewhat late,‡ it professes to be founded on an earlier, and probably a contemporary, martyrology, like the extant accounts of the death of Polycarp and of the sufferers at Vienne and Lyons. Nor is this date inconsistent with the earlier companionships of Papias already mentioned. Without assigning to him the great longevity of Polycarp, he may yet have been a growing youth when the first century closed. The two daughters of Philip, if they were in early womanhood at the time of St. Paul's visit (A.D. 58), may still have been alive in the years 110—120, for they are stated to have survived to old age. Even Aristion and John the Presbyter (though in this case the direct intercourse of Papias is not so certain) may have outlived the opening of the second century, and yet have heard the Lord in early youth. It appears, at least, from the language of Papias that they had been long dead when he committed their traditions to writing.

The only work which Papias is known to have left consisted of five books, and was entitled "Exposition of Oracles of the Lord." It was in the hands of Irenæus and Eusebius, from whom our information is chiefly derived, and seems also to have been used at an intermediate date by Dionysius of Alexandria.§ A short fragment is preserved by Apollinarius of Laodicea in his Commentary on

* Acts xxi. 8.

† Polycrates of Ephesus (in Euseb., *H. E.*, iii. 31, and v. 23), confusing, however, Philip the Apostle with Philip the Evangelist. Caius of Rome (*H. E.*, iii. 31) says carelessly, that all the four daughters were buried at Hierapolis.

‡ Chronicon Paschale, I. p. 481 (Ed. Dind.)

§ This may be inferred from his mention of another John at Ephesus, coupled with the fact that he wrote on the millennarian controversy.

the Acts; another, still shorter, by Maximus in his Scholia on Dionysius the Areopagite; and a few meagre scraps occur in expositions of the Apocalypse.* Jerome found it necessary to contradict a rumour that he had translated Papias and Polycarp into Latin, pleading his want of leisure as an excuse.† It is not even clear that he had ever read the work of Papias, for the notice in his Catalogue is plainly taken from Eusebius. A Latin translation, however, seems to have been made at a later date; for in an inventory of books belonging to the library at Nismes, drawn up about the year 1218, the author enters "A book of Papias, a book concerning the words of the Lord."‡ The volume in question, however, may have been a copy of the original Greek. This is perhaps the most recent notice of the work of Papias, as still extant. Where the name occurs in later catalogues, it probably refers to the mediæval Papias, the author of the "Elementary" or "Dictionary," which had considerable popularity in the ages before and immediately after the invention of printing.§

But though the work of Papias has disappeared for some centuries, its recovery, either in the original or in some translation, is not beyond hope. A Syriac version, for instance, or an Armenian version rendered from a Syriac, is a treasure which recent discoveries show not to exceed the range of possibility. Meanwhile, the paucity of evidence relating to this work has furnished an excuse for the utmost license of conjecture; and the views put forward recently by Renan, Strauss, and others, seem to justify, if they do not demand, a fresh examination of the question.

Even the main drift and object of this work must be supplied by hypothesis or by criticism; for though Eusebius has told us much besides, he has given no information on this most important point. What is the meaning of the title, "Exposition of Oracles of the Lord?" Does exposition here mean "narrative," or "interpretation?" In other words, was the object of Papias to *construct* a Gospel narrative, or to *explain* one already existing? This is a question of primary importance, and on the answer given to it depends the whole significance of the work.

The word "exposition," indeed, is wide enough to include either meaning; but a later writer, who had the book before him, Anastasius of Sinai († 599), classes Papias among biblical exegetes or interpre-

* The fragments are collected by Routh, *Rel. Sacr.*, i. p. 7, sqq., and have been recently translated into English in the first volume of the Ante-Nicene Christian Library.

† Hieron., *Epist.* lxxi. 5. (Ed. Vallarsi).

‡ Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* VII. p. 153 (Ed. Harles).

§ To this writer, and not to the early Papias, belongs the last fragment (xi.) included in Routh's collection.

ters;* and the same inference may be drawn from the language of the extant fragment already quoted from the preface of Papias himself: "But I will not scruple *also* to give a place *along with my interpretations* to all that I learnt carefully and remembered carefully in time past from the elders." The natural explanation of this language is, that Papias took as his text some existing Gospel narrative or narratives, that he gave his own interpretations of our Lord's oracles therein contained, and that he still further illustrated his explanations by interspersing stories which he had got, directly or indirectly, from personal disciples of the Saviour. His primary object was evidently exposition in the sense of *interpretation*, to which the illustrative traditions were only subordinate, though these latter obviously had a great attraction for him, and at the outset he declares his intention of introducing them freely. On any natural explanation of the passage the oral traditions follow upon, and do not precede, the interpretations. So that the interpretations must have been built upon something else.† As Papias elsewhere mentions the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, it seems to follow that these were, at least in part, the text on which his exposition was the commentary. But to this subject we shall have to return hereafter.

The extant fragments and notices, at all events, are easily explicable on this supposition. The statement in his first book that the early Christians gave the name of children to "those who practise guilelessness to Godward" would be an illustration of our Lord's words, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The tradition of Judas' malady might have been introduced to reconcile St. Matthew's account of the traitor's death with the notice in the Acts. The stories of the dead man raised to life, related by the daughters of Philip as happening in their father's time, and of Justus Barsabas drinking a deadly poison without taking any harm, given apparently on the same authority, would exemplify and confirm our Lord's promise of miraculous gifts to his disciples.‡ The testimony which Papias quoted from the first Epistle of St. John may, on this hypothesis, have been either the opening verse or the allusion to "the water and the blood." The testimony from the first Epistle of St. Peter would be the reference to our Lord's patience and meekness before

* Fragn. ix., x. (Routh).

† This inference from the language of Papias seems to be plain enough. The supposition that Papias undertook to frame a Gospel from oral tradition is inconsistent, alike with individual expressions, and with the order of the sentences. Yet almost all recent writers, whatever their opinions, appear to concur in representing the work of Papias in this light. The only exceptions, apparently, are Westcott (*Canon*, p. 61), and Zahn (see the reference p. 15, note).

‡ *E.g.* Matt. x. 8; Mark xvi. 17, sq.; Luke x. 19, sq.; John xiv. 12.

his accusers, or possibly to his preaching to the spirits in prison. The same hypothesis, again, will account for the strange passage quoted by Irenæus: "The days shall come," such were the words ascribed to our Lord by Papias, as quoted by this writer:

"In which vines shall grow, each having ten thousand shoots, and on each shoot ten thousand branches, and on each branch ten thousand twigs, and on each twig ten thousand clusters, and on each cluster ten thousand grapes, and each grape when pressed shall yield five-and-twenty measures of wine. And when any of the saints shall have taken hold of one of their clusters, another shall cry, I am a better cluster, take me, bless the Lord through me. Likewise also a grain of wheat shall produce ten thousand heads, &c.' And when Judas the traitor did not believe and asked, 'How shall such growths be accomplished by the Lord?' The Lord said, 'They shall see who shall come to these times.'"^{*}

This account, which is given on the authority of "the elders," is obviously one of those oral traditions which Papias at the outset professed his intention of introducing to illustrate his interpretations; and, if so, the whole passage seems to be a comment on our Lord's words, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

On what principle of selection or arrangement Papias proceeded it would be impossible to say. Two extant interpretations[†] which apparently relate to our Lord's discourses immediately before the Passion, occurred in the last book but one of the five; and this would seem to point to a chronological order. On the other hand, in another extract quoted by Irenæus and probably taken from Papias,[‡] passages of the Gospels are brought together with reference to their subject-matter. Perhaps he attempted a combination of the two methods.

But if the hypothesis here adopted be true, and Papias actually took extant written documents as his text, how, it will be asked, could he say that "he did not consider so much good was to be got from the contents of books as from the utterances of a living and abiding voice?" The context of the quotation must furnish the answer to this question. The preference which he thus expresses for oral information applies to the *materials of interpretation*, and more especially to the illustrative traditions. The paragraph, of which the sentence quoted forms the close, is occupied with these, and these alone. Indeed, this expression is wholly unlike the language used by him of the only canonical Gospel on the value of which he gives an opinion. He speaks of St. Mark as "writing down accurately all that he remembered," as "committing no error," as "making it his one care not to omit anything that he had heard, nor to insert any false statement therein," thus reiterating his confidence in the veracity of

^{*} Iren., v. 33, 3.

[†] Fragm. iii., iv. (Routh).

[‡] Fragm. v. (Routh).

the Evangelist's narrative. For all these reasons it must be concluded that, when he speaks slightly of books, as compared with oral traditions, he must refer to a class of writings wholly different from the canonical Gospels. The works of the Simonians and the Ophites, which are quoted by Hippolytus, must have been already published when he wrote. Even the voluminous treatise of Basilides on the Gospel, in twenty-four books, will have been in general circulation,* if the date assigned to his exposition below be correct. All these works dealt with subjects akin to his own; and Basilides especially is known to have inserted traditions of the Lord's life professing to have been derived from eye-witnesses. We may therefore suppose that Papias refers chiefly to writings emanating from Gnostic schools. It is at least remarkable that he designates these authors "the many," a term which is used by his friend and contemporary, Polycarp, when speaking of these heretics.† If so, the extant *Pistis Sophia*, though itself probably belonging to a somewhat later date, will serve as a sample of the class of works of which Papias here expresses his distrust.

At the time when Papias for the most part obtained his information, he speaks of the Apostles, St. John included, as already dead; while, on the other hand, his language seems to imply (though the inference is doubtful) that Aristion and the other John still survived.‡ This date, therefore, may be placed somewhere in the early years of the second century. But a considerable time appears to have elapsed before the publication of the work. Papias speaks of himself as having gathered these oral traditions "in time past," and lays great stress on his "learning them accurately and remembering them accurately." When he has occasion to name his authority, he does so in the words, "the elder was wont to say." It seems most consistent with his language to suppose that in procuring this information he had his own edification immediately in view, and it may be conjectured that his book was an after-thought, growing out of the desire to furnish an antidote to the false opinions which were springing up about him. This view is in perfect accordance with his position, as belonging to a school which counted Polycarp and Irenæus among its members, and whose opposition to Gnosticism is evinced in various ways. If so the date of his work was not improbably as late as from 140 to 150 A.D.

* See especially Westcott, *Canon*, p. 255. In its interpretational purpose, and its illustrative traditions, the work of Basilides would present a parallel to the exposition of Papias; and its length would explain his contempt for τοῖς τὰ πᾶλλα λήγουσιν.

† Polyc., *Phil.* 7. See the article on Papias in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie*, by Steitz.

‡ Of the Apostles he uses a past tense, "said" (εἶπεν); of Aristion and the presbyter John, a present, "says" (λήγουσιν). The inference in the text, however, is not certain, for the change of tense may have been introduced for the sake of variety.

Of its general merits Eusebius pronounces a very unfavourable judgment. "Papias," he says, "has set down other things as coming to him from unwritten traditions; for instance, certain strange parables and teachings of the Saviour, and certain other matters bordering on the fabulous. Amongst these he says that there will be a millennium after the resurrection from the dead, when the kingdom of Christ will be exhibited in a sensible form on this earth. These ideas I suspect he got from a misinterpretation of the Apostolic statements, not comprehending what was said by them mystically and in symbols; for he was evidently a man of very small intellect, if one may judge from his writings." In the common editions, indeed, Eusebius elsewhere makes a partial amend to Papias for this unfavourable criticism by calling him "a man of vast learning, and versed in the Scripture;"* but though the two statements are quite reconcilable, hardly any doubt can now remain that the complimentary notice is an interpolation in the historian's text. If the few extant fragments are average samples of the work, no injustice is done to him by this adverse verdict of Eusebius. On the other hand, Irenæus speaks with much greater deference of Papias. The Chiliasm which repelled the later writer would doubtless attract the earlier.

After thus endeavouring to establish the general purport and character of the work, we shall be in a position to deal with two questions, for the sake of which the whole investigation has been undertaken: (1) What was the relation of Papias to the canonical Scriptures of the New Testament? And (2) What was his attitude towards Catholic orthodoxy? The issues raised by these questions will be best understood by stating the extreme answers which have been given to them. Papias, it is said, was perhaps unacquainted with, and certainly ignored, the canonical writings. And again, he was a Judaizer, an Ebionite. The two questions are very intimately connected, and in answering the one we shall in great measure have answered the other also.

1. As regards the canonical Scriptures, the testimony of Eusebius, though it does not go far, is apparently explicit enough. We learn from him that Papias referred to the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark by name, and that he "employed some testimonies from the former Epistle of John and from that of Peter in like manner." To this Eusebius adds, "He has recounted also another story concerning

* Euseb., *H. E.*, iii. 36. The words, however, are wanting (1) in several Greek MSS.; (2) in the Latin translation of Rufinus; (3) in the very ancient Syriac version (the St. Petersburg MS. of which is dated A.D. 402). For this last particular the writer is indebted to the kindness of Dr. Wright, of the British Museum.

a woman who was accused before the Lord of many sins, which is contained in the Gospel according to the Hebrews."

But this distinct testimony to the first two Gospels has not passed unchallenged. In this instance Eusebius quotes the exact words of Papias; and from these it has been argued that, though bearing the same names, the writings with which Papias was acquainted cannot have been identical with the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark in our canon. The special criticisms on which this argument is built will be considered immediately. Before this is done, however, attention must be called to the strong antecedent improbability involved in this view—an improbability which can only be overcome by the most direct and cogent arguments, and against which plausible but doubtful interpretations of incidental expressions are powerless.

For Papias cannot be regarded as standing alone. Irenæus speaks of the elders who "in Asia associated with John, the disciple of the Lord."* And similar language is held in an anonymous fragment somewhat earlier than Irenæus.† Thus, though exception may be taken on other grounds to the language of a recent critic who speaks of the "school of St. John,"‡ it is doubtless a happy expression of the fact that the Apostle's name and memory were the rallying-point of a body of early Christian teachers, more or less compact, who in some instances had been his personal followers, and in all professed to revere and observe his traditions. To these "elders" Irenæus appeals again and again, as the genuine depositaries of primitive Christian truth. Two of them he mentions by name, Polycarp and Papias. Polycarp had been his own master, and Papias was the friend of Polycarp. The Churches of southern Gaul were intimately related to this Asiatic school. Pothinus, the immediate predecessor of Irenæus in the bishopric of Lyons, who was martyred in the year 177, at the advanced age of ninety, seems to have been connected therewith. Irenæus himself certainly derived his education from this source. In this society or school, it may reasonably be supposed there was a general, though perhaps not a precise, agreement not only in matters of doctrine, but also in the Apostolic writings received by them as authoritative. Now it is known of Irenæus, not only that he received four Gospels alone, bearing the same names as the canonical Gospels, but that these four Gospels were identical with our own. And the work of Irenæus was written twenty or thirty years at most after the time when Polycarp

* Iren., ii. 22. 5.

† The Muratorian Fragment (Routh, I. p. 394) speaks of "condiscipulis et episcopis suis."

‡ Renan, *Vie de Jésus*, p. xxv. sq.

certainly, and Papias probably, were martyred. Is it at all likely that the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark mentioned by Papias were different from the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark known to Irenæus?

But it was not only in the school to which Irenæus belonged that the first two of our canonical Gospels, and these alone, were known as the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark in his day. Clement in Alexandria, and Tertullian in Carthage, his younger contemporaries by a few years, represent the traditions of two Churches widely differing not only from Gaul and Asia Minor, but from each other, in their historical antecedents and their characteristic temper. Yet they agree with Irenæus in this, that the Gospels which they quote as authoritative bear the same names and are identical with our own. On the hypothesis which we are examining, what explanation can be given of the fact that the earlier Gospels had been so entirely displaced throughout the Church by their later namesakes as to have left no trace of their existence behind?*

Keeping this strong improbability in view, we may proceed to examine the words of Papias. On the first Gospel he says: "Matthew therefore composed an account of the oracles in the Hebrew language, but each man interpreted them as he could." It will be unnecessary to discuss the question whether Papias was right in assuming a Hebrew (*i.e.* Aramaic) original of this Gospel; or again, supposing the statement to be correct, to inquire what relation the existing Greek Gospel may have borne to the Hebrew. These are important matters, but they lie beyond our immediate purpose. We have only to determine whether the St. Matthew's Gospel used by Papias was the same as the St. Matthew's Gospel known to Irenæus and to ourselves. And to establish the identity, nothing more is needed than to show that the expressions of Papias are fairly consistent with this view; for the antecedent probability on this side has been shown to be so great, that it must be considered decisive, unless directly contradicted by the writer's own language.

Now only two arguments, based on the language of Papias, seem to have been urged against the identity. It is said (1) that this father speaks of "Oracles," and not of a "Life," of our Lord; and (2) that he is evidently not aware of any authoritative Greek version of the assumed Aramaic original.

Renan and Strauss have recently restated this first objection, which is as old as Schleiermacher, and has been repeated by several critics since.† The St. Matthew of Papias, they suppose, was merely a collection of the Lord's discourses, excluding the incidents of His life; and M. Reville has given a definite shape to this theory by

* See Westcott, *Canon*, p. 64.

† See Hilgenfeld, *Canon*, p. 149, sq.

extracting from the first Gospel the discourses which he imagines to have made up the original St. Matthew.* But do the ordinary rules of interpretation drive us to this improbable hypothesis? Or is the language of Papias so exceptionally rigorous that no other explanation is tenable?

For, though the expression would refer primarily to the words of our Lord, yet the deeds could not be excluded, for they were necessary, at least to some extent, as a framework of the discourses; and thus the present Gospel of St. Matthew, considering the very large space which our Lord's words occupy, might fairly be described as an account of the "Oracles." Such language at least accords with the usage of Papias elsewhere. Describing St. Mark's Gospel, he says that this Evangelist "did not put down in order what was either *said or done* by Christ;" and explains this fact from the circumstance that St. Peter, whose preaching St. Mark recorded, had "no intention of giving a regular narrative of the Lord's *discourses* (or, as a various reading has it, *oracles*)."

Moreover, the word used to describe St. Matthew's Gospel is not "Discourses," but "Oracles," and the distinction is important; for, though "Discourses" could hardly grow into a synonyme for "Gospel," "Oracles" might very fairly do so. And this in fact seems to have been the case, if not in the earliest age, at least at a later date. Thus the canon recognised by Ephraem Syrus is described as consisting of "the Old Testament, and the Oracles of the Lord, and the Preachings of the Apostles (*i.e.* the Acts and Epistles)."[†] Whether Polycarp, the contemporary of Papias, uses the expression in this sense, it is impossible to say. His words are: "Whosoever shall pervert the Oracles of the Lord to serve his own lusts, and say that there is neither resurrection nor judgment, he is the first-born of Satan."[‡]

To the second objection urged against the identification, it is sufficient to answer that Papias speaks of the epoch when "each man interpreted as he could," as a former state of things. In the absence of the context, the use of the past tense instead of the present must be taken to indicate that this was no longer the case when Papias

^{e. §}

The account which Papias gives of the second Gospel is as follows:—

"And the elder said this also: 'Mark, having become the interpreter of

* *Études critiques sur l'Évangile selon St. Matthieu.*

† Photius, *Bibl.*, 228.

‡ Polyc., *Phil.* 7. See also Iren., i. 8, 1; ii. 30, 6, quoted in an elaborate and useful article entitled, "Papias von Hierapolis," by Th. Zahn, in *Theol. Stud. u. Krit.*, 1866, p. 672.

§ Westcott, *Canon*, p. 62.

Peter, wrote down accurately everything that he remembered, without however recording in order what was either said or done by Christ. For neither did he hear the Lord, nor did he follow Him; but afterwards, as I said, [attended] Peter, who adapted his instructions to the needs [of his hearers] without any design of giving a connected narrative (*σύνταξιν*) of the Lord's discourses [or oracles]. Thus Mark committed no error, while he thus wrote down some things as he remembered them; for he made it his one care not to omit anything that he heard, or to set down any false statement therein."

Against applying this account (which Papias apparently derived from John the presbyter) to the existing Gospel of St. Mark, only one objection has been urged. It is alleged that the narrative of the second Gospel, as distinguished from the others, cannot be fitly described as "not in order." Of this difficulty two solutions suggest themselves, either of which seems satisfactory. First: Papias (or his informant) is here giving an *a priori* view of what the Gospel, written under such circumstances, must contain, rather than the result of a critical examination of what it actually did contain. And secondly: the idea of order or connexion here is mainly the preservation of continuity; in other words, it refers to omissions rather than to transpositions, as the expression in the context, "writing *some things*," seems to show.

Thus no sufficient reason remains for questioning the fact that Papias was acquainted with the canonical Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark; and this is allowed by many even of those who would deny their genuineness.* But of the two remaining Gospels Eusebius says nothing; and it is inferred from his silence that they must have been unknown to, or ignored by, Papias. This negative argument has been repeated recently by Renan, Strauss, and others.

The inference, however, is hasty. To give validity to this argument, it must first be shown that in similar cases the account of Eusebius is exhaustive; and this is very far from being the case. It is true he elsewhere states his purpose of extracting from earlier writers the passages which illustrate the Canon;† but, as a matter of fact, he carries out this design in a very capricious and incomplete way. Thus, speaking of Clement of Rome, he mentions his quoting passages from the Epistle to the Hebrews;‡ but he never once alludes to the express references which it contains to the first Epistle to the Corinthians, or to the plain coincidences which it exhibits with other canonical books. Again, of Polycarp's Epistle Eusebius says simply that "he employs some testimonia from the former Epistle of Peter,"§ though this letter is replete with passages from the canonical Scrip-

* No one insists more strongly on this point (especially in reference to St. Mark) than Hilgenfeld; e.g., *Kanon*, p. 160, and *Zeitschr. f. Wiss. Theol.*, 1861, p. 150; 1864, p. 290; 1865, p. 196.

† *H. E.*, iii. 3, v. 8.

‡ *H. E.*, iii. 37.

§ *H. E.*, iv. 14.

tures, and contains three or four distinct quotations from the Epistle to the Galatians alone. And instances of such omissions might be multiplied. Of Papias himself it is known from later writers that he regarded the Apocalypse as inspired, though Eusebius is silent on this point; and, indeed, the historian avows that in the case of this particular writer he has been obliged to restrict himself to giving barely such information as was indispensable, referring his readers to the work itself for fuller particulars.*

Thus the antecedent improbability of the mention of the remaining two Gospels, drawn from the silence of Eusebius, seems to be indefinitely diminished; and it remains to inquire whether some positive indications on the other side may not be found.

The Gospel of St. John may conveniently be taken first. Nor can it be otherwise regarded than as a strong presumption in favour of his acquaintance with the fourth Gospel, that Papias made use of the first Epistle of St. John as authoritative; for it cannot reasonably be denied, and is allowed by M. Renan himself, that the two are the work of the same hand.† But there is other probable, though indecisive, evidence. "As the elders say," writes Irenæus,‡ "Then also shall they which have been deemed worthy of the abode in heaven go thither, while others shall enjoy the delight of Paradise, and others again shall possess the brightness of the city; for in every place the Saviour shall be seen, according as they shall be worthy who see Him. [They say] moreover, that this is the distinction between the habitation of them that bring forth a hundredfold, and them that bring forth sixtyfold, and them that bring forth thirtyfold: of whom the first shall be taken up into the heavens, and the second shall dwell in Paradise, and the third shall inhabit the city; and that therefore our Lord said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' for all things are of God, who giveth to all their fitting abode." The passage then goes on to attribute this view to "the elders, the disciples of the Apostles," and illustrates it from certain passages in St. Paul. These illustrations are probably added by Irenæus himself; but the quotation from St. John, as the form of the sentence shows, belongs to the language of the elders. The whole passage bears a striking resemblance to the long extract from Papias which is elsewhere quoted by Irenæus,§ being introduced with a similar reference to the elders, and treating of kindred subjects from the same point of view. On this account it is attributed to Papias by Routh and others, and probably this attribution would have been generally

* *H. E.*, iii. 39. The word ἀπαραισῶς, twice repeated, points to this restriction which Eusebius imposes upon himself.

† *Vie de Jésus*, p. xxvi.

‡ *Iren.*, v. 36. 1, 2.

§ *Fragm.* iv. (Routh). See above, p. 10.

allowed, if the quotation from St. John's Gospel had not stood in the way of its acceptance. This passage, too, will serve to illustrate the conjectural account, which has been adopted above, of the general character of the work of Papias, for it presents what is strictly an *interpretation* of a saying, or sayings, of our Lord contained in the canonical Gospels.

These considerations seem to have established a probability that Papias was acquainted with the Gospel of St. John. There is, indeed, every antecedent reason for supposing that it should have been known to him. The fourth Gospel is allowed, even by those who dispute its Apostolic authorship, to have emanated from Asia Minor; and it is now certain that in the age of Papias distant Churches received it as authoritative. If the latest criticism has assailed the genuineness of this Gospel, the latest discoveries have in an opportune moment furnished the most powerful weapons of defence against these assaults. The recent publication of the lost work of Hippolytus furnishes quotations in Basilides and the followers of Simon Magus;* the recent recovery of the lost ending of the Clementines† shows that it was known and appreciated also by Judaic writers. These facts represent the testimony of divers countries and antagonistic schools of thought before and about the time when Papias probably wrote. And it may reasonably be expected that if the lost work of Papias were brought to light by a similar happy discovery, it would exhibit traces as distinct and unequivocal of his acceptance of this canonical Gospel.‡

The Gospel of St. Luke has been left to the last, because it cannot be considered wholly apart from the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul. It has been supposed (and here again the silence of Eusebius has been invoked) that the writings of the Pauline cycle

* See the references in Westcott, *Canon*, pp. 249 sq., 256.

† Clem. Hom., xix. 22.

‡ The omission of Eusebius is in fact supplied by a later anonymous writer, from whom we learn that Papias was acquainted with the Gospel of St. John. In an argument prefixed to this Gospel in a Vatican MS., and published in the works of Cardinal J. M. Thomasius (*Op.* l. p. 344: see p. xxix. of Vezzosi's preface), we read as follows:—"Evangelium Johannis manifestatum et datum est ecclesiis ab Johanne adhuc in corpore constituto; sicut Papias nomine, Hierapolitanus, discipulus Johannis carnis, in exotericis, id est in extremis quinque libris retulit. Descripsit vero evangelium dictante Johanne recte. Verum Marcion hæreticus, cum ab eo fuisset improbat, eo quod contraria sentiebat, abiecit est a Johanne. Is vero scripta vel epistolas ad eum pertulerat a fratribus qui in Ponto fuerunt." Attention has been recently directed to this extract, hitherto strangely overlooked, by Aberle in the *Theolog. Quartalschr.* 1864, p. 7, sq. The passage is obviously corrupt, and moreover contains anachronisms and other inaccuracies which can hardly be explained by the state of the text; but the writer (or more probably, some earlier authority to whom he was indebted) appears to have known the work of Papias, and to have found in it an allusion to the circumstances under which St. John's Gospel was written. The MS. is assigned to the ninth century.

were unknown to, or ignored by, Papias. Unknown they can scarcely have been, for the Epistles of St. Paul were circulated in these parts, and one was especially addressed to the neighbouring Church of Colossæ. On the other hand, it is possible that Papias did not quote or allude to these Epistles. They would not supply very much matter which he could turn to account, nor does he appear to have had the capacity for entering into the breadth and depth of the Apostle's teaching. This, however, is very different from a direct repudiation of St. Paul's writings. The fact that he was a companion of Polycarp, that he is quoted with respect by Irenæus, and that the school of elders generally, to which he may be considered to have belonged, did recognise and quote the Pauline Epistles, is a far-weightier consideration than any argument drawn from mere silence.

But there are indications, however indecisive, that Papias did use the writings of St. Luke. A fragment is preserved in the commentaries on the Apocalypse, where this father says of the angels warring against heaven, "It came to pass that their array ended in nothing; for the great dragon, the old serpent, was cast out, who is, called Satan and the devil, and cast down to the earth, he and his angels."* Is it not probable that we have in this passage an interpretation of our Lord's words, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," recorded by St. Luke alone?† Another fragment preserves a tradition of the death of the traitor. "Judas," reported Papias, "went about in this world a striking example of impiety; for, his body being swollen so much that he could not pass where a carriage passed easily, he was crushed by the carriage, so that his bowels gushed out." Apollinarius of Laodicea,‡ who has preserved this fragment, quotes it to show that Judas lived after hanging himself, and thus to reconcile the account of St. Matthew with the allusion in the Acts. It is too much to assume that Papias himself repeated the tradition with this aim, but the resemblance to the account in the Acts is worthy of notice. Other points of affinity to the Acts are his mention of Justus Barsabas and his relations with the daughters of Philip.

Whether along with the canonical Scriptures Papias used apocryphal writings also, it is impossible to say with certainty. We know

* See Cramer's *Catena* on Apoc., xii. 9, p. 360. Though Routh (p. 41) does not admit the later words *ἰβληθήναι τὸν ῥάβδον, κ.τ.λ.*, as part of the quotation from Papias, the form of the sentence favours this.

† Luke x. 18.

‡ See Routh, p. 26. Zahn (l. c., p. 682) supposes Claudius Apollinarius, who was apparently the immediate successor of Papias, as bishop of Hierapolis, to be meant. But this view seems most improbable. On the other hand, Apollinarius of Laodicea (circ. 375 A.D.), who was a millenarian, and therefore a probable student of Papias, is frequently quoted in the *Catena*.

that he related a story of "a woman accused before the Lord of many sins," which was found in the Gospel according to the Hebrews ; but this may have been derived equally well from oral tradition. The incident, indeed, appears to be the same with the account of the woman taken in adultery, which, though it seems to have no just claim to its present place, nevertheless bears strong internal marks of authentic history. Its incorporation into the Gospel of St. John serves to show that it was a wide-spread and accredited tradition in the early ages.

2. This investigation will have prepared the way for an estimate of the doctrinal opinions of Papias. In fact, the latter question is almost exhausted in the former ; for the range of canonical writings recognised by any early author is the fairest test of his doctrinal position. Hitherto, at least, we have seen no ground for attributing to him Judaizing or Ebionite views ; nor do the extant fragments lend any countenance to this opinion. A strong millennarian, indeed, he was, as are also a very large number of the Christian writers of the second century ; but the examples of Barnabas, of Irenæus, and of Tertullian will show how completely this conception of the kingdom of Christ was dissociated from strictly Judaic views. In other respects the remains of Papias are wholly colourless as regards doctrine. We have seen, indeed, that Ebionite influences were at one time working in his neighbourhood ; but the earliest history of Christian Hierapolis bears testimony to the presence of other principles also ; nor is there any reason why we should ascribe to him the errors of the Colossian heretics rather than the doctrines of St. Paul or St. John. Where no direct evidence is forthcoming, it seems natural to infer his opinions from the known views of others belonging to the same school and country—of Polycarp, for instance, of Irenæus, and of the elders quoted by this last-mentioned writer. He may perhaps have been a Jew by birth or by descent, though of this there is no evidence, and his name seems to be Phrygian. He may have quoted the Gospel according to the Hebrews, though this is doubtful, and, if established, proves nothing, for Clement of Alexandria and Origen do the same. On the whole, it would appear that his connexions were more Jewish than Gentile ; or, if Gentile, that they were Phrygian rather than Greek. Hellenic culture is generally associated with larger views. His smallness of intellect and his love of the marvellous suggest that he had not been brought directly under its influence.

In this examination of the fragments of Papias, the subject has been considered solely from a critical point of view. Other far weightier considerations are partially and indirectly involved in the results thence obtained. But it seemed better not to let these inter-

fere with the calm discussion of the critical question. Under such circumstances it becomes a duty to risk the appearance of coldness or indifference in the eyes of friends, rather than give ground to opponents for the imputation of striving to prop up a foregone conclusion, or of sinking the judge in the advocate.

One remark only may be allowed in conclusion. Papias is probably the type of a considerable number even of the more prominent Christian teachers in the second century. Enforced by such examples, St. Paul's description of the Gospel as a "treasure held in earthen vessels" receives a new illustration which throws its original reference wholly into the shade. Even those who deny to the teaching of the Apostles the title of a direct revelation from God, do yet readily allow that the great ideas of religion are set forth by them with no ordinary power. But for their successors no such claim can be advanced. How then, we may well ask, did it happen that, supported by such feeble advocates and expounded by such narrow-minded teachers, Christianity was not crushed in the general conflict of creeds, overborne not so much by the assaults of foes as by the helplessness and confusion in its own ranks? The answer is plain. Christianity survived, and grew, and triumphed, despite its defenders, and by its own inherent strength. It possessed a divine force and truth, which men like Papias could feel, but could not expound; which, though their intellects were all too feeble to grasp it, was yet powerful to regenerate their hearts and remould their lives.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.



ANCILLA DOMINI: THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

[VI.—THE IMMORAL THEORY OF ART.

SINCE we began these papers, the main question of the morality of art has been stirred by various hands with considerable energy. We have in great measure assumed its answer hitherto; and have asserted, directly or by implication, something like a divine origin for that lower kind of inspiration which men call the inspiration of poetry and painting.* Our hypothesis has been, in short, that beauty is of God; and that He has prompted men to seek it, by special gifts, and provided that their search, generally speaking, shall succeed best when it is conducted under conditions of obedience to certain other rules of His for man, called the Laws of Morality or Right. Consequently, we seem to come into direct contact with other theories which disconnect art from all laws of morals, immutable or other. We also clash decidedly with that sensualism in the practice of art which is now beginning to appeal for support to the non-moral theory in painting and poetry, and which must have lately received considerable support from the brilliant lectures of M. Taine on its first followers, the Renaissance painters. We also cannon obliquely against Positivism or Materialism, for art cannot see any difference between them. "It is necessary," as Socrates said, "to follow wherever the λόγος leads one;" and at present its path is

* Compare Exodus xxxi. with James i. 17.

straight through that great literary free fight which broke out last on the publication of Mr. Swinburne's Poems, and in which that brilliant writer, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Buchanan, and some of the writers in the *Saturday Review*, took principal parts. It is a battle of confused noise and of pretty hard blows; the ability of the combatants is great, and most of them are distinguished for plain speaking, but the *λόγος* is inexorable. We have been talking of a moral and educational influence in landscape art; and if there is no moral in art at all, we have very unprofitably occupied the pages of the *Contemporary Review*.

Artists and clergy, and all who are in daily contact with daily phenomena, are very apt to look at things in the concrete, as they find them. "If I were asked," said some such disputant, in a late Oxford controversy, "whether doubts were ruinous, I should say, whose doubts?" And all will allow that responsibility (supposing such a thing to exist) for misuse of artistic power, is just like all other responsibility—an individual and personal matter. Though no man really knows the effect of his own works for good or evil, they have an effect; nor is it directly denied that the personal moral character and views of the workman are strongly reflected in his productions, or that if there is any responsibility (that is to say, if there is any judgment)—he is subject to it for them: for his own purpose in doing them, primarily; for their effects on other men, secondarily and in a less degree. No one seems to doubt that art has great bearing on morals, if there are any. What is said, or implied, is that, artistically and practically, there are no morals; that morality cannot be proved to have absolute and unconventional principles or sanction; and that if it could, special circumstances or character give the artist a right to set its rules aside in his work, as he conscientiously thinks proper.

It is not our business here to appeal to individual conscience, though we must assert its existence, for artists just as much as for any other kind of thinkers or workers. Nor can we enter on the question of immutable morality. It is historically true that till the Renaissance, and that decay of Christianity in Italy which synchronizes with it, art was constantly employed on the side of morality, and of definite Christian doctrine and teaching. We have ourselves treated it as a means of education, not disguising our view of the end and final cause of all education. Education, properly speaking, is the training of the whole soul—imagination, passion, sentiment and all; the training of the intellect is more properly called Information. At present, one reason for calling art to help us is that modern secular education, so called, has a tendency to appeal less and less to the soul, and always more exclusively to such intellectual

power as young people may possess. For want, as we think, of proper means of acting with certainty on the whole character of those under instruction, we are beginning half-despairingly to teach them only intellectual facts, which we call certain. And the truth is, that our newer systems of instruction acknowledge entire uncertainty about the soul. It cannot be chemically analyzed, or "observed," or got into a microscope, or made into a preparation, or bought and sold, at least by visible commerce. So, practically and visibly useful teaching is called for. Physical science, languages, and mathematics are the cry of purely secular education. All these deal with positive things. Physical science appeals a great deal to the eye, its results are perceptible to the senses, whatever inferences may or may not rightly be drawn from them. Mathematical inquiries are demonstrable in their results; sums, and the capacity of doing them, are obvious phenomena; language speaks for itself. Give the mind these, men say, and let the soul take care of itself; teach a course of morals, if you please, but do not take too much trouble about their source or sanction: best "let sleeping dogs lie!"

Now we apprehend that secular education is not the sort of teaching which will ever produce a strong school of historical fresco. Goethe made Zeus tell the outcast poet, who could find no spot of the earth to rest on, since "men the workers" had fully occupied it while he gazed on Zeus, that after all there was a place prepared for him in heaven. If there is no such place, then are poets and artists, like Christians, of all men most miserable. If art be not connected with and a witness to the spiritual life, the inner life, the springs of thought, word, and action, and their Maker, she may retain her vivid power of conveying fact-information, no doubt; but she loses her hold on all the indeterminate part of man, all her consolation, her eyesight and her wings, when she is enrolled among certificated schoolmistresses. Or else another service is open to the wingless Peri without Paradise. She may follow in the train of pleasure. We shall see how she fares in that service. But let us trace out, as far as we understand it, the basis of thought on which the non-moral, secular, or positive theory of painting and poetry seems to stand.

In the first place it stands on the broad undeniable fact that the technical practice of art, and quest of beauty by rule, has nothing to do with morals, or may be considered as unconnected with them; —though the artist is not free from the duties of industry and honesty in his work, and though men fail in art for want of these things; and though the very paper and colours we use may be immoral paper and colours, sophisticated for gain, and may so spoil our work. But bad men may be good painters, and bad pictures good painting,

and the work of great men. Considering art as a technical or scientific system of producing beauty, there is no doubt that men can and do produce beautiful verse or painting without reference to morals, and in defiance of them. Again, the analysis of beauty is said to be nearly complete, with M. Jouffroy; and when its principles really are ascertained, they may be reduced to practice. Art may be expected to become a science, and beauty will then be producible in any quantity by dint of training.

Before anything else, we must acknowledge the considerable amount of truth which lies in all this. All the technical and scientific part of art can no more affect the moral result of pictures, than the use of Pagan paint and brushes could unchristianize the martyrs' work in the Catacombs. And principles of colour, composition, and all matters of taste which appeal to the eye only, are purely technical. Moral purpose or aspiration has nothing to do with them; they are right or wrong, and fault in them is of the nature of intellectual error only. If a young pre-Raphaelite will use too much emerald green, all his earnest-mindedness and proper tendencies will not prevent his pictures setting one's teeth on edge. But behind the sense lies the soul. And when instead of the "vert perroquet" which M. Taine mentions as a characteristic of English art, a man puts a strong dash of sensual or cruel excitement on his canvass, then a faculty or sense in the spectator is, or should be offended, which is not the sense of sight. The practical question is this, as between the moral theory of art, as God's handmaid, and the yet indistinctly stated view which sets the artist free from all responsibility for the tendency of his work. Has the spectator, *quid* critic, as much right to be offended with indecency, as he has to object to "vert perroquet?" Has decency, or reverence, or modesty, or squeamishness, call it what you like, any business with art or criticism?

We admit that there is no specially religious art, in the same sense in which there is no religious or moral chemistry or political economy; the morality of all of them is really the same thing as the responsibility of the persons employed in them. The production of beauty depends, as far as mere skill and labour can go, on observance of certain principles, as a *sine quâ non* cause. Attending to rules will not do all; properly speaking, it will scarcely do anything, as their tendency is mostly negative, and they teach what to avoid, but cannot teach what to create, or how. But if you do not in great measure comply with certain principles, conveniently embodied in rules, you can have no success. And unless you have a certain considerable amount of power and industry, you cannot comply with them in a striking or original way, or indeed at all. But bad

men and things, as well as good, sometimes obey these principles. All along we have considered beauty rather as a fact bearing evidence, in the nature of things, to a personal source of good and sanction of morals, than as a necessary result or "inseparable accident" of moral excellence. Highly moral and excellent persons and things are often very ugly; though still, what beauty they do possess will to a certainty be connected with their best moral qualities; and though many kinds of uglinesses, if not all ugliness, may be traced to evil, as all uglinesses of decay, vice, and pain are signs and forms of death. Also without doubt, some very immoral persons, many irrational and terrible creatures, and countless inanimate things incapable of responsibility, are beyond description beautiful. Again, it is simply human, it is in the spirit of man, to delight in beauty pure and simple, sometimes in beauty impure and compound with other things; without knowing if he is getting moral good from it, sometimes without thinking about risk of moral evil. If your given artist be Correggio he will paint his Antiope, wickedly if you like, but beyond denial or description well, and his art will be good art, as to its means and immediate end, though that end be immoral. Still, so much the worse for Correggio, in as far as his final end was immoral. Riding a good horse brutally, or misusing a good weapon, does not make them bad, at least, not necessarily and all at once; it makes the abuser answerable for the harm he does *with* them, and the harm he does *to* them. Correggio's hand was good, so was his knowledge, so were his colours, so were his brushes, and he misused them all alike. His sin was great in misusing his indescribable power over beauty, but could not deprive him of it. The excellence of his work is distinguishable from its evil purpose. He might have spared the satyr and the Cupid, and the suggestive languor. As to the glowing colour, it half redeems the work, it does not lower it. Do you think Correggio, being the painter he was, could not have made his Antiope as beautiful without its evil? If so, look at some modern work; look at Mr. Burne Jones's female figures; you cannot want much more beauty or passion than is in them, but you must look hard indeed, and with a peculiar kind of eye, before you find any vice in them.

The non-moral theory will do very well to carry a philosopher, but when a poet mounts it he rides it harder, and it runs away with him. Those who have compared M. Taine's lectures with Mr. Swinburne's poetry will see a curious connection between them. The philosopher describes the art of the Renaissance, the great works of the period when art first cast off its moral and religious service, and when the non-moral theory broke out in practice. The poet gives us some of the most beautiful verse in our language, written on Renaissance or

non-moral principles. Their music, their passion, and their scholarship might carry one over very much, as the infinite beauty of the Antiope half excuses it; but the young poet at present will neither tender nor accept excuse. But for his defence, we should have gladly let him alone; but we cannot help noticing the consensus between him and M. Taine, that great art is immoral and that wickedness makes the Maker, or poet. If art seek truth, evil is as real as good, and there is more of it; if beauty, there is no beauty like that of loose women. The poet (says Mr. Swinburne, in his rather screaming but exceedingly witty self-justification,) finds "inspiration in the great wicked eyes" of people of that sort. Well, we never tried that source; and really, if a man is to write poetry, we think he may do it for some better reason than because "*diabesse oblige*." Wordsworth and Tennyson have proved that a good deal of *afflatus* is to be had without impurity, and many other poets have found the eyes tolerably inspiring without the wickedness. But poets rush, with their fierce feminine intuition, to conclusions which philosophers will not see, or will not confess that they see. Blank atheism and the death of the soul—"the popped sleep, the end of all"—and the worm as the end of all beauty: these are the results of the immoral theory and search of beauty when keen brains and reckless hearts work it out. When his hour is come, the poet will curse God and die; until then, he may curse God and debauch himself to death.

If society is to look to art for any teaching or civilizing effect at all, some assurance ought to be given and felt that art and its followers shall not be a public nuisance. And nothing is more likely to lose us all the progress which has been made than suspicion, vague or defined, about sensualism in art. Plato banished poets from his Republic altogether; and if the immoral theory is to be worked out as Mr. Swinburne and his apologists work it, in general denial, despair, and the license of despair, Plato's legislation will probably be re-enacted, with the applause of all sane people. If human greatness means human lewdness, and intensity and indulgence of passion really contributes to the greatness of the artist, then we suppose he must be as wicked as possible, and the public must take care of its pockets and its daughters whenever a man of genius appears. We rather think we have met with something like the non-moral or immoral theory before in "*Firmilian*." That hero, proposing to write an astounding and petrifying epic about Cain, goes vigorously in for crime and its emotions, to supply himself with the necessary experiences. And as far as we can make out the new principles, they come to this: that truth is to be told and beauty represented; that to tell the truth about vice a man must produce truly vicious works; and that the best inspirations on beauty are to be drawn from great

wicked eyes, &c., &c. Now, if there is anything which can intensify, and indeed justify, the suspicion and narrowness of British Puritanism more than this, we do not know what that thing is. We do not know anything which can deaden the spirit of the painter more, or tempt more subtly or strongly those whom it does not paralyse. Can anything be more likely to drive men of conscience and honour away from right daring of subject or treatment, into the dulness of domestic painting or the extreme of purism, than this sort of advice? Who can help having misgivings about life schools, if all the young gentlemen in them are to gain inspiration in the new way—from great, wicked eyes? We have said quite enough against narrowness and Puritan suspicion of art; but we have nothing to do with art which is dedicated to Priapus and Cotytto; and if that is to prevail, we own our preference for Philistinism or Quakerism.

Before we come to M. Taine's brilliant lecture on the Renaissance, it may be well to hear Mr. Ruskin on the same subject, as the unintentional correspondence between the two authors seems rather striking. No one seems to remember passages like the following (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii.) :—

"The pursuit of Ideal Beauty, strictly speaking (*i.e.*, the pursuit of beauty *only*), brought profane art, in the modern sense, into existence. As long as men sought for truth first and beauty secondarily, they cared chiefly, of course, for the chief truth; and all art was necessarily religious. But as soon as they sought for beauty first and truth secondarily, they were punished by losing sight of truth altogether; and the profane (properly so called) schools of art were instantly developed. Perfect human beauty might be, indeed, in some degree consistent with the agony of Madonnas and the repentance of Magdalenes, but could not be exhibited in fulness when the subjects, however irreverently treated, still demanded some decency in the artist and some gravity in the spectator. . . . Newly acquired conceptions of the nobility of nakedness could in no wise be expressed beneath the robes of the prelate or the sackcloth of the recluse."

Compare M. Taine's quotation from Cellini, to the effect that all art culminates in good nude drawing; and we must remark that in the positivist or materialistic view of things it is so, since it can hardly be denied that the bodily beauty of men and women exceeds all other known forms of physical beauty. If you cannot or will not put a spirit into your painted forms and faces, you can only dwell on their flesh, and nudity's your only wear. If we confess neither soul, nor angel, nor spirit, it is no use, in painting or in verse, to take the soul's morals into consideration or try to touch the soul; and we must determine not to see either soul or morals in art. And here we come to the salient distinction between realism and positivism in art, which is the same as that between realism and materialism, and which consists in the belief in soul and spirit. Art and morals, or art and religion, are united in what is called realism, or the solemn recogni-

tion of facts ; whether facts seen with eyes or by force of imaginative power : for what is *imaginative* is not therefore *imaginary*. In the realist's view, religious facts are the most sublime ones known ; therefore they produce the most sublime art-inspirations. In the positivist's, there are no religious facts ; beauty is a phenomenon at present produced empirically, and a result of fortunate coincidence of operation in an (as yet) unknown and incalculable number of material laws or sequences. When these are fully known, the scientific artist will be able to produce any amount or intensity of beauty by rule, and the word Inspiration will be as much out of date in its lower sense as in its higher.

M. Taine takes up Renaissance art like a historian turned loose in pastures new, for it is quite clear that art is new ground to him ; and he goes on rejoicing to the end : not without reason. There is truth enough in his leading theorem, that the period a man lives in, plus his inherited natural constitution, have an enormous influence over his life and work. Yet most artists would be inclined to plead for the existence of personal spirits of their own, and that man is man and master of his fate and his work. There must be something like genius and original thought : pictures are not like matters of fatalist necessity to painters. But this is what M. Taine's Positivism makes him assert and imply. He is, we believe, a man of very great acquirements, and it is very hard to say there is anything of which he knows nothing. But we should say that he must know less of art than he knows of anything else, and that he seems to have looked less at pictures and statues than most men of his time.

He begins methodically by cutting off his favourite period into what sailors call a short junk of sixty years ; before that all was archaism, after the end of it all was decay. He separates, in his preface, the last quarter of the fifteenth century and the first thirty or forty years of the sixteenth from all others in art, as the era of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Rafael, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Correggio, and Tintoret, whom we take the liberty of promoting from the second rank. Their names mark the central era of Italian art, the very summer of the Renaissance, or revival of Greek and Latin models and literature, and of scholarly training and regular systems of grammar in every art and language. And having named these great men, M. Taine proceeds to treat them all as vegetables, and to compare them to vines grown at exactly the right elevation on a hill-side. We wonder how the artist part of his audience liked it. A living philosopher is much more than any number of dead painters, no doubt ; at least while the balance is held in philosophic hands. Science can analyse the unfortunate genius into his component elements, and leave it to be inferred that a time of synthesis and

creation may come when she shall be enabled to grow artistic powers in little boys, as orchidaceæ are grown out of potatoes or wooden billets. But the bar of Michael Angelo's brow would have thickened a little at the comparison, and as for Cellini, he would probably have betaken himself to arquebuse and dagger at a rather early period of the discourse. Nor would the further lectures, where the great art of the time is accounted for by its hideous and outrageous wickedness, have gone very far to comfort the spirits of Fra Bartolomeo and Rafael. And we must take exception to the constantly used fallacy which is involved, in arguing from analogy as if it was likeness. Painters are not in the least like vines, nor are the coteaux of Rhone or the slopes of Apennine like periods of time. There is analogy between these men and their works, and the beauty and the strength of grapes and wine; so there is between the position of the best stocks all on a level, and of the best men within a certain number of years. But all the vines at a certain level bear the best grapes, and all the men of the Renaissance period did not turn painters, nor all the painters work like Titian. It amounts to a *petitio principii* to say that the age or period produced the men, as the carbonates and phosphates of the soil produce the grapes. "Expects I grewed," said the renowned Topsy; but few men who have ever had an original work in their brains, or on their easels, are likely ever to fall in with that philosophic statement in its fulness and purity. The fact is that these comparisons quietly assume a material view of the subject, which says man is not man; and treats individual power or character as an intrusive element, and the genius and personality, say of Michael Angelo, as a factor in the historical problem whose value may be neglected. Great men are awkward subjects for French analysis. They do not fit comfortably into generalisations; they have what Goethe called a demoniac element in them, which *is* an element, and cannot be broken up or decomposed. Their memory scorns mathematical treatment, and they cannot be classified. The fact is they do assuredly assert the spiritual side of humanity, and the fame of their name is a standing protest against M. Taine's principle that the period produces the artist as a hotbed grows a cucumber within its warm covering, while the bed on each side of it is unequal to the production even of early peas.

But it is no use for the artist to cry out for his personality under M. Taine's dissecting hand. Accounted for he is to be, in all ages, as an unit or specimen of a national type of character, formed without a soul of his own by past circumstance, and further modified by present circumstance. Personality, genius, free-will, self, shall be left out of the sum. There is neither soul, nor angel, nor spirit. As for God's being the source of what is called inspiration, of any kind or degree, higher or lower—M. Taine is not the man to take off his hat

o a Jupiter whom France has dethroned. One may plead that there is evidence of a soul, in somebody's work somewhere, in M. Taine's golden age. It does seem, that if Italian men had grown like vines in those days, who were the sort of men to paint the Fates or carve the Moses, there would have been more Michael Angelos. M. Taine does not speak of pictures; his talk is of pageants, and murders, and cavalcades, and velvet jerkins, and purple cloaks. Fine clothes and violent vice made Rafael, and then Rafael could not help making the Virgin of the Baldacchino. We marvel, like Ben Jonson, that our philosopher speaks not of men's wrought shirts, he dwells so on costume. Of course we are bound to do honour to his brilliant descriptions, his capital references, and the unaffected enjoyment with which he writes. He is not angry with Christians or with painters, though they may be so with him. He deals no backhanders at any man's faith: he has every man and his faith already classified, generalized, and ticketed according to necessarian law. In his own way, he restates the Parable of the Tares. The field is the world, the seeds are not souls, but unknown germs called, when developed, power, genius, energy, spirit, &c. A period of time makes good soil, when there is plenty of foulness and plenty of blood. These things grow painters; there is nothing like manure; in art and in agriculture, as Yorkshiremen say, "muck's your man."

Were we to try to account for the artistic powers developed in M. Taine's sixty years, and in the Renaissance generally, we should probably have to dwell on the following considerations:—

First, on the vast inherited knowledge of nature and of methods of treatment, which the earlier men of the Renaissance received from the Gothic schools. Ghirlandajo taught Michael Angelo, and Perugino Rafael. This is forgotten by the reader when men's lives are cut sharply off into separate periods. Secondly, we should say that the vastly increased number of antique models and forms of beauty, which were constantly discovered or imported, drew men's attention to the human form irresistibly, just when great power of drawing and colour had been attained, and widely extended; so that men threw themselves on ancient models with unprecedented power, understanding, and vigour of imitation. Thirdly, the Italy of the early Renaissance period showed, that, whatever Christianity was, the loss of the Christian faith was something like madness, and gave many great Italians the strength of madness. In the days of Alexander Borgia and Leo X. men began, for the first time for centuries, mutually to understand each other's despair of any justice or mercy in this world, and of any kind of world to come. All the Gothic practice of art, in its every form and use, had been nursed for centuries by the Christian faith. All the coarseness and violence of

northern spirits had never yet brought their art, protected from evil like the monks who nursed it, to deliberate service of vice. Now the faith was gone from Italy, and new types of beauty, the work of Greeks who had not known God, were everywhere set before men who had known and had denied Him. Art passed to the service of a new master, and he intoxicated her to her shame. Of course freedom from all thoughts of judgment and hope in this world only made men exert their genius more frantically, like Cellini. They ate and drank and emptied every cup, so much the more because of coming death. But they were artists because God had made them so, in spite of the vice of their time, not because of it. Impurity will not take the place of hard work, gathered knowledge, and the teaching which communicates it: and the schools of the painters taught these men their work; not popes or pageants.

We do not think any imaginable Law of Production can ever account for the Renaissance artists so well as the very imperfect view which Christian men must take of them. They were men of genius; of an unknown amount of spiritual power and gift; they were wildly excited by the new field of art, now separated from religion, and by new models of art. They saw before them a more intolerable, varied, inexplicable work of all evil causes and effects, than other men: they were full of strength, and enjoyment, and despair.* They suffered temptation probably far beyond the trial of ordinary men of genius, having not only lost the peace and hope of the Christian Faith, but having also the recollection that their fathers held it, and a horrible mockery of it always before them. Yet there is an inspiration and a spirituality in many of them, which cannot be accounted for by general laws or sequences of cause and effect.

M. Taine has been in Florence, but he cannot have paid much attention to a group and a statue, which stood in our time under the great Torre del Consiglio, at its angle, near the Loggia of Orcagna. The group is Bandinelli's Hercules and Cacus: the statue is Michael Angelo's David—one of his least marked works, or only his in part; but which yet bears the strokes of his hand. How is it that the one is noble and lofty, and the other contemptible for its very science, even for the anatomy and the handling which Bandinelli learned of

* Cellini's account of himself would bear this out pretty well, if we believed Cellini as implicitly as M. Taine apparently does. But from the very quotations, he must have been just as great a braggart and liar as he was a murderer. For Caesar Borgia and Oliviero and their like, they, too, are hard to account for by natural laws of growth. If the hand of God is not to be thought of in history, such men's characters incline an impartial reasoner to fall back upon the devil. There is something which reminds one of personal possession in many of them. M. Taine talks of their energy, and their contemporaries might have called them *Energumens*. Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, and the novel of "Romola," are delightful references on all this matter.

Leonardo? There are plenty of photographs which will enable our readers to compare the two works. The difference between them is only expressible by saying, whatever one means by the words, that one of them has a soul in it and the other has not. And who taught the great master the youth, and ease, and throat-poise, and light tread of his herculean David, who is not too herculean? For aught we know, Bandinelli may have been his equal in science; but had he had twice Angelo's knowledge, he could not have equalled his meanest work;—as their contemporaries had the sense to know. And really the ruffianly Hercules of the Piazza may be taken as a fair specimen of the sort of work one may call the produce of a period—that is to say, the work of a man without original power, whose mind can only reflect the excitement, and the technical knowledge, of a well-taught and a wicked generation.

Yet one cannot compel anybody to see the difference between a work of genius and a work of dullness, nor force him to allow the existence of spirit or power which he cannot analyse. When Mr. Lecky says all religion has entirely disappeared from the works of Michael Angelo, one receives the astounding statement in an astounded way. There is, of course, a distinction between the monastic-traditional treatment of a subject, and original and daring treatment. According to our own view, already stated *ad nauseam*, we should think that Michael Angelo did his best desperately, but with a sense of dedicating his best. He did not paint on his knees, as is said of Fra Angelico; but there is a spirit and an awe in his works which seems to us religious enough:—at all events, it distinguishes him from the regular Renaissance men. One thinks of the Pietà of Genoa, and the Sistine, and the Moses of St. Pietro in Vincoli. But what is to be said to a philosopher like Mr. Lecky, who informs the world that the last work is a combination of costermonger and prize-fighter, or words to that effect? Most artists would beg the trenchant rationalist to mind his own business: but his answer would be ready, that history is his business; and that by general consent, and according to the example of all our “schools, universities, and places of religious and useful learning,” painting and sculpture are a part of history which may be discoursed upon on a footing of total ignorance. We can fancy what reviewers would say to a historian who cannot decipher MSS., and therefore dismisses them with contempt: and really it is almost as bad to talk about the spirit of Michael Angelo's works when you are quite unable to understand them.

We may be allowed one harmlessly dogmatic statement for the benefit of students, that if virtue will not make an artist, vice won't either. It will probably be admitted—and the only lesson our own

art-schools are likely to adopt from M. Taine is one they have learnt too well already—that costume and circumstance are everything, and that consequently they may go on with their Elizabethan buff-coats and feathers, with good hope of emulating Rafael, and may be satisfied with their pretty genre-pictures, and little ladies, and railway stations, as the proper product of the age. But M. Taine might have taken comfort about Cisalpine painting, if he had looked up, in delivering his eloquent lectures, to Delaroche's great *hémicycle*, which may have been over his head at the moment. He would have seen the work of a great French master, and a not small English pupil; and before he dismissed all English painters as mad pre-Rafaelites, he ought to have seen something of Armitage, Watts, Leighton, and Lewis. We are not concerned about defending British art from his strictures; it seems to us that his account hardly does justice to the opportunities and sources of inspiration which English life and habits afford, or to the pictures which result from them. He knows and says nothing about Turner, or landscape and its lessons, and we have still to point out its importance as an introduction to real and thorough art-knowledge. No doubt, on Cellini's principle, that to draw the naked figure is all,—landscape is nothing. We do not give his words in their frank brutality, but were they carried out in their full spirit, much would go beside landscape,—much which Rafael and Angelo never lost or would have endured to lose. As for English life, its art-opportunities vary with its dreadful differences of rank and property. Generally speaking, between athletics, travel, sport, and soldiering, a great deal of excitement and freshness may be got out of life by English painters. We are not good at processions; our every-day dress is bad, though our "country grey" is cut into graceful garments enough (witness the new Norfolk jacket, which is a sportsman's copy of the Florentine tunic, last commemorated in the illustrations to "*Romola*").* But to see Britishers do their bodily best, when "young men arise to play before us," in the finish of a two-mile match on foot, or in the agony of a well-fought boat-race, would have pleased Michael Angelo well. Our painters ought to know something about muscle in motion, exactly as the Greeks knew it, by seeing the fleet one in his speed, and watching the driving blow as the shoulder of the Pancratiast "slung it in." We cannot resist using this expression of a modern athlete, not only because it expresses his exquisite enjoyment of his own mystery, and pure delight in changing blows, but because it leads to a remark, which no doubt athletes and artists have made before now, but which we do not remember having seen or heard. Any one who looks at the Elgin Theseus may notice how much its expression of power

* See note, p. 431, *infra*.

in repose depends on the position of its left elbow, scapula, and pectoral muscles. They are grand in size, but passive and little accented, well clothed with skin, and not starting through it, expressive of the rest of a hero, instead of the convulsions of a maniac. So tranquil are they that their expression of vigour depends almost entirely on the great range of the loose humerus and scapula along the deep ribs. It would be a strong man indeed who could stand before the play of that shoulder and arm. Such was sculpture without anatomy, but with highly trained eyesight. Of course it would be absurd to disparage the anatomical study of our own schools; but it is evident that athletic study and observation is worth much also, and that in the school, drawing from the cast is only a preparation for "the life."

The Italian cavalcades and processions are sometimes reproduced in France at this day, as we learn from Mr. Hamerton's last work. If their effect on the painter's mind may be judged of from his account of what he saw, we doubt its greatness. Florid colour in streams is delightful for a time; but a true colourist will find it without theatricals. The great sun begins his state, and ends it, even in England, in greater glory than ever was got out of velvet and gold. Painters ought not to be man-milliners, or to depend too much on seeing fine clothes and fat horses. That animal, by the way, is not altogether unknown in this country, and we put the hunting-field against the cavalcade. "A fast fifty minutes" must be quite as dangerous as many of the Italian mediæval battles, and as fine a thing to see, for those who care for vigorous action of man and steed, and that transcendent sympathy of the two combined animal natures, when the horse delights in his rider's embrace, and "the soul of the horse goes into the blood" of the strong rider.

In short, no one who knows much of pictures or of painting can care very much for M. Taine's lectures; though they may pass as the amusing talk of a man too able and learned to talk ill even on matters he is not well acquainted with. We cannot help comparing with him, or rather asking our readers to compare, a passage from Mr. Ruskin, which insists on his leading truth (great and real as it is), that the effect of scenery and daily sights has *indefinitely great* power over the artist. We say, it has not *all* power over his spirit, that man is man and master of his fate.*

* M. Taine's descriptions have been anticipated, for English readers, by those in "Romola," and by a spirited novel of adventure called "Cæsar Borgia." At the time we read the latter the name of its author was unknown. This is the passage from Ruskin's "Two Paths," descriptive of the life of Pisa in older days, we suppose, and before Meloria. "On each side of a bright river, there rose a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and inlaid with deep red porphyry and with serpentine; along the

Renaissance of art means either revival of good principles of work, dead for a time ; or recovery of good models, and "*exemplaria Græca*," long lost. We have already distinguished between the early or real revival of great art, and the latter phase of Italian art, which we call Renaissance. The former is marked by the earlier Pisan sculptures. The latter is not so much a period of revival in art, as of completed progress and consequent change. General zeal for Greek and Roman sculpture was only a part of the general classical enthusiasm on the recovery of ancient literature ; and the collection of large numbers of classical models of beauty, by scholars and princes, increased it. But as has been said, the era of the great Renaissance painters is the era of the perfection of Gothic skill, taught, developed, and inherited for centuries. By Rafael's early days the Gothic schools had worked through all their studies of nature, and acquired great knowledge of methods ; and stood prepared for higher, more scientific, and more tempting study of the human form ; into which Michael Angelo led the way, as a hyperborean student might have entered the studio of Phidias, to follow him loyally, in his own way. But the Renaissance period is also the time when their loss of the Christian faith had taken away all aim from the painters except that of pleasure, higher or lower. And, as higher pleasure is the exception, art went into the lower service. Kings and their harlots, as Aphrodites and Apollos, took the place of saints and martyrs : family groups began to personate madonnas and apostles. Art openly pronounced for sensuality and pride, and painters became courtiers whenever they could, having no

quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield ; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and light ; the purple and scarlet and silver fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea-waves over rocks at sunset. Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters ; long succession of white pillars among wreaths of vine, leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange, and still along the garden-paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw—*fairest because purest and thoughtfulest, trained in high knowledge and courteous art, in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, loftier courage, and loftiest love.* Above all rose dome and bell-tower, burning with white alabaster and gold : beyond dome and bell-tower, the slopes of mighty hills hoary with olive ; far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summits into amber sky." Compare M. Alphonse Pauluzo's letter, quoted Taine, pp. 80—87, with this. We own that if we had to form an opinion as to the probability of grand art resulting from the circumstances set forth in either description, we should choose the Pisan life and not the Roman. We think as the animal and muscular art of the really great men of the Renaissance was stimulated by one of the two ways of life, their spiritual part belonged to the other. On a point of costume, it is worth our notice that mail was infinitely more becoming than plate armour, as it fell round the knight's limbs in folds, while plate disguised the human lines altogether. Marochetti's "*Cœur de Leon*" illustrates this well, whatever its defects may be.

better thing open to them in the ruin of Italy. Art had been God's handmaid and teacher of men : when she became handmaid to Leo X., she began to teach men strange lessons.

But after all this is literally and practically οὐδεν πρὸς Διονῦσον. What lesson has the Renaissance for us in principles of study, except to go where the Renaissance artists went, to the Greek models? They, *i.e.* the earlier Athenian sculptures, and perhaps some of those of far later date in Rome, when the grandeur of Gothic form had struck the carver's eye, and originated such statues as the Gladiator, are the true examples which show what the highest human genius, so called, does in its happiest hour. The Laocoon among ancient works, and Bandinelli or David among moderns, show what inferior genius can do in a state of convulsion. It is a painful problem, why the art of the Renaissance should have turned away from its ancient service ; so that men came to imitate atheistically the works which Phidias had laboured on in religious service to the gods of his fathers. The early Athenian knew nothing of the inspiration of violent vice ; he dedicated his art for solemn worship, according to his lights. It is difficult to overrate the difference between the work of men who have never known the Christian faith, and men who have had it and cast it off. And this is unquestionably a reason why we cannot go back to Greek models, with will and spirit like those of their authors, because we cannot have their half-belief in beauty as a type of God, or set it in place of His revelation of Himself. We might as well try to carve hawks or ibises as the old Egyptians cut them, believing in them as manifestations of Deity. We are better as we are. But go back to the days when Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master, was passing away, and when Leonardo was in his early prime. Take the time of Alexander VI. It being impossible, on the whole, for any sane man to believe in him as inspired with the Spirit of Christ the Lord to take His place visibly on earth : and Alexander having demonstrated, by experiment on the body of Savonarola, that his plenary divine authority was not to be disputed, all Italy gave up the thought of divine rule, on earth or elsewhere. And for the time the consequence on life and on art was not collapse, but convulsive energy, doing all things the more desperately for their vanity. Strong men are all the stronger in their generation for the loss of their spiritual hope, and the more desperate of will for want of the fear of God. The loss of the faith was one great cause of a mighty and lawless development of art. You can no more leave the influence of the faith out of Italian or any other history, than you can leave the part of Hamlet out of the tragedy : and still less from the history of art : for if a man's religion does not influence his work, his irreligion will do so abundantly. Now, Art

and Song, the Temple and the Theatre, were religion to the Greek ; but they were nothing of the kind to the Italian ; nor is it less absurd to confound Italian classicism with its original, than it is to confound Italian architecture with Greek, as the late Lord Palmerston did. But our modern sensualists do this, and quote the inspirations of Phidias and Sophocles, as if Phidias and Sophocles would not have been ashamed of them and of theirs : and Michael Angelo is claimed as a true man of the Renaissance or bastard classicist, although his rivals tried to set up Greek and Roman models against him,* and though the Gothic gloom and northern energy of solemn grotesque, filled all his soul.

Something has been said in these papers against a monopoly of art by Purism or by didactic works ; and we think it will be found to agree with what Mr. Buchanan has said more expressly and more ably. He rightly instances Scott as a great writer who produced nothing didactic, and Mr. Ruskin speaks of Shakespere to the same effect.

Mr. Buchanan's general thesis seems hard to dispute. It seems to amount to this :—that either intensity of passion or of power, or extraordinary experience may excuse (or even justify) apparently gross license of expression or description. "Sincerity of view" (that is to say, we presume, sincerity in expression of one's view) is his criterion-quality in a poet, and we think, as a test, it is applicable to painters. He admires and excuses Petronius, Juvenal, and La Fontaine in different degrees. Catullus he admires, but hardly excuses : Swift he excuses, but does not admire : and perhaps his crucial test of any apparently immoral work is, whether the author enjoyed doing it or not. What is written in pain, cannot be meant to tempt or to seduce.† This is true ; but it may be meant to deny or defy ; in which case we should say, τὸ σιγᾶν φάρμακον βλάβης. The quotation below is worthy of the attention of critics, by the way ; and the doubts which it conveys mitigate any remarks we have to make about Shelley the first, or Mr. Swinburne, who is the second Shelley. The latter has had praise enough, and is angry and weary of it, like his own gods ; but it is all true. His verse is music,

* The well-known story of the Bacchus of the Uffizii is, we believe, undoubted.

† There is a curious analogy between Mr. Buchanan's liberality of allowance to sincerity, force, and brilliancy of spirit, and what Mr. Ruskin says of colour in flesh-painting (*Mod. Painters*, vol. ii. p. 121, sec. 1, ch. 14). "Right splendour of colour both bears out noble severity of form, and is itself purifying and cleansing, like fire, furnishing also to the painter an excuse for the choice of his subject, seeing that he may be supposed as not having painted it but in the admiration of its abstract glory of colour and form. The mere power of perfect and glowing colour will in some sort redeem even a debased tendency of mind—as with Titian With Giorgione, who had more imaginative intellect, the sense of nudity is utterly lost, and his figures move among the trees like fiery pillars, and lie on the grass like flakes of sunshine."

and his fancy is colour. He would not care for our petting, nor will our expostulations give him pain. But he does care for art, and he ought to consider, at leisure, how far his writings (and much more their various apologies) tend to discourage art altogether as a means of teaching or elevating the people. He and his views are like a standing protest against right and moderate liberty of description in words or in form. Philistinism is bad enough, we all know; but decency, continence, respect for little ones, right reason, Theism—these things are not Philistinism,—at least, if they are, then, like David, we shall have to flee to Gath for shelter. All this wailing about beauty and the old gods has more to do with hatred to Christianity, or to any faith whatever, than with love of beauty. Men repeat the thoughts of Julian and Libanius, and seem not to see that they appealed *for* the gods of the past, and not *to* them; that they called on men to venerate the names which their victorious ancestors had named, without encouraging men to pray those names to help them in battle, or make them true and wise in peace. *Their* faith in their mythology was historical and poetical, not practical. They bade men consider what the old gods had done for them; and believed, in fact, that the old gods really did it, and might do it again, just as much as we believe it. The Galilean conquered, because His followers held that He would help them in their weakness, then and there in the present, and because He did so. Pericles and Phidias were half pagans, half pure theists*—and as such, they seem to have held a more definite creed than many in our own day. They worked in art for worship and dedication, to glorify gods unseen, with half-formed thoughts of one God unseen, whose qualities and powers the more familiar names represented. Their religious position would be degraded by comparison with that of Julian or of Leo,* or of our own modern school of denial; inasmuch as they believed in good earnest in something greater than themselves, who cared for them and others, and heard their prayers.

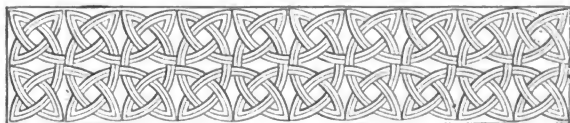
The question of the morality of art, that is to say, of the responsibility of the artist for his writing or painting, answers itself at once, on Christian grounds. There is no morality or the contrary in a technical system as such. A very bad man may be a good painter, or *vice versâ*, as far as knowledge of ways and means can go. But a bad man will make a bad use of his art, as he would of his money, health, strength, or of knowledge of any other kind; and for such abuse he is responsible. And unless you acknowledge such responsibility and cast off the reproach of the Renaissance, instead of embracing it, and look back to the statues of the gods of Greece instead of the foulness of the gods of Greece, and cast out volup-

* See Professor Zeller's article in No. xvi. of the *Contemporary Review*.

tuousness from your own patronage and the schools of your painters, art will always lie under suspicion in this country, and will never come forth to teach the people as she should. When the two leading influences over the ordinary English moral nature are fear of Popery and love of propriety, why should art be made to offend them both at once? All poets, painters, and quasi-teachers who have no rods in their hands, must needs teach with submission, and some compliance. and endless patience; and compliance with the laws of decency has everything to do with applied art and creative art, if nothing with art as a set of abstract rules. Take the morality out of art, and it goes off straightway in search of the greatest visible and physical beauty—and that is found in female nudity, as Cellini said first, and Etty afterwards. Positivism means materialism, and that in art means sensualism; and it is fear of sensualism, often foolish and narrow, which makes so many people in England hostile or indifferent to high or real art-education. But what may Mr. Swinburne now, or what did his prototype, really care for the people? for the poor who are rough, and the middle classes who are dull? “what care these roarers for the name of England?” what has their art to teach the simple man or the poor man, unless it be that he is to rise and guillotine all above him? Their love of lower nature is only another form of contempt for man; their anger is the wrath of undergraduates, who profess infidelity to take it out of the Dons; and they retain one form of creed, that is to say, aristocracy turned up with atheism.

We do not want to preach at painters; but of one moral change we must speak, with assurance that the practice of Christian duty will save them from it. In their love for beauty, they are not unlikely to lose sympathy for all except beautiful things, places, and persons. The painter was not made, nor the poet either, simply to sit in the best and prettiest corners of life, surrounded with the best, cleverest, and prettiest people—still less with the worst and prettiest. Either poet or painter ought to feel for the dull as well as the brilliant, and for the victims of civilization more than for its flowers. Love is better than knowledge after all. “There is not, at this moment, a junior student in our schools of painting, who does not know twice as much about the art as Giotto did . . . but let him leave his academy benches, and go out into the highways and hedges, and there rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep. And in the next world, among the companies of the great and good, Giotto will give his hand to him, and lead him into their white circle, and say, ‘This is our brother —.’”

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.



LEIBNITZ' LETTERS ON REUNION.

(SECOND PAPER.)

Œuvres de Leibnitz, publiées pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits originaux, avec notes et introductions par A. FOUCHER DE CAREIL. Paris, Librairie de Firmin Didot frères. 1859.

LEIBNITZ engaged in the correspondence of which some sketch has already been given in the confidence that the reunion of the Churches of Rome and Germany was possible. It is this which gives strong personal interest to his letters. They speak the conviction of his mind. When he associated with Molanus and other moderate Lutheran divines in proposing a scheme to meet the overtures of Spinola, the object appeared not only desirable, such as the circumstances of his country and the peace of Christendom advised, but practicable. This belief, however, did not blind him to the almost insuperable difficulties in the way; nor did it lessen the presentiment that the pride of some, and the inveterate prejudices of the many, would render his own efforts, and those of men like-minded with himself, for the time fruitless. "Reigning passions" were too strongly set against the counsels of moderate men to render reunion likely; but as there was no reason in the nature of things why it should not take effect, and as it was a thing most worthy of a Christian man's study, it was worth making an attempt to realize it. Present failure would at least smooth the way for future efforts. Hence it was no day dream of leisure hours in which he indulged: no game of dialectic skill which he played with Bossuet when he stripped his arguments of rhetoric, and laid bare all their weakness; nor was it with feigned sympathy that he answered Pellisson's appeals, nor from desire to

gratify a woman's vanity that he discussed with Madame de Burion the question of the churches. But he believed that there was a way to reunion, if men moved by Christian charity would but follow reason, and that no labour was lost in search of it. It may be added once for all, that, born on the Protestant side, which then politically speaking was the weaker, he remained all his life true to it, though worldly honour and high position would have been the sure rewards of secession; and though he was persuaded, as few Protestants have been before or since, that the differences, except on one essential point, were not such as to justify schism.

Leibnitz had no hope that any real step could be gained towards the reunion which he believed to be possible, unless a complete change was made in the usual method of controversy. In the outline of his project "*pour finir les controverses de Religion*," which is the announcement of his "*Systema Theologicum*," he described at length the faults of religious controversy as it was then carried on by the instructed and the ignorant. It will be our aim here and throughout this paper to give in as condensed a form and as faithfully as possible the substance of what he wrote. "Men," he says, "unconsciously, in the heat of debate, practise some or all of these tricks of reasoning. They choose a plan of their own, and arrange their own and their adversary's arguments just as it suits them. With every fresh reply, there is a shifting of the ground, rearrangement of the subject; and no end to the confusion. Or they expand the matter under discussion beyond proportion, so that those who cannot give their whole time to it, cease to attend to it at all. Or, without evil design, and simply from desire to turn everything to the advantage of their own cause, they misrepresent or weaken the force of their adversary's arguments; or they repeat their own arguments, regardless, from forgetfulness or contempt, of the answers which have been already given to them; or they abandon the main question, and inconsiderately attack some incidental difficulty, which only provokes new debate and harsh words."*

Now, to correct these grave faults which he believed to be main causes of misunderstanding of one another's meaning, and hence of dissension among Christians who hold the same great articles of faith, Leibnitz proposed a method of his own. No short easy method which pretended to save time or spare discussion. He who followed it must first attain by patient investigation a thorough knowledge of both sides of the question at issue. He must be so calm and dispassionate a seeker for truth, as to be able to write on the subjects of controversy in such a way, that the reader would not know to which side he belonged. For confusion, digression, repetition, the common

* i. 459—468.

faults at all times of religious discussion, Leibnitz substituted the clear, brief, exact statement of the views of both sides, so that the reader being fully informed of these, would need but good sense to enable him to decide between them. He who uses this method, he says, must be neither judge, plaintiff, defendant, nor umpire, but simply reporter.* The impossibility of discovering from his narrative to which side he inclines will be the test of his fidelity, as it is the sure sign of moderation and fairness. He must also shorten the dispute as much as possible, and present it in such form that it may be seen at a glance; and his narrative of it must be so clearly written that a man of ordinary good sense will have no need to ask for fuller explanation of the meaning.† The vices of controversy are still so common, as to make the method which Leibnitz proposed to correct them worth considering. Misunderstanding of one another's meaning, it has been said, lies at the root of most differences.‡ And it may be asked whether the usual practice of learning the doctrines and rites of other communions than our own, not from the symbolical books in which those doctrines are authoritatively recorded, but from *ex parte* statements of opponents whose aim was to refute them, does not greatly tend to keep alive those differences. Few students in later life, who have gone directly to the real authorities, but take shame to themselves for their unconscious injustice to the sacred beliefs of other Christians. And this, we believe, is owing in no small degree to the text books of early days. But how many never get beyond the knowledge of these, and remain ignorant of what those doctrines really are which they so vehemently denounce!

Leibnitz' letters illustrate his method. They are models of what controversy ought to be. He does justice to the force of his opponent's argument. He has no desire to crush him by retort. His aim is rather to find out what of truth there may be in his argument, and then, if necessary, to prove the conclusion inconsistent with it. His scheme of conciliation is based on the supposition that his opponent can accept it without doing violence to his own principles. He seeks some point of contact on which the two sides may meet; some principle which shall combine apparent contradiction, and when, as in his last controversy with Bossuet, concerning the canon of Scripture, he most vehemently opposes the decree of Trent, he nevertheless leaves the bridge for the retreat of the enemy, and himself suggests an interpretation of that decree which shall both reconcile it with the ancient doctrine of the Church, and satisfy well-founded Protestant objections. But he is pitilessly severe upon the declamation which the great orator, after his own manner, and perhaps unconsciously, used. He has no inclination himself, and he will not permit others,

* i. 467.

† i. 468.

‡ Newman's University Sermons, p. 344.

to substitute rhetoric for reason. Besides which, he holds fast to the plain meaning of historical facts; he will not allow them to be explained away; not even when other facts seem to cancel them, or certainly reduce their importance, will he have them omitted; as in the instance of the universal reception by the French Church of the Council of Trent, which surely cancels any force there might be in the fact on which Leibnitz pertinaciously insists, that the Council was never authoritatively published in France, or received by the French people.

"In important matters," he says, writing to Madame de Burion,* "I like reasoning to be clear and brief (*raisonnement tout sec*), with no beauty or ornament: such reasoning as accountants and surveyors use in treating of lines and numbers. All that M. de Meaux and M. Pellisson say is admirable; the force and beauty of their expressions charm me even so far as to rob me of my judgment. But when I come to examine their reasoning as a logician and calculator, it escapes my grasp; and though it appears solid, I find that it proves nothing that it is meant to prove. Would to God that they could free themselves from adopting party views."

And to Bossuet he writes: †—

"When it is a question of getting to the bottom of things and arriving at truth, would it not be better to agree on another method (than mere suppositions and arguments, which only beg the question), a method which should not be very unlike that of geometricians, and only take for granted what the adversary really allows, or what may be said to have been already proved by exact reasoning. It is such a method I wish to use as cuts off from the first all that is offensive, clears away the mists of fine writing, and destroys the advantages which eloquence and authority lend to great men, in order that truth alone may prevail. Now, according to this method, you may say that such a council has decided this or that, but you may not say that it is the judgment of the Church which has decided, until you have shown that in giving the judgment the conditions of a lawful œcumenical council were fulfilled, or that the universal Church has declared itself by other signs; so that instead of saying the 'Church,' you will have to say the 'Roman Church.'"

II. Supposing, then, that the differences between the Churches were discussed in the calm, dispassionate, rational spirit which Leibnitz thus suggested, what scheme of reunion was likely to succeed? Many schemes had been proposed, many ways tried, but each one of them had proved insufficient of itself, *e.g.*, *tolerance* and *civil peace* moderate the evils of disunion, but do not remove them. The way of *rigour* is neither lawful nor safe. *Debate* or *discussion* is ineffectual alone, because there is no recognised court of appeal: "most books of controversy have been written for self-satisfaction, to win the applause of one's own party by surprising one's adversary, rather than in a way to convince and enlighten him."‡ Hence consultations and conferences are generally fruitless, and most often serve only to embitter men's minds and enkindle new controversies.§ *Explana-*

* i. 294.

† ii. 373.

‡ ii. 2.

§ ii. 3.

tion or *exposition*, the plan which Bossuet trusted and followed, was also inadequate to the desired end. It may contribute to the solution of questions which are merely verbal, but here are deeper questions at issue which cannot be settled by mere technical definitions. Neither side is able now to convince the other; and hence neither writings nor conferences avail. So many plausible reasons can be urged by both parties from Scripture, the Fathers, and from reason, in favour of their own view of disputed doctrines, that there is no end to the controversy thereupon.

But one way lies open, which, combining all that is good in those hitherto tried, may lead to some result. It is the way of *abstraction* or *suspension*, of setting aside for ever those differences which are unimportant, and of referring such as are essential to the judgment of a future council, "until the day come when the Church of God, re-established in peace, shall find it opportune by the voice of an œcumenical council to put an end to them."^{*}

Now in Leibnitz' opinion the foundation of any practicable scheme must be this—to do no violence to the essential principles of either Catholic or Protestant. And it was one great object of his letters to prove that those principles were not radically at variance. What is the essential principle of Catholicism? He describes it as the spirit of submission to what the Church teaches, readiness to believe, and desire to learn what God reveals not only by His Word in the Scriptures, but also by His unwritten word, which is the interpreter of that; so that when the Church witnesses in a lawfully held œcumenical council that such and such doctrine has been expressly or virtually revealed in sacred Scriptures, or by tradition, unreserved submission is given to it, because all the necessary conditions have been fulfilled, and the Church, according to the promise of the Holy Spirit, has been guided into all truth.[†] Are the principles of Protestants reconcilable with this spirit of submission? At first sight their maxims appear to be contrary to it; because Protestants recognise the divine Scriptures alone as Rule and Judge, and reject the authority of tradition or the unwritten word as the sure interpreter of those Scriptures. But he adds, this apparent contrariety is due more to the "*mésentendu*" of individuals than to the language of symbolical books.[‡] Most Protestants accept the Augsburg Confession. It may be regarded as the most generally received symbol of their Churches. Now those who signed this symbol appealed to and held themselves bound by the decisions of a general council. "The electors, princes, and free cities of the Empire which first signed (the Confession of Augsburg), and all other kings, princes and states which have since approved it, declared in the beginning of that work which was delivered and read

* ii. 31, 32, 265.

† Cf. i. 9, 10; ii. 4, 5.

‡ i. 20; ii. 7.

in the Diet, A.D. 1530, in presence of the Emperor Charles V., that they did not refuse to obey the voice of the Church uttered in a general council,"* they declared that in all obedience they would consent to appear in such a council as the Emperor promised he would endeavour to persuade the Pope to summon.

The scheme of reunion which Leibnitz advocated thus turned mainly upon two points, (1) the suspension of the decrees of Trent in favour of Protestants, and (2) the reference of the doctrines in dispute to the settlement of a future œcumenical council. This was the only scheme which seemed—if men were but actuated by motives of Christian charity, and ready to make concessions for the attainment of so great a good as the peace of Christendom—at all practicable. The matter was one in which the honour and interest, not of a few individuals, but of flourishing nations, were concerned. And it left that honour intact. There was neither revocation, nor retraction, nor "amende honorable" required to wound the dignity of either side. Rome was not called upon to renounce the Council of Trent, nor Protestants the Confession of Augsburg. "Appearances, which must be considered in political questions," were thus saved. The thing was lawful, if the end justified it.† Writing to Madame de Burion, he says:—

"We do not ask you to renounce the council. What we ask is that you will not force it upon us. Follow the example of the Council of Basle, which united with the Bohemians‡ who would not acknowledge the Council of Constance, held against them, who complained of the 'nullités' of that council just as Protestants complain of the Council of Trent. The matter was referred to the discussion of a future council, without the fathers of Basle renouncing, for their part, the authority of Constance."§

It must not be supposed that while advocating reunion based on such a scheme of suspension of differences and mutual concessions, Leibnitz and those with whom he acted were indifferent to the many abuses and superstitions prevailing in the churches which obeyed the Roman rule, which seemed to the mass of Protestants then, as now, sufficient cause of separation. Again and again in these letters he speaks bitterly of that tacit consent and authority which is in a manner given to superstitions in the Roman Church by the public toleration of them in churches and confraternities. "However much charity may counsel reunion, the supreme law which is the love of God, and which looks to the conscience of those who are offended by these (superstitious practices), and of those Protestants who will be exposed to them,

* * ii. 7.

† ii. 13; i. 15.

‡ An account of the "compactata" concluded between the legates of the Council of Basle and the plenipotentiaries of the "generalis congregatio Regni Bohemie et Marchionatus Moravie," is given in Gieseler's *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*. B. ii. Abth. 4th, 442.

§ i. 436 ff.

comes in to forbid it." Nor did it appear any sufficient answer to say, as did some of his correspondents, that those popular devotions which may tend to superstition need be no real hindrance to reunion, not being of obligation. It is difficult, he replies, to enter a communion in which pernicious abuses are authorized, such as do violence to the essence of piety. Why are they not done away when they ought to be, and when their removal is possible?*. But if there were no such practical abuses, and if those which exist were done away, the great hindrance would still remain which only the suspension of the decisions of Trent could remove. Opinions which Protestants found neither consonant to reason nor to the Scriptures, nor to the voice of the universal Church, were required to be believed: and such belief Protestants could not give.

"This is no arbitrary sentiment. Even if I wished, I could not make such a declaration (of belief) without lying."†....."If it is thought that perfect consent will ever be gained to the decisions of Trent, farewell to reunion; it is the opinion of M. l'Abbé de Lockum (Molanus) that we ought not to think of such submission. The condition is verily burdensome, or rather, impossible. It is sufficient for a true Catholic to submit to the voice of the Church, which voice we cannot recognise in this kind of decision. If France is allowed not to recognise the last Lateran council and others, and Italy not to recognise that of Basle, surely it may be allowed to a large part of Europe to demand a council more authorized than that of Trent, without others being hindered from recognising it until a better one shall be held."‡

This letter, and there are many others of like import, may be said to contain the ultimatum of the Lutherans. The line of concession was clearly drawn in it, beyond which they would not advance. Nor indeed when the negotiations were first set on foot does it appear to have been required that they should:—

"Some weighty theologians" (of the Roman Catholic Church), he writes, "have revived a mode of reconciliation which their ancestors before attempted, which is the very road to it, and which—joined to an effective declaration against abuses—may restore peace to the Church. M. de Meaux has raised doubts from which others were free, and caused trouble. I hope, however, that this is nothing more than a misunderstanding."§

But within the line Lutherans were prepared to go very far to meet the proposals of Spinola, "who had come to this country by order received from the court of Rome, to take in hand and promote the sacred business of Christian reunion."||

The concessions which they were willing to make are set forth in a project drawn up by Leibnitz, evidently with much thought and care, in the name of the Abbé de Lockum (Molanus) "pour faciliter la réunion des Protestants avec les Romains Catholiques,"¶ which may be considered to represent the views of the most moderate and learned

* i. 410—413. † i. 418. ‡ i. 447. § i. 449. || ii. 168. ¶ ii. 168—189.

Lutheran theologians of the time; how far it would have been approved by the great body of the Lutheran clergy and people, it is impossible to say. It forcibly expresses the writer's conviction of the necessity of peace, if only from fear of the tremendous calamities which might again befall Germany from religious dissension.

"What Protestants desire is needed for the welfare of an infinite number of souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, whom we see daily and shall further see, perishing miserably on account of the terrible animosities which Christians exhibit towards one another when, under the cloak of zeal for a religion often ill-understood, they break the most sacred bonds of charity and humanity."

The writer anticipates the suspicion and bad name which are pretty sure to fall to the lot of moderate men at all times, but in such a cause he does not fear to incur it. The project first sets forth that the charge of heresy against Protestants is untrue, because they are willing to submit to the judgment of a truly summoned œcumenical council. Supposing, then, such charge withdrawn. Even before a council can be called together, preliminary reunion would be possible if the following conditions were granted by the Pope. 1. Protestants shall ever retain the Communion in two kinds, yet they shall not condemn the Communion in one kind. 2. Solitary masses, or "sans communions," the use of a language unknown to the people, and other practices of the Roman Church, shall not be introduced in Protestant churches, which shall be allowed to retain their own rites. Protestants shall extend the same freedom which they enjoy to others in all things which do not offend piety, not doubting that the Pope will reform such abuses in the Roman Church as do. 3. Marriage of ecclesiastics shall be left free. 4. Previous ordinations of the Protestant clergy shall be considered valid; but, in future, to avoid doubt and scruple, what is believed essential to ordination in the Roman Church shall be observed. 5. Ecclesiastical property shall remain undisturbed according to the settlement of the peace of Westphalia. 6. The Pope shall take off anathemas and excommunications from Protestants, and, entering into union with them, he shall declare them to be neither heretics nor schismatics, "notwithstanding any dissensions which remain with respect of certain controversies as yet unaccommodated, or such as may be set aside or reserved, for the future decision of an œcumenical council."* Other demands which might be urged are either included in those specified, or, as being less necessary, can be deferred. Leibnitz gives the reasons already stated why, as he believes, the Pope, acting strictly on Roman Catholic principles, might accord all these demands.

One question, he adds, which was formerly the principal cause of

* ii. 173.

rupture, has yielded to more exact discussion. There remains no real essential difference (between the Churches) on the doctrine of justification, and "thus it would be unreasonable to ask what has been already obtained." As Leibnitz was deliberately recording no individual opinion, but that of many who were in positions of authority, this statement is a noticeable one for the history of religious doctrine in Germany at the close of the seventeenth century. The project goes on to say, supposing that the See of Rome agrees to these demands, Protestants in return promise, for their part,—1. To recognise in the Bishop and See of Rome a primacy of order, dignity, and direction over the whole universal Church. . . . to honour and respect him as supreme patriarch, chief bishop of the Catholic Church, and chief ecclesiastical minister, and to be obedient to him according to the right which belongs to him in spiritual matters. 2. That they will acknowledge the established hierarchy. 3. That they will recognise Roman Catholics as brethren, and cultivate union with them, in mutual charity, notwithstanding controversies reserved for the Church's decision. 4. When reunion shall have taken place, they will do their utmost, not only to preserve it, but also to extend and perfect it more and more; Roman Catholics will do the same, that all hatred and suspicion may at last be done away. 5. If an œcumenical council be found the only means of ending controversies, Protestants will submit to its legitimate definitions: in such a council Protestants shall be acknowledged as Catholic, and their clergy shall hold in it equal rank with Roman Catholic clergy of the same standing, *e.g.*, their superintendents, generals, and generalissimos shall take their place as prelates, bishops, archbishops, metropolitans, according to the rank and degree which each should hold in the order of the Church.

Appended to this project is a list of three decads of subjects of controversy between the Churches, which subjects, Leibnitz considered, were either verbal rather than material, or were capable of being left open, or might be easily settled by means of "liquidation," and mutual explanation. The most important explanation required is that the Pope should publicly declare that the words of the thirteenth session of the Council of Trent, in which it is said that Jesus Christ is to be adored in the sacrament of the Eucharist with the highest worship (*du culte de latricie*), have this meaning—that such worship is given and entirely confined to Jesus Christ there present.

In that case even Protestants could kneel at the solemn mass of Catholics when the consecrated bread and wine are actually distributed, because Jesus Christ is there by His gracious and sacramental presence, and may be there adored with the greatest devotion possible, whereas no more than respect and honour are due to the elements of

bread and wine.* The question of the sacraments is resolved by the difference of meaning given to the word.

"If (according to the Augsburg Confession) all the rites which God has commanded, to which he has joined the promise of grace, are sacraments, it is easy to decide which are sacraments properly so called, for it does not belong to human authority to promise (grace); therefore signs and ceremonies introduced by man without the commandment of God cannot be signs of grace, however much they may tend to the instruction of the ignorant. Thus, sacraments, properly so called, are three: Baptism, the Supper (or Eucharist), and Absolution."†

The really important point of this project is the submission promised on the fulfilment of certain conditions to the Roman hierarchy, and to the authority of the Bishop of Rome over the Church in things spiritual. It should be noticed that the submission was to be coincident with the recognition of the Protestant clergy as fellow members of the same hierarchy, and that the acknowledgment of Papal authority rested on a theory very different from that of Ultramontanes then and since. Leibnitz appears to have believed that the monarchical form of Christian government was the best, and therefore had a divine sanction. When writing concerning a lawful council, he says, "Since Catholics require (in addition to its consisting of bishops) the authority of the Bishop of Rome equally in summoning and governing it, there is no reason why Protestants should object, for, indeed, in every college and society of men there is need of a director."‡ In a letter to Fabricius on the right of the Roman Bishop, he proposes (*majoris charitatis causâ*) the addition of the words in italics:—

"Quum Deus sit Deus ordinis, et corpus unius Ecclesiæ Catholicæ et Apostolicæ uno regimine Hierarchiaque universali continendum juris divini sit, consequens est ut ejusdem sit juris supremus in eo spiritualis Magistratus terminis se justis continens, *directoria potestate* (hæc verba nunc addo) *omniæque necessaria ad explendum munus pro salute Ecclesiæ agendi facultate instructus, tametsi locus ac sedes hujus potestatis in metropoli Christiani orbis Roma ex humanis considerationibus placuerit.*"§

And again he writes to the same theologian,—

"I, too, acknowledge (he had just said that Molanus agreed with him) that the prerogatives of the Roman See are of human right, although the government itself in the Church which for human interests is conferred upon it, is of divine right."||

And he writes also to Alberti, a Lutheran divine, who had been made uneasy by the report of Spinola's negotiations:—

"I suppose you do not yourself differ from Melanethon, that a certain superiority over bishops may be allowed the Bishop of Rome if, on such terms, a real peace could be purchased. It is another question whether the condition annexed is impossible, but this does not take away the truth of the conditional proposition."¶

* ii. 182.

† ii. 184.

‡ Leibnitz episcopo Tiniensi, i. 34.

§ ii. 136.

|| ii. 146.

¶ i. 43.

III. This spirit of willingness to submit to the primacy of the Bishop of Rome made the demand for the suspension of the decrees of Trent only more imperative. Leibnitz would no more consent to withdraw that demand than Bossuet to grant it. Hence the long controversy of the two. It would be hard to say whose tone is the firmer and more uncompromising. Leibnitz' attitude was changed. He had not reckoned on this opposition from Bossuet; Spinola's terms of negotiation had been altogether different. Henceforth he takes the offensive, and vehemently attacks the Council of Trent on the ground (1) that it was not an œcumenical council, and therefore not of binding authority over the whole Church; and (2) that it had erred in matters of faith by the imposition of new doctrines under pain of anathema. These two points form the chief subjects of controversy between him and Bossuet. Even a rapid analysis of the whole controversy would carry us beyond our limits; we shall only aim at a true rendering of the chief topics of it. Leibnitz argued that for a council to be œcumenical it was not sufficient that one or two nations had taken part in it, but that the whole Church should have been represented. The bishops who deliberate and decide in it must be numerous enough to counterbalance one another, so as to prevent one-sided opinions from prevailing, and the undue influence of any one party.

Then again the lay element should be admitted. Granting that the decisive voice came from the bishops—whose decisions “should be free from that metaphysical exactness which human affairs do not allow”—yet national consent was necessary. Secular powers ought to have a “concurrence” in the direction of such councils. In ancient times they had not been called together without the will of princes, and the imperial legates had had much to do with their management, and even considerable influence over their final decrees. And the same course of proceeding was still necessary. Ambassadors of the different Christian nations ought to be present and declare the mind of prince and people. In such a council there should be a just equality and harmony of the two powers, ecclesiastical and temporal.

These conditions were not fulfilled at Trent. In that council Italians were literally supreme; Spaniards came next to them in importance. The French had little influence; Germans none. The Greek Church, which by its steadfast adherence to old traditions might have borne witness against those new opinions which monks and schoolmen of the monastic orders had introduced into the Latin Church, was wholly unrepresented. Not only were Greeks and Orientals absent, but also the German and Slav-speaking peoples of Europe, English, Danish, Swedish, and Flemish, besides Poles and Bohemians. The prelates were too few in number to represent the whole Church.

It is no answer to say that many of these peoples had separated themselves from the Church; that is only taking for granted what is in question: nor is it more to the point to say, that they were invited and did not come. Measures should have been taken to enable them to come with safety and honour, without any formed determination of treating them as condemned. It may be said that at the Council of Nice there were few Westerns present. But the cases of Nice and Trent are not parallel. "*Le nombre ne fait rien, quand le consentement est notoire.*"* At the time of Trent there was the greatest disunion in Western Christendom: and that council, so far from being œcumenical, was rather an Italian synod, to which other peoples besides Italians were admitted only for appearance' sake, "*pour couvrir le jeu,*" and the Pope in it was really absolute. It is not now to be expected that so many and great nations as compose the North of Europe, to say nothing of the Oriental, will ever submit to the will of a few Italians, who were the single authors of the Council of Trent. If there is ever to be a reunion of the Churches, a new council must be held.

Bossuet answers Leibnitz rather from the ground of theory than of history. He assumes the truth of certain principles, from which the authority of the council necessarily follows. Infallibility resides in the whole body of the Church, and in the bishops and pastors of it who remain true to their consecration: if the whole Episcopate receive and approve the decrees of a council, then that council has the authority of the Church. If such a council thus received and approved could err, it would follow that the Episcopate and the whole Church could err, which is contrary to the principle assumed. Now all churches in communion with Rome (and only such churches Bossuet considers Catholic) receive the Council of Trent just as much as they receive the Council of Nice. You cannot find one Catholic bishop, priest, layman, who would say, "I do not receive the Council of Trent." True, Protestants reject the council, and their pastors were not admitted to it: not even such as had been ordained in the Catholic Church, those, viz., of England and Sweden. But, then, bishops who renounce the faith of their consecration, as did those of England, Sweden, and Denmark, are no longer considered a part of the body of the Church.†

Leibnitz acknowledges that the argument against suspension on account of the infallibility of the Catholic Church, from which Church Protestants are excluded because they are not in communion with the Roman, is a straightforward one, though based on a rather strong supposition. It takes for granted that that is proved which is assumed. We do not consent to Roman Catholic principles because

* i. 400.

† i. 417—424.

we consent that Roman Catholics may retain them until a legitimately held council shall either change or establish them. There is a wide interval between holding a principle one's self, and allowing that others need not surrender it. Suppose Trent to be the principle of the Roman Catholic, and Augsburg of Protestants, we propose, says Leibnitz, to do that which we believe you are equally bound to do, viz., tolerate your principle, as you tolerate ours. If you deny such terms, reunion is hopeless for the present, but it will yet take place: "*fata viam invenient*," for it is God's will. The guilt of the continuance of schism rests with those who will not accord what they might consistently with their own principles, and after the precedent of their own councils, but create obstacles and refuse fair terms.

Leibnitz argued that even though all churches in communion with Rome received Trent, yet its suspension was possible, for that councils have been suspended, "unless Bossuet condemned Basle and the prelates who took part in it (for receiving the Calixtines)." "I see no answer to this," he adds.* He does not fear the summons of Bossuet and its implied threat, "to examine seriously before God whether he has any effectual means of preventing the state of the Church from becoming eternally changeable."

M. de Careil says,† what is no doubt true, that there will always be found in Germany a Leibnitz to reply to this well-known Roman argument: "*Il nous plaist, Monseigneur, d'estre de cette Eglise toujours mouvante et eternellement variable.*" The spirit of the answer is thoroughly Leibnitzian, though the actual words (like many other sayings imputed to great men) are not those of Leibnitz, at least are not found in these letters. But what he says is that the best means of preserving the Church's doctrine from continual change is to let that and that only pass for the judgment of the universal Church which bears undoubted marks of truth. The authority of the universal Church is far more endangered by the reception of decrees inconsiderately passed, than by the rejection of them as unpronounced. Truth sooner or later will come uppermost, and then the evil done to Christendom by rash decrees will be difficult to repair. In the matter of defining doctrine better have too much caution than too little.‡

If there be any doubt of the œcumenicity of a council, it is more reasonable to reject it than to acknowledge it. For if the doubt be mistaken, the questions remain as they were, open and undecided, but if the false decrees of an illegitimate council are received, an irreparable breach is made in the Church.

To Bossuet's argument that to challenge the authority of Trent is to challenge that of other councils, and to throw doubt upon them,

* i. 442.

† ii. xc. Introd.

‡ ii. 374, 375.

he answers briefly, "C'est un tour des sceptiques de rendre tout douteux parcequ'il faut douter sur quelque chose."^{*}

IV. A discussion more important than that concerning the œcumenicity, authority, and possible suspension of Trent, was opened by the question addressed to Bossuet at the instigation of Duke Anton Ulrich as to the criterion for distinguishing what is and what is not of faith.

In this discussion Leibnitz repeated his accusation that the council had imposed new doctrine.

Bossuet had answered the duke's inquiry by saying that God does not reveal new truths which belong to the Catholic faith, and that the rule of perpetuity is the undeviating rule of catholicity.† "Sicut Ecclesia Catholica semper intellexit," was the maxim of the authors of Trent. Œcumenical councils establish no new doctrines. But Bossuet left open the door for an infringement of his own principle, by conceding to councils, not indeed the power of making new doctrine, but of more exactly explaining doctrine already received. Such explanation, he points out, may easily become new doctrine, as in the case of the article against the Monothelites, and in favour of transubstantiation—no necessary consequence of the previous belief of the Church in the Real Presence. Leibnitz also pointed out that the rule of universal consent and perpetuity is grand in words, but breaks down when tested by facts. For there is hardly an opinion which has not had followers, which cannot claim some perpetuity; and if the Church pronounce only in favour of those opinions which are most common and accredited, there are "opiniones communes contra opinionones," and often the most accredited persons, and the majority, are at variance, and opinions once accredited cease to be, and others which were not accredited, become so. The real point is this, Does the Church receive that which, in times past, has been believed as mere opinion, or believed as of faith? Except on the supposition that the power of making doctrine resides in the Church—a supposition which Bossuet disclaimed—philosophic or doubtful opinion, however old and however prevalent, cannot lawfully be proposed and sanctioned as an article of faith by any council. If such power of converting what is merely opinion into doctrine does not belong to the Church; and if a doctrine, in order to be received, must not only have been heretofore believed, but believed as part of the faith, then, says Leibnitz, many of the decrees of Trent, and especially that on the canon of sacred Scripture, fall to the ground, even if it be granted (what Protestants deny) that the council is œcumenical. Few doctrines have such good authority in antiquity as that of Protestants on the canon of sacred Scripture. On account of it they are under the anathema of Rome. If their reasons for holding it can

• ii. 259.

† ii. 279, ff.

be proved invincible on examination, then they have right and precedent on their side when they demand the suspension of the decrees of Trent.

In reply to these inferences of Leibnitz, Bossuet endeavours to prove that the decree of Trent on the canonicity of the apocryphal books is not repugnant to the rule of perpetuity of doctrine as the test of what is and what is not of faith. It is difficult to condense an argument already condensed, of which the antagonist exacted "*un raisonnement tout sec.*" Only the chief points of it can here be given. The apocryphal books of the Old Testament, and those books doubted of in the New (it is Bossuet's line to treat the two as standing or falling together), were acknowledged as canonical by canon xlvii. of the third Council of Carthage, and were placed on a line with the other sacred Scriptures, in the reply of Pope Innocent I. to the consultation of Bishop Exsuperius of Toulouse, A.D. 405, and are found enumerated with them in the decree of Gelasius, of the fifth century. The canon in which they were thus classed was that of the Churches "*doctiores et diligentiores*" of Rome and Africa, in which, from Irenæus' time, apostolic tradition had been preserved with greatest care.

These books were ranked by Augustine in his "*Doctrina Christiana*" with the other sacred Scriptures; one or more of them were quoted as Scripture by Cyprian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, and others. Besides which, they were constantly read in churches. Bossuet admits that several Churches, following the Hebrew, did not place them in the canon; that learned critics, like Jerome, did not use them in support of doctrine, and that the uncontested books have special force in argument for producing conviction. But the above facts are sufficient, he says, to prove that Trent kept true to ancient tradition. If it be urged that the tradition is not universal, Protestants are in like difficulty who receive the disputed books of the New Testament. Diversity of canons of sacred Scripture did not hinder concurrence in the same doctrine, hence liberty was allowed; agreement in faith not depending upon any one book, or upon the whole sacred Scripture. As Augustine says, the man who is strong in faith, hope, and charity, only needs sacred Scripture to instruct others. Many live without any book in solitudes. Trent abridged the liberty formerly allowed, because the canon of which the Church had been in possession from the beginning of Christianity was attacked and denied. The council took the same action in respect of this as of other truths, by pronouncing judgment expressly, authentically, and firmly, when and because those truths were openly contradicted. After such judgment doubt is no longer permissible.*

Leibnitz denies altogether the assertion that the books called apo-

* ii. 231—293.

cryptal, which were not in the Hebrew canon, were received for twelve hundred years by the Church as part of the canon of sacred Scripture, taking the word in its strict sense.

Augustine, and others after him, use the word canonical "in sensu laxiore," for that which the Church canons authorize, in opposition to "apocryphal," or hidden books, in a bad sense, and also the word "divine" for that which contains excellent instruction in divine things. When Innocent and Gelasius thus used the word canonical, they did not mean that apocryphal books were equal to those which are incontestably canonical. Not until the fifth century did any single author make any other classification than that of the twenty-two books of the Hebrew canon. Innocent I. was the first who deviated from the doctrines of the Church. But both he and Gelasius intended to distinguish not between such books as (because divinely inspired) were "canonical," and such as were read in churches and accounted "ecclesiastical," but between these last and "apocryphal" books, strictly so called, which were rightly suspected and unread. Words, then, had come to be used loosely, as, *e.g.*, the title of "holiness" applied to a bishop by those who were about to depose him; "Nostrum numen," assumed even by a Christian emperor, who left to God hardly any attribute, not even eternity; and "divine" applied to all books read in churches, *e.g.*, to the "Shepherd" and the Epistle of Clement.

The definite doctrine of Jerome, who then flourished in Rome, proves that this was the meaning of Innocent. Jerome maintained that the Old Testament canon consisted only of the books of the Hebrew canon. The other books, he says, "*Ecclesia non recipit*:" is it likely that he could have been ignorant of the doctrine of the Church of his own time, or that he could have been so openly, impudently false as he would have been had that doctrine been different from his own? *

The citations of the apocryphal books made by Clemens Alexandrinus, Cyprian, Origen, and others do not prove them canonical. These writers quoted "Esdras" and the "Shepherd," which the Roman Church rejects, and the probable secret allusions to the apocryphal books in the New Testament no more proves those books canonical (as Bossuet hinted) than St. Jude's quotation of the prophecy of Enoch proves that canonical.

Nor does the fact of their being read in churches equally with other Scripture establish them as of the same rank. It only gives them precedence over books like Clement's Epistle, and the "Shepherd," which were read in some churches, and it explains why some of the ancients placed them among canonical books, *i.e.*, among such as were universally authorized to be read.

* ii. 353.

If, as Bossuet allowed, diversity of doctrine need not result from difference of opinion concerning the canon, the Council of Trent should have left the question open. But certainly the canon should not have been added to. Knowledge of the Scriptures, as Augustine taught, may not be absolutely necessary—there are peoples without them; but history and the habits of peoples prove that oral tradition, except by special grace of God, cannot pass down the centuries without being lost or corrupted. Therefore Providence has used sacred Scripture as the most efficacious means for preserving religion pure from corruption. The anathemas pronounced on those who add to or take from them show the necessity of admitting no book into the original canon which was not in it from the first.*

Leibnitz will not be led away from the main question to discuss the disputed books of the New Testament, nor is he careful to answer the charge of proving too much. Better prove too much, which at least proves a part, than use sophisms which prove nothing at all. Such an objection to the adversary's conclusion does not resolve the argument, and is most unsatisfactory reasoning. But it is untrue that the books of the New Testament, of which some have doubted, *e.g.*, Hebrews, 2 Peter, and the Apocalypse, stand or fall with the apocryphal books of the Old Testament, and that Protestants must either affirm or deny both or neither to be canonical. For, 1. Protestants do not require that the truths of faith shall always have prevailed or have been received. 2. There is a great difference between the doubts of individuals as to some few of the books of the New Testament, and the constant doctrine of the ancient church against the canonicity of the Apocrypha of the Old Testament; and, 3. It is possible to deny that Hebrews and the Apocalypse were written by St. Paul and St. John, without denying them to be divine. But even if we were to consent that it is not necessary under pain of anathema to recognise those two books as divine and infallible, the evil would not be so very great. "The fewer anathemas the better."† It is one thing to receive a doctrine as do Protestants, and another to enforce it under pain of anathema as did the authors of Trent.

Bossuet objected that Leibnitz laid down no principle for deciding whether a book is canonical or not; rejecting perpetuity in proof of doctrine, what had he to substitute for it? "Tell me," he says, "what rule do your Churches propose for receiving canonical books? Have they greater knowledge than others for discerning them? Or have they recourse to the particular inspiration of pretended reformers, in other words, to fanaticism?" Leibnitz answered that to establish rules and principles was no part of his design.‡ His object had been to prove that Trent forced all the world to receive as canonical books which the ancient Church rejected from its canon; by proving that,

* ii. 335—366.

† ii. 328, 329.

‡ ii. 432, ff.

he destroyed the œcumenicity and authority of Trent. The principle which, not as part of his argument, but "ex abundanti" he had asserted was that of the ancient fathers, viz., that only those books of the Old Testament were canonical which formed part of the Hebrew canon. The only real objection to this rule is that certain ancient writers omitted the Book of Esther which is in the Hebrew canon, and added appendices to Jeremiah which are not, and that Origen appears to have received a small fragment of Daniel also not in the Hebrew. This objection, however, is insufficient to set aside the rule, or to establish the Apocrypha as part of sacred Scripture. *Esther* seems to have been omitted either from inadvertence, for without this book the number of books which the writer mentions is incomplete, or from the carelessness of the copyist. Leibnitz, however, would not anathematize those who should doubt the Divine authority of *Esther*. His answer to the second challenge of Bossuet is most remarkable for the full acknowledgment of the joint claims of reason and tradition in the study of holy Scripture. The words shall be given in full, for they are weighty, have, indeed, a sound of Butler in them, and are predictive of that rational yet reverent method of biblical criticism which it has been reserved for our own time to work out.

"When Protestants teach that the dignity of holy Scripture is manifest to the minds of those who are attentive, well-disposed, and assisted by the Holy Spirit, I do not think them wrong, or that they are setting up fanaticism. I believe that there are several in the Roman Church who agree with them in this matter. Yet I am quite willing to allow that, treating the subject strictly, such a principle would fail to establish the canon and criticism of holy Scripture, for it would be easy to insert passages of doubtful books into books which are undoubted, without an uninstructed reader being able to find them out. And I may add that, in order to establish the canon of Divine Books, we must join the rules of ordinary criticism to the consideration of the conduct of Providence, who has designed to distinguish these books by themselves in a way altogether peculiar, and by the authority which it has caused them to receive in the Church.....Protestants believe that truth may be oppressed and that error may prevail. Yet, thank God, there is no example yet of a heresy being established in the Church by the lawful means of an œcumenical council, and it is to be hoped there never will be. This is the cause why it is so important for us to oppose the reception of the pretended Council of Trent, in order to exclude councils of base alloy, such as might one day bring in heresies and wholly corrupt the purity of Christianity."*

Such is a faint outline of Leibnitz' chief and, as we think, unanswerable strictures on the Council of Trent as the great impediment to the reunion of Christendom. But it would be unfair to omit that he makes full and hearty acknowledgment of the wisdom of many of the Tridentine decrees, and of the good order of the council; that he disclaims all animosity towards the Italians who by force of ability had placed themselves at the head of ecclesiastical affairs; that he

considers many of the decrees of Trent capable of a mild and comprehensive interpretation which (as Cassander and Grotius believed) approximated them to the Confession of Augsburg.* He goes so far as to say in a letter to the Duchess of Brunswick, "I am of one mind with this council in many things, but I do not on that account recognise its authority or its anathemas.†

And of the decree of the council concerning the canon of Scripture, which truth compelled him strongly to condemn, he proposes, as peacemaker, such an explanation as would reconcile it with the doctrine of the ancient Church and of Protestants: viz., that the decree of the council included within the canon of the sacred Scripture (as the African Church had included in its canon), together with divinely inspired books, those which were simply ecclesiastical, and gave to both the name of canonical.‡

V. History repeats her facts many times over: while we read these letters we seem to hear the voices of our contemporaries. That organ of opinion in the Roman Church which is supposed to represent its most advanced thought declares, in a tone no less peremptory than that of Bossuet, that submission to Rome's authority, and not suspension of her decrees, is the condition of reunion. It is noteworthy, however, that there have been Roman Catholic divines of eminent position who thought otherwise. Leibnitz was far too clear-sighted to have been deceived as to the meaning of the overtures of Spinola, and it is certain that he understood those overtures in a sense very different from the terms of surrender which Bossuet demanded. No spectator and student from without is in position to decide which voice really spoke then and speaks now with the authority of Rome: it would be equally rash to speculate on the chances of the larger and more conciliatory policy which for a time guided Innocent IX. again governing the court of Rome. But it may be observed that the method of reunion advocated in this correspondence is applicable to other differences besides those between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Indeed, when Leibnitz found that all efforts were unavailing for the reunion of Rome and Germany, he began to write no less zealously for the reunion of the German reformed Churches with one another, and with that of England. The last of these letters was written on this subject in the year 1716,—the year of his death. More than human counsel and authority teaches the *way of suspension*. For Time itself is the great suspender of controversy. The vehement dispute, *e.g.*, on justification, which stirred all Germany in the preceding century, could hardly have been revived in Leibnitz' day. With greater truth may it be said that the doctrines which vexed the mind of Western Christendom at the time of the Reformation could never again awaken a "world debate." Other and graver problems reign in

* i. 129, 160, 404.

† ii. 39.

‡ ii. 339.

their place, which the formulæ of a past age are proved powerless to determine.

These problems reach beyond the lines of any one Church or denomination, they are common to Catholic and Protestant; may not the solution of them, in God's providence, be the means for uniting both?

The *way of appeal and submission* to the decrees of a general council which should represent the wisdom of Christendom, whether consistent, as Leibnitz believed, with Roman Catholic principles or not, is certainly not inconsistent with the Protestant principle of the right and duty of each man to inquire into the things of faith, and so far to satisfy himself as to be able to give a rational answer for his belief, any more than is our reception of the proved facts of any one branch of physical science, when agreed upon with one consent by the masters of that science, inconsistent with the need of exercising our own inquiry, observation, and judgment, if we would learn it thoroughly. Rarely have Christian men of all sects and schools felt more deeply the want of the spiritual guidance which such a council might give than now.

It is not so strange that Leibnitz believed the re-establishment of one form of Church government, and submission to one universal bishop, when the causes of protest were removed, to be a necessary instrument for effecting religious union. He considered the question not only as a Protestant, but as a statesman and a patriot. He seems not to have separated political disunion from religious: and how inwrought in the German mind is the conviction of the calamity of the former need not be stated. The late war is one terrible proof of it. Besides which, the recognition of one bishop as witnessing to the unity of the whole body of the Church under one invisible Head, as governing not indeed absolutely, but according to the laws of a great œcumenical council uttering the mind of all Christendom, and framed with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, is, at least, a noble theory, which we may reject on most solid grounds, but cannot think lightly of. It was unlikely even then to find acceptance with the mass of northern Protestants; except, indeed, as the only alternative to a renewed religious war. It is far less likely now. For the facts of history pronounce more decisively against it in our day than in Leibnitz's. He may have had a keener sense of those eminent services which were rendered during the mediæval period to the welfare of mankind by the Papal government. That is no true theory of history which denies or depreciates the greatness of those services. That one bishop was able to unite the nations of Europe together to oppose the advance of Mussulman conquest and to save Western Europe from the withering blight which elsewhere followed it, is alone to the impartial student of history the justification for centuries of the monarchical government of the Church. Much more will he trace

God's handiwork in that government if he knows from his own observation what Mahommedanism really is in Europe, Asia, or Africa. Necessary then as such a power must be admitted to have been, it is no less certain that the Reformation brought it for ever to an end as the dominant power in Christendom. For it had failed then, as it has failed much more since, to reform the most grievous abuses in the Church, and to unite the nations together as fellow-members of one great Christian community. When "Greece had arisen from the dead with the New Testament in her hand," in Goldwin Smith's striking words, another more spiritual agency intervened to do for Christendom what Rome had never perfectly done, has since been impotent to do, in the judgment of her own advocates. The Papal government of the Church stands condemned by the fact that whereas the necessity of reformation was most sorely felt by the best Roman Catholic divines of the sixteenth century, and intrusted to the wisdom of the Pope, no real reformation has ever been effected. The Churches most subject to Roman influences have remained most addicted to superstition, those farthest off, and in proportion as they have felt the action of Protestant principles, less so. The faults and degeneracy of national character, the obstacles which bad government may have created, are altogether insufficient explanations of this fact. Nor will the other second reason alleged in favour of the Papacy, as being the bond of union in Christendom, hold good when tested by facts. Rome must rather be said to have abdicated this high office by drawing in the lines of supposed catholicity, and, far from healing, by creating fresh dissension and wider schism through the imposition of new decrees.

The government of one bishop of the universal Church has failed to accomplish those great ends, on account of which Leibnitz was willing to submit to it. It would be untrue to ascribe that failure to any dereliction of duty or lack of ability, zeal, and sincerity on the part of the bishops of Rome. Ranke's History proves, besides much else, the excellence and piety of most Popes since the Reformation. The failure is rather due to the want of power. The work lies beyond the reach of any one man. The Christian world has outgrown the borders of Europe, and the Churches of to-day that confess Jesus Christ to be the Son of God make up a society which no single head on earth could correct or control. If, then, the way to reunion does not lie in the submission to the government of any one ruler, is it nowhere to be found? Not so. The more excellent way of charity has hardly yet been tried. "The bond of peace and of all virtues" must yet draw men together who yield themselves to it, if not in one system of doctrine, rite, and worship, at least, in greater devotion to the same Lord, to co-operate for the cause of His kingdom.

S. STEAD.



INGRES.

I.

DURING the many years of his activity, the life of Ingres was a continual struggle. War and unrest were his portion; and for half a century of effort he knew no outward peace. His was alone the deeper peace given by the consciousness that he was fighting for something that was worth fighting for. His happiness was in the knowledge of his own energy; and his rest was in the satisfaction which the steady pursuit of his calling invariably brought him. He had a service to do, and he did not fail to do it. Ingres believed he had received from his master principles which, in his turn, he handed down to his own pupils; as in Greek games a runner whose course was over, passed his torch to one who came fresh to the race. The "fire of belief" glowed within him, and helped him on his way. It was by example, rather than by precept—by worthy deeds, "more strong than all poetic thought"—that Ingres at last succeeded in obtaining recognition for those principles of art which were life, and more than life, to him. His earnestness gave him an added power; his fiery nature burned its way to the desired goal. When he died it was admitted by all, whose opinion he would himself have valued, that there had passed away the greatest painter of our time; and that a life sincere and single in its aim and end, had nobly fulfilled itself, and impressed upon others its lesson.

There are men of exceptional gifts, whose dearest wish is that those gifts may bring them applause and popularity. There are other men who feel that to *have* the gifts is a better thing than to get them recognised, and that to make the highest use of them is the best thing of all. These men are the true artists. Their art is more to them than the wages it brings; and they work for the work's sake,

"Without success for ever in their eyes."

They are human enough to be gladdened by sympathy; yet strong enough to do without it.

Of these men was Jean-Dominique Ingres.

II.

The father of the great painter, whose life and works we shall here try to study, was himself an artist in many ways. Born at Toulouse about the middle of the last century, he settled in the smaller town of Montauban, where on the 29th of August, 1780, Jean-Dominique first saw the light. Jean-Joseph, the elder Ingres, gained his bread by the exercise of many a craft. He was sculptor, architect, musician, and painter. He was accustomed to style himself, very humbly, "*sculpteur en plâtre*"—or, as we may say, "house-decorator"—but in the certificate of his son's baptism he wrote himself down "*sculptor*" only. He may have done this for the sake of brevity; but it is more probable that he was desirous on this occasion to give himself the most honourable designation he could truthfully adopt, so that there might seem no disparity between his social position and that of the godfather and godmother, who appear to have been people of importance in the little town in which they dwelt. Some decorations still to be seen in the *hôtel-de-ville* of Montauban, and in the *châteaux* of that country-side, bear witness to the ability of Jean-Joseph Ingres in one branch of his work. I do not know in what he most excelled; but his own preference was for music, and not for sculpture or painting. Probably he tried too many things to succeed very thoroughly in any one of them; but if we cannot call him a great artist, we can at all events acknowledge that he was a hard-working man, who gained money enough to supply his necessities, by the constant use of very various talents.

It was to music that Jean-Joseph Ingres desired to devote his son; and not without reason, for Jean-Dominique in very early years showed a capacity for study and a pleasure in execution. The father looked far into the future, and thought he saw for his son distinctions greater than *he* had ever been able to reach. But music was not to be the profession of the younger Ingres; and his father's hopes were never to be realized—or, rather, to be realized in quite another and

unlooked for fashion, as men's hopes often are. In 1793, when he was only thirteen years old, Jean-Dominique was engaged for a little while, with the full approval of his parents, at the theatre of Toulouse. A fête was given in this theatre in happy memory of the death of Louis the Sixteenth; and then the boy-musician played from his place in the orchestra, a *concerto* of Viotti's, for the violin. His performance was received with loud and hearty applause; and never did Jean-Joseph feel more certain than when he heard of this success, that his son would one day be a great musician. Time proved that he was mistaken.

Some months before this, the young musician of Montauban had seen some studies from Rafael and some fragments of ancient sculpture, and, to use his own expression, he ran to them *comme le chat court à sa proie*. The sight of them, the thought of them, gave him the desire to draw; and he began to draw in secret, afraid lest his father should forbid the pursuit of two arts at a time. But the love of design did not at first lessen the love of music. The young Ingres cried with joy when he was playing something of Gluck's in the orchestra of the humble theatre of Montauban; and if he had been asked at that moment whether he would devote himself to painting or to music, he would have found it difficult to make his choice. Surely, however, though slowly, the choice was made. The boy was allowed to take lessons in drawing, while still engaged at night in the theatre. His progress was marked, and the elder Ingres could not reasonably offer opposition. Jean-Dominique studied at Toulouse under Joseph Roques, an artist little worthy to instruct him. But with the happy faculty of true genius, the boy turned everything to good account, and profited by the errors of his master. In a year or two his connection with Joseph Roques was at an end, and he had come under the influence of another painter, Vigan, the professor at the Fine Arts' Academy. It was not until he received the teaching of a third master, M. Briant, that he absolutely decided to make painting his one pursuit. M. Briant was a man of ability, and he won the respect of his pupil. But he made one mistake that says little for the correctness of his judgment when estimating the power of others. He inclined to the belief that landscape-painting was the branch of art in which the genius of Ingres could best develop itself; and he even predicted this with some degree of confidence. In one work alone, and that an uncompleted work, "L'Age d'Or," did Ingres seriously attempt the business of a landscape painter. His success was won, as in due time we shall see, by quite other means. Still, this much may be said of M. Briant's prediction, that had Ingres chosen to have followed his counsel he might have been one of the first of landscapists. Briant was only wrong in thinking that it was for landscape painting that his pupil was best fitted.

The time came, and came speedily, when the connection between Ingres and the last of his provincial masters was to be broken. The separation was perhaps desired by both, but it was effected in a friendly way. The morning after, Ingres was journeying towards Paris. To Paris he had looked as his future home. In Paris he would receive the instruction of which he stood in need; the sound and sober instruction of the great teacher of the day. There David lived and taught. There Ingres would live and learn.

III.

It was towards the end of 1796 that Jean-Dominique Ingres arrived in the capital, and was admitted to the school of David. The name of this great classic painter was at that period the foremost name in French Art. His principles were clearly defined, and easily understood. They were not so easily practised. It required long and arduous study, and the submission of personal desire to the opinion of the master, to make even a very gifted man a proficient in the school of which David was the chief. Ingres was soon recognised as one of the most promising of the pupils. His genius was not of a self-sufficient kind: he could submit to be taught when he knew that the teacher was great. And instead of asserting his independence by obstinate resistance to advice and rule, he waited till the consciousness of acquired power gave him confidence to make a path for himself. For a time, then, he followed David with unerring footsteps: followed him in his faults almost as closely as in his merits. His early works are a sufficient proof of this. There is vigour of execution about them, but little originality of thought. In 1800, the Academy gave, for a subject of competition, Antiochus sending ambassadors to Scipio to deliver him up his son. Ingres received the second prize, and his meritorious composition deserved it. The next year he was still painting in the style of David with minute care and engrossed attention. His representation of the Embassy to the tent of Achilles was the most ambitious work he had yet undertaken. It was probably the best design sent for judgment to the Academy during that year; and as the school of David was in the ascendant, the best work obtained the great prize—the prize of Rome. In after days when that school was declining—though, with all its faults, still noble—it would have been difficult to have obtained the highest prize by any work executed in accordance with its rules. But when Ingres took this high honour, in 1801, the evil days had not arrived.

Here then was an end of another period of learning for the young pupil from Montauban. He struck out a path for himself from this

date; and sat no longer in quiet obedience at the feet of David. Some people have accused him of ingratitude to the master, because in the long years that followed Ingres pursued the bent of his own genius. But blind acquiescence, which may be well for the boy, is little suited to the man. Independence is not ingratitude. Difference of opinion is not revolt. Besides, one has only to study the works of Ingres to perceive that he preserved to his last days all that was good in the system of his master. He rejected the coldly Academic. He went straight to nature, and found inspiration there. But the habit of most thorough study, the love of classic art, the preference for form over colour, and the refined and delicate taste, which the early lessons under David had taught him, remained with him always. And for these benefits he was, in truth, ever grateful. Sixty years after those early lessons he spoke, with tears in his eyes, of "the great David and his great school." He wrote, "David established his teaching on the severest and purest principles." He said, in a moment of strong feeling, and with the determination that an earnest word of his should give the lie to the detractors of his dead teacher, "David was the only master in our epoch."

The very substantial reward which is usually the portion of the winners of the Grand Prix de Rome, was withheld from Ingres for the space of five years. The allowance made by Government to the Academy was withdrawn; and the successful competitor was unable to pursue his studies in the Villa Medici. Ingres was forced to remain in Paris, and to get his bread there, as best he could.

It was at this time that his admiration of the great masters of the sixteenth century began to develop itself. He occupied one of the cells in what was formerly the Convent of Capuchins, a building to which many painters and sculptors had retired. Girodet, Gros, Dupaty, Delécluze, Chauvin, Granet, Bergeret, and Bartolini were of their number. In company with Bartolini and Bergeret, Ingres studied the works of the Italian artists of the Renaissance. M. Delécluze says:—

"A eux trois ils formaient une espèce d'académie à part dans les Capucines. Personne n'était admis chez eux; et l'on n'avait qu'une idée vague de ce qu'ils faisaient dans le mystère de leurs ateliers." *

Flaxman, the greatest of our sculptors, visiting Paris not long after Ingres had won the Grand Prix de Rome, saw the composition by which that honour had been attained. "It is the finest thing," said Flaxman, "that I have seen in Paris." The praise was too high, but it was not unnatural; for no one could enter more thoroughly

* The Convent where these artists studied together—as, in later days, Cornelius and Overbeck (founders of the German Classic School) studied in a Convent at Rome—occupied, with its garden, the ground bounded by the Rue de la Paix, the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, and the Boulevard.

into the spirit of the young painter than could the English sculptor, with his refined taste, his high ideal, his reverence for the antique.

Works undertaken by Jean-Dominique Ingres during the next few years, showed greater originality and a most promising vigour. They were painted, for the most part, in the convent in which he had taken refuge: they were conceived and executed in poverty, while the painter was deprived of the advantages to which he had proved himself entitled, but which he had never received. The state was too poor to send him to Rome: so, at least, it was averred. But from the Government he received a commission, as a sort of recompense. He was ordered to paint a portrait of the First Consul. Greuze, whose reputation had been long established, whose ability was then declining, was ordered to paint the First Consul at the same time.* But Bonaparte had no leisure for long sitting; a sight of him must suffice. It was agreed that on a certain day the two artists should be admitted to a corridor in the palace of Saint Cloud, through which the Consul would pass at a given moment. If he were in a particularly amiable mood he might even remain there a few minutes. The two artists were in their places, and Napoleon appeared at the required time. There was Ingres, carelessly dressed, and unstudied in his behaviour; resolved to make the best use of the short interview, and eagerly scanning the face of the ruler. There was Greuze, profusely powdered and elaborately "made-up," imitating the courtly manners of the period of Louis Quinze; determined, if possible, to make a favourable impression on his patron. Bonaparte entered; walked straight towards the artists; and said to one of the officers who stood around him, "What! are these the men who are to paint portraits of me?" "Yes, General." "Hum," muttered he, nodding towards Ingres, "that man looks to me very young. As to the other," and his eye fell upon the courtly Greuze, "as to the other man, he is too old." In a moment the First Consul had vanished, and the painters were left alone.†

IV.

In 1806 Ingres was enabled to go to Rome, to pursue his studies for five years, under the patronage of the Academy. In Rome his style gained strength and life. Face to face with the works of Rafael

* Greuze is known in England by his treatment of more generally attractive and popular subjects than the head of Napoleon. It is needless to describe the character of his works.

† During this brief interview the olive complexion of Bonaparte had struck Ingres more forcibly than any feature of the face. It is reproduced in the portrait with unflattering fidelity. This work is in the Museum at Liège. Greuze's picture represents the First Consul smiling graciously, and his complexion is of almost dazzling freshness. The old man was too courtly to paint what he really saw.

and Michael Angelo, he could not but add to his own efforts something of the grace and power of theirs. The best period of his life had not yet arrived. The mind of Ingres, slowly and surely ripening, was not yet in the fulness of its prime. But if we compare the best things done in Paris, from 1801 to 1806, with the best things done in Rome, from 1806 to 1820, the progress is easily seen. The first picture sent from the Latin capital to Paris, by the pensioner of the French Academy, was that of "Œdipus and the Sphinx." The critics of Ingres agree in praising this composition. An English writer says of it, "The subject is well rendered, and the simple earnestness of the expression and attitude of Œdipus, as, resting one foot upon a stone, he bends towards the monster, already shows an escape from the conventionalities of David's school." Nobler works than this did not, at the time of their execution, find so favourable a reception. In 1815 came the "*Virgile lisant l'Enéide*," of which a recent critic writes as a "*tableau sans erreurs*." M. Olivier Merson has said of it:

"Lorsque l'on étudie un maître, il y a des points qu'on ne doit jamais manquer d'aborder : et c'est surtout après avoir consciencieusement interrogé l'œuvre du *Virgile lisant l'Enéide* que nous pourrions dire ; M. Ingres est plus qu'un homme supérieur, c'est réellement un grand artiste, digne d'occuper le premier rang dans l'histoire du mouvement moderne en peinture, et c'est à lui principalement que la France doit la prépondérance qu'elle exerce encore aujourd'hui sur les arts en Europe."

But the picture thus praised to-day was coldly received at first. It was painted soon after Ingres had ceased to be a pensioner of the Academy, and at a time when poverty was pressing hard upon him. To the same difficult period belong his two *Odalisques*, one of which was sold, not many years ago, for sixty times the sum originally paid to him.* Other works, some of them small ones, executed during this long sojourn in Rome—amongst them, "*Raphaël et la Fornarina*" and "*Françoise de Rimini*"—were marked by that "local colour" of which painters of the romantic school rather too confidently assert that they possess the monopoly. But, with scarcely an exception, the paintings of Ingres, whether classic or "popular," were received with indifference and neglect. The world did not recognise that ever-growing genius. Years went on, and brought to the artist neither the reputation which he merited nor the money which he required. He was now a married man, a young French lady having joined him in Rome, ready to share his hardships with faithful love and unfaltering courage. Now, more than ever, he needed recognition. Most of the pictures which he had finished since he left the shelter of the Academy remained in his studio, unpurchased. He

* Ingres painted three *Odalisques* ; but one is lost. The repetition shows that when he had a good subject he was loth to have done with it. Musician-like, he played many variations upon a favourite air.

felt the neglect with all the keenness of a nature sensitive though strong. But he was too honest a man, and too true an artist, to change the method which he knew to be right, in order that popular prejudice might be conciliated and ignorance humoured. He may have brooded in bitterness of heart over the cold indifference to which he was a victim; but there was no change in his purpose, no pause in his work.

An Englishman visiting Rome at the period of his greatest difficulties—when Ingres lived chiefly by the sale of pencil drawings and little portraits rapidly done—remarked his ability, and made him what was meant for a considerate offer. For a specified sum the French painter was to place his services at the entire disposal of his English patron. He was to paint whatever the Englishman required during a couple of years. The offer was refused. Ingres himself was sorely tempted; but his wife, jealous of the artist's honour, persuaded him to be independent. It was better to trust to the small commissions, which did bring the daily bread—and little else—and to devote the many hours unoccupied by these to the planning and the execution of noble work, than to forfeit personal liberty and to be under the orders of a speculator. Better for Ingres to be poor and free, than well-paid and in chains. His life was hard and difficult, but he could yet be glad in the consciousness of his high aim and in the hope of its attainment. At least, no merchant trafficked in his heart.

The last picture undertaken by Ingres in Rome was one of Christ delivering to S. Peter the keys of Paradise. It was executed for a church in the city which the painter was about to leave, but in after years they brought it to Paris, and placed it in the Luxembourg. The influence of Rafael is plainly traceable throughout it. Like all the works of Ingres, it is masterly in design, perfect in form, excellent in expression. The religious sentiment that pervades it is pure and good; but religious sentiment was not generally the thing in which Ingres was most successful. Many a man would say he was inferior to his best and admirable pupil, Hippolyte Flandrin, in this respect. But in this picture of Christ and S. Peter the religious sentiment is good and pure; and in one other picture—the work of future days—the religious sentiment rose to strength and sublimity. But we are not yet to speak of that.

It was in the year 1820 that Jean-Dominique Ingres left Rome for Florence. In Florence, without the expenses of life in his own capital, he would have some of the society he valued. Besides there was much to study there; much that he had never studied before. His time in Florence was well spent. During the four years of his stay in that place, he began and finished several excellent works.

One of them was destined to attract attention, and to bring to him the reward which he had long deserved. The "Vow of Louis XIII." was for him the beginning of success. The kneeling figure of the king, draped in a dark embroidered mantle, occupies the lower part of the canvas, and he offers his crown and sceptre to a vision of the Virgin and Child, surrounded by a company of angels. Ingres had worked at it during three years; but with little hope that the public or the critics would care for it. His friend Delécluze, who was also a painter, but whose name is better known as that of a writer on art-subjects in a leading journal of the time, persuaded him to take it to Paris and send it for exhibition in the Salon. The artist consented, after some hesitation. He had no thought of staying long in France, and he only took a portmanteau for the journey. Madame Ingres was left at Florence; and the studio there was to preserve its old aspect during the absence of the master. Books and sketches and studies were to be untouched. He would come back to them soon.

The "Vow of Louis XIII." found a place in the Salon of 1824. The critics were loud in its praise. All Paris pressed round it, and saw that the self-exiled painter had known how to turn to advantage the years of poverty and wandering. It was said that some reward must be given, some favour accorded. Ingres was decorated with the Legion of Honour before the closing of the Exhibition. He then decided to send for his wife; and she arrived, bringing with her all the contents of the dearly-loved studio. She had encouraged her husband to persevere through years of obscure labour; and now, amidst social successes and the applause of the journals, she felt that she had been right.

In 1825 the long-closed doors of the Institute were opened to the painter of "Le Vœu de Louis Treize."

v.

The next great picture was the "Apothéose d'Homère," painted in 1827 for the decoration of the Louvre. After it, in 1834, came "Le Martyre de Saint Symphorien." These may be considered the greatest works of Ingres; and they are essentially and wonderfully different. In the first the painter revived the very spirit of the Past. It is not a copy of the antique: it is a reproduction. In undertaking it, Ingres—as has been well remarked—did for painting what André Chénier had tried to do for poetry. Classic thought, classic feeling, and classic life are mirrored upon the "Apotheosis of Homer." Pure Christian thought, Christian feeling, and the Christian life that is "faithful unto death," shine out of the canvas of "Le Martyre de Saint Symphorien." Both pictures are of the highest order. The

noblest Pagan thought and the noblest Christian—justice is done to both.

The favourable reception given to the "Apotheosis of Homer," by all who knew how to paint or how to criticize, caused several of the most promising young men of the day to seek the teaching of Ingres. He established a school in Paris, and it was soon famous for the work, and regularity, and perseverance of the pupils, as well as for the solidity of the instruction. Among those who belonged to it were the brothers Flandrin and Edouard Odier. These pupils took notes of the remarks made to them by the master during the day's work, and from the memoranda of Auguste Flandrin and Odier I will make one or two extracts. It was thus that the master spoke:—

"Have faith in your art. Never think you will produce anything good without aspiration in your souls. . . . To form what is beautiful you must see what is sublime. Look neither to the right hand nor to the left: still less, look on the ground. Love all that is true; for all that is true is also beautiful, if you only know how to feel it and how to see it. . . . If you wish to think that this leg is ugly, I know quite well that you can do so. Use my eyes, and you will find it beautiful.

"In studying nature, look, first of all, at all together. Question nature, and nature only. Details are small affairs, to be considered in due time. Form is at the bottom of all. Even the smoke has a form.

"'To draw' does not merely mean to reproduce an outline. The expression, the inner form, the plan, the model—all must be felt, if you would 'draw.' . . . If I wanted to put a sign over my door, I would write there, *School of Drawing*; and I am sure I should make painters, too."

Some other counsel given by Ingres shows clearly enough how unjustly he was accused of slavish deference to the conventions of antiquity. He would profit by the master-pieces of art, but he would not imitate them in the accident of the form they had assumed.

"Do you think I send you to find in the Louvre some other ideal than the highest nature? To do so would be to do the thing which has brought about the decadence of art. I send you to the antique because the antique will show you nature. Why, the antique *is* nature. . . . It is just the same with the pictures of the great centuries. Do you think that, in telling you to copy them, I want to make you only imitators? No; I wish you to draw from the plant its sap. Address yourselves, my pupils, to the great masters. Speak to them; they will answer you; for they are living still. They will teach you: I can only tell you what are their lessons."

There is another thought well worth recording:—

"If I could make you all musicians, you would gain thereby, as painters. In Nature all is harmony. A little more or a little less, and you get a false note. Sing with the pencil as you sing with the voice. There is proportion in form as there is in sound."

During the seven years that Ingres was chief of a school at Paris his influence increased, and wherever it was felt it was known to be good. There was unanimity in the studio, but discord in the world

outside. He was wearied and worried by the continual discussions which his work produced. Ignorant praise was met by ignorant abuse, and both were alike displeasing to the painter upon whom they were showered.

Ingres became ill, and the illness prevented the completion of "*Le Martyre de Saint Symphorien*" so soon as the artist had desired. The painter's friends had been eagerly expecting it. Hippolyte Flandrin looked forward to its exhibition as "the last blow: the blow to decide the victory."

The picture was in the Salon of 1834. Scarcely, however, had it been seen, when Jean-Dominique Ingres accepted the offer which had been made him to go to Rome to take the place of Horace Vernet, as Director of the French Academy. It was thought by some to be an ill-advised step; and, in truth, it was probably a hasty one. But in the quiet of the Villa Mediceis—far removed from the thunder of abuse, and the stirring of "a little dust of praise"—Ingres would be able to pursue his art to higher purpose than amidst the noise of Paris. In Rome there were the works of the great Italians to be seen once more; and there was Hippolyte Flandrin, with his jealous care for the master's honour, and his tender friendship, as deep and reverent as ever.

VI.

The reception given to "*Le Martyre de Saint Symphorien*" had disappointed Ingres. He considered it one of his finest, perhaps his very finest, work. The French public did not agree with him then; and he could not forgive what he believed to be ingratitude. But he had no thought of giving up the struggle; he would only change his ground. His friend, M. Gatteaux, wrote to him that the step he had taken would tend to diminish his influence. More than once M. Gatteaux begged him to return. It was thus that Ingres answered the appeal:—

"You speak to me of my example, and of what I ought to do—take once more in Paris the place that belongs to me. Have I, then, lost that place? The works, which are the man, are not lost; and the position that I have suffices for me. I wish for nothing more: I ask for nothing more. The day that I left Paris I broke for ever with all that gave the public any right to reproach me, or to meddle with me. I am a painter for myself alone. I belong to myself, and to myself only I will belong."

Ingres fulfilled his duties as Director of the Academy with conscientious care. He gained the respect of all the pupils, and by many of them he was beloved. Those who had wit enough to

discover, under the rough exterior, the fervent heart of the great artist, looked upon him with a stronger feeling than that of cold regard.

He painted little during the seven years of his second sojourn in Rome. Yet he found time to begin the admirable portrait of Cherubini which the gallery of the Luxembourg afterwards possessed: one among many portraits conspicuous for life and power. He found time, also, to begin and finish a still more famous work—"Stratonice:" a picture now in the possession of the Orleans family. It is not only all that is good in design and in expression; but the management of colours shows a most subtle knowledge and faultless taste.

In 1841, M. Ingres returned to Paris. The "Stratonice" had been received with enthusiasm by those who had examined it; and the painter, who was now getting an old man, not unnaturally desired to pass his last years in the enjoyment of congenial society. When he arrived in Paris a banquet was given in his honour. His entry was not like the arrival of a private citizen: it was the triumph of a conqueror. Painters, sculptors, and musicians united to welcome him; and he was bidden to be the guest of the sovereign. Appreciation from the general public had not come yet: it has not come even now. But warm admiration from all men of learning, taste, and talent—this was now his portion. He had painted what the few *must* like, instead of what the many *may* like; and if other men's praise is an adequate reward, he had got that reward at last.

VII.

From 1841 the pencil of Ingres, though never idle, was not so fully occupied as in the earlier years. The number of pictures produced during the last part of his life is not very great. But in all art, we must *weigh* a man's works, and not *count* them. And one work, at least, of those produced since 1841 is worthy to be ranked among his master-pieces. It is to "La Source"—a figure of almost ideal loveliness—that reference is made. This perfect study of the nude—modest and beautiful in thought; refined and delicate in execution—has been, in the strict sense of the word, the most "popular" of the pictures of Ingres.*

In 1851 the great painter founded at Montauban a museum which bears his name. He enriched it with one or two of his more important works, and with many sketches and studies, which are of interest to simple visitors and of almost incalculable value to the student.

* "La Source" was finished so lately as 1859. It will be remembered, by many readers, as one of the most attractive pictures in the International Exhibition held in London in 1862.

Writing to the mayor of his native town, on the establishment of the museum, Ingres said :—

“This is only the first part of the offering which I make to the place of my birth—the place to which I mean to leave my whole collection of art-treasures. It is pleasant to me to think that I shall have there a last rest-house, as it were, in my beautiful country : as if I could one day come back in spirit, and be in the middle of these dear art-treasures, all ranged there, as if they were in my own home, and always waiting for me. I am happy, indeed, to know that in this way I shall be ever at Montauban ; and that there, where circumstances have not suffered me to dwell, I shall live long in the generous and touching recollection of my fellow-countrymen.”

At the Paris Exhibition of 1855 a room was assigned to the display of the works of Ingres ; and so universal was the feeling of their surpassing merit, when seen together in all their variety and yet in admirable unity, that it was thought proper to bestow another decoration upon the illustrious painter, and he was named a grand officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1862 he was made a senator of France.

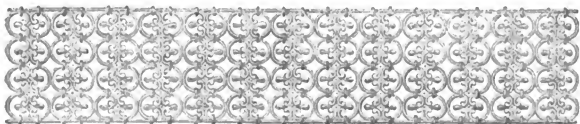
The declining years of Ingres—if indeed he can be said to have had any declining years ; for his mental and physical strength was preserved to the last few days of his life—were cheered by the presence of a second wife, who watched over him in his prosperity with that tender and anxious care which the first Madame Ingres had shown him during the time of his active struggles. He preserved to the end that passionate love of music which had marked him when a boy ; and he listened, only a fortnight before his death, to Gluck's *Alceste*, at the Opera-house in Paris, with scarcely less enthusiasm than he had shown seventy years before in the humble orchestra at Montauban. Like the true genius that he was, his spirit was ever young.

He was fond of touching and retouching his pictures ; and he had employed himself on the New Year's day of 1867 in finishing a portrait for his god-daughter, Cecile Flandrin. A day or two afterwards he gave a musical party, and listened with delight to some quartetts of Beethoven's and Mozart's. He took cold afterwards. The cold became a cough. The cough prostrated him ; and on the 14th of January he was gone.

Heinrich Heine, looking forward to the day when he should die, begged that they would place a sword upon his coffin, and not a laurel-wreath ; for he had been, he said, a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity. But posterity, not fully convinced that the objects for which he fought were good—not certain that it was really the “liberation” of humanity, for which he struggled—will give him the wreath of the poet and not the sword of the conqueror.

Laurel-wreath and victor's sword ; we may lay them both upon the coffin of Ingres.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.



GERMAN HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS.

WHEN we take into consideration the influence which is said to have been exercised by foreign Reformers at the time of the revision of the Prayer-Book, particularly the second book of Edward VI., it seems singular that, in the matter of hymns, the example of the Germans can scarcely be said to have been followed at all. Luther set himself to translate several of the Breviary hymns, besides composing others; and those who succeeded him continued the work with great zeal, Germany being the most prolific source of hymns in the world. Count Zinzendorf is said to have composed upwards of two thousand for his own share; Schmolke wrote eleven hundred and eighty-eight; Heerman, four hundred; Bogatzky, more than four hundred; Garve, the chief Moravian writer, three hundred and sixty-eight; Solomon Frank, upwards of three hundred; Spitta and others, more than one hundred each, besides many whose compositions were not so abounding. Knapp's "*Liederschatz*" contained three thousand and sixty-seven hymns, of old and modern dates;* so that it seems more to be wondered at that German hymns should even now be so little used among us, than that, together with the increase of Dissent, they should have exercised some influence over English sacred poetry. It is observable and instructive to note that in proportion as the foreign Protestant bodies departed more and more widely from the Catholic

* The first edition, in 1837, contained three thousand five hundred and ninety.

Church, the more numerous do their hymns become, and the less fixed, and less nearly conformed to ancient models, are their formularies of public worship. Luther could never wholly forget his reverence for the Latin Missal and Breviary. The free rendering of the "Gloria in excelsis" by Decius, a contemporary of Luther, and, like him, originally a monk,—

"Allein Gott in der Hoh' sei Ehr,"

"All glory be to God on high,"

and that of the "Agnus Dei,"—

"O Lamm Gottes unschuldig,"

"O Lamb of God, most stainless,"

both of which are still very generally used in the German Protestant Communion Service, were probably introduced by Luther. He translated and amplified the antiphon—

"Veni Sancte Spiritus

Reple tuorum corda fidelium,"

of which it is related that at the battle of Frankenhausen, in 1526, it was sung by the fanatical peasants, who remained unmoved, neither retreating nor defending themselves, but waiting for the miraculous help of God—which their leader, Thomas Münzer, had predicted—till fifty thousand of them were slain and the rest dispersed.* Luther also translated St. Ambrose's "Veni Redemptor gentium," Nocker's "Mediâ vitâ in morte sumus," besides several of the Psalms, the "Te Deum," Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, "Nunc Dimittis," "Da nobis pacem," &c., together with upwards of thirty hymns, all of which bear the stamp of his manly, forcible character. The same healthy spirit breathes in most of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt and John Frank; but when, passing onwards, we arrive at the school of Angelus and Tersteegen, we enter a different atmosphere. Mysticism, pronouncing the inner life to be the only important thing; opposition to all outward Church forms; enthusiastic contemplations of the love of God, and a certain softness of feeling, verging on sentimentality, pervade the writings of this school. From thence we come to the "Pietists" of Halle, the school of Spener, to Zinzendorf and the Moravians, to the Didactic and Pathetic schools of Gellert and Klopstock, and the Romantic school of Novalis and De la Motte Fouque, which brings us down to present times.

The old Bohemian Brethren's† Easter song, "Christus ist erstan-

* "Historical Notes to the 'Lyra Germanica,'" by Kübler, p. 102, a highly interesting book, from which much of the information here given about German hymns and their writers is derived.

† An interesting sketch of the history of this ancient community, descended from the Church founded in Bohemia by two Greek monks in the eighth century, is given in the preface to the second series of "Lyra Germanica."

den," itself dating from the twelfth century, of which there is an old translation in the Moravian book—

"Christ, and 'tis no wonder,
Broke death's bonds asunder,"

and another, in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern,"

"Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain,"

is amplified by Luther in another Easter hymn, which is a good specimen of his style:—

"In the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain,
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud, with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!

• • • • •
"Twas a wondrous war, I trow,
When Life and Death together fought; *
Life hath triumph'd o'er his foe,
Death is mock'd and set at nought;
Yes, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquer'd Death.
Hallelujah!

"Now our Paschal Lamb is He,
And by Him alone we live,
Who to death upon the tree
For our sakes Himself did give.
Faith His blood strikes on our door,
Death dares never harm us more.
Hallelujah!"†

• • • • •
John Frank was one of the first in whose hymns the mystical tendency appears; the longing of the soul for the inward union with the Redeemer. He is the author of a fine version of St. Ambrose's "Veni Redemptor gentium:"—

"Redeemer of the nations, come!
Ransom of earth, here make Thy home!
Bright Sun, O dart Thy flame to earth,
For so shall God in Christ have birth!" &c.

The elder school of German sacred poetry culminated in Paul Gerhardt, whom Kübler considers as "next to Luther the greatest and most popular hymn writer, and emphatically the people's poet."

* Evidently a reference to the Easter Sequence (Sarum Missal):—

"Mors et vita duello confixere mirando,
Dux vite mortuus regnat vivus."

† "Lyra Germanica," p. 87. Also in Mercer's "Church Psalter," No. 104 (in Mr. Massie's rendering); a book more rich in German hymns than any I have seen.

He was born in 1606, but it was not till 1651 that he obtained a pastoral charge at Mittenwalde; in 1657 he removed to Berlin to St. Nicholas' Church. In 1666 his first collection of hymns was published; and at that time, belonging as he did to the strictly Lutheran school, and opposed to the Reform party, he incurred the displeasure of the Prince Elector of Brandenburg, and submitted to be deprived, rather than sign a declaration that he would abstain from opposition to the reformed doctrines. He afterwards became Archdeacon of Lübben, in Saxony, where he died in 1676. His portrait in the church at Lubben bears the inscription "Theologus in cribro Satanæ vexatus." He wrote one hundred and twenty-three hymns, four of which were translated by John Wesley:—"Extended on a cursed tree" (Mercer, 402); "Jesus, Thy boundless love to me," a highly impassioned address, which I am glad to find only in the Methodist book; "Commit thou all thy griefs," which is as calm and pleasing as the others are rhapsodical, and is found in "A Book of Church Hymns;" and its second part, "Give to the winds thy fears."

Gerhardt translated, or rather paraphrased, St. Bernard's beautiful hymn addressed to "the Breast," "the Side," "the Heart," and "the Hands" of Jesus, some of which are re-translated into English in the Moravian hymn-book; and versions of the last stanzas, from "Grates ago, Jesu care," to "In cruce saluterâ," form the close of their "Church Litany."* His hymns are nearly all of great length, and it is impossible, therefore, to give one *in extenso*.

Angelus, or John Scheffler, as his real name was, adopted that name from John de Angelus, a Spanish Mystic of the sixteenth century. He was first a follower of Jacob Boehme, but being disgusted with the contentious spirit of Lutheran orthodoxy, he ultimately entered the Roman Church. His hymns, first published in Breslau in A.D. 1657, were entitled "Holy Delight of the Soul, or Spiritual Hymns of a Soul enraptured by Love to Jesus." John Wesley has translated two. The first verse of one of them is a fair specimen of his style:—

"Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire," &c.

The greatest of the Mystics, however, was Gerard Tersteegen. In earlier ages he would have been a hermit and a saint, and in his own he lived a life of simplicity, charity, suffering, and self-denial, which won for him a saintly reputation. We are indebted to Wesley for a translation of one of his most beautiful hymns, which I wonder not

* Luther called St. Bernard "the best monk that ever lived." His hymns are very popular in Germany.

to find in most of our hymnals, as it is free from the glaring faults of his school, and has a majestic gravity which may be felt better than described. I class it among the noblest hymns of any age or language :—

- “Lo! God is here! let us adore!
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face!
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- “Lo! God is here! Him day and night
 Th’ united quires of angels sing:
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven’s hosts their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue!
 * * * *
- “Being of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will!
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!
- “In Thee we move; all things of Thee
 Are full, Thou source and life of all!
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea!
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
 Ye sons of men! for God is man!
 All may we lose, so Thee we gain!
- “As flowers their opening leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch Thy every ray,
 So may Thy influence us inspire;
 Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
 Thou purging fire! Thou quickening flame!”

The same reverent spirit pervades another hymn of Tersteegen’s :—

- “Lord our God, in reverence lowly,
 The hosts of heaven call Thee ‘Holy.’
 From cherubim and seraphim,
 From angel phalanx far extending,
 In fuller tones is still ascending,
 The ‘Holy, Holy,’ of their hymn.
 The fount of joy Thou art,
 Ever filling every heart,
 Ever, ever!
 We too are Thine, and with them sing,
 Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King,” &c.*

John Wesley has translated a joint hymn of Tersteegen and Gerhardt’s,

- “Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom’d, no man knows,” &c.,

* Methodist Hymn-Book, p. 4 (1864).

marked by the peculiar mysticism of their school, which unfits it for public use, though it is to be found in Mr. Kemble's book. Nevertheless I do not see why it should be excluded, if such a hymn as

"O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?" &c.*

is to be admitted; or another of the same class by J. Angelus:—

"O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here," &c.†

The head of the school of "Pietists" was Spener, a Lutheran pastor at Frankfort-on-Maine in 1666, and subsequently at Dresden and Berlin. Though himself a member of the Established Church, his Bible-meetings and awakening expositions resulted in the desertion of many of his hearers, who went beyond him, and looked upon the Church as Babel. He only wrote nine hymns himself, of which one is translated, "Then now at last the hour is come;"‡ but he was one of the chief examples of men who worshipped largely by hymns; he died whilst that called "a common confession of sin," "Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone," was being read to him; the humble, penitential tone of which is a remarkable contrast with the assurance and ardent confidence expressed by his own "Christian soldier rejoicing that he has overcome," showing how the near approach of the realities of another world exercises a sobering and humbling influence on the mind of a devout enthusiast.

Another of the "Pietists" is Freylinghausen, who compiled a large collection of hymns in 1714, for the use of orphan-houses in Halle, of which, after Franke's death, he was the director. His sermons and addresses were so much valued that the people used to say, when he entered the pulpit, it was as if an angel of God appeared. His hymns, of which he wrote forty-four, are full of true ardent piety. J. Wesley translated one:—

"O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear."

• • • • •

* "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," p. 199. It is Charles Wesley's.

† Ibid., p. 171. This, together with about one hundred other German hymns, was translated into Tamil by Schulze, one of the first Lutheran missionaries in Madras, in 1723, and the Indian converts sing them with great pleasure. The last verse of the translation of St. Bernard's "Salve caput cruentatum" was sung in Tamil by the native Christians at the death-bed of the venerable Swartz, he himself joining in it. So also the Tamil version of the Electress of Brandenburg's Easter Hymn, "Jesus meine Zuversicht," was sung at the death-bed of Ziegenbalg.

‡ "Lyra Germanica," ii. 218.

The last two verses well express the peculiar views and cast of mind of the Pietists—

“Renew Thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear;
No anger may'st 'Thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there!

“A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!”*

Count Zinzendorf, who may be regarded as the representative of the Moravians, a man of high rank and large possessions, was born at Dresden, in 1700, where his father had been Premier-minister. He was first educated at Halle, under Augustus Hermann Franke; but his guardian being no friend to the Pietists, sent him to Wittenberg, after which he travelled; and on his return to Dresden, finding his wish to become a minister opposed, as unusual for a man of his rank, he accepted the appointment of Judicial Councillor. This, however, did not prevent his conducting religious meetings, and acting as a preacher in private. When he was about twenty-three years of age he met with some followers of the old Bohemian Brethren mentioned above, who were driven by persecution from Moravia, and were seeking a home elsewhere. To them Count Zinzendorf offered protection on an estate he had just bought in Upper Lusatia, and there, in 1724, the Moravian settlement was founded, called Herrnhut; the Count resigning his office at Dresden, and removing thither to devote himself to the care of the colony. He ultimately took orders, and became a Bishop of the Moravian Church, in 1737. This office he also resigned three years afterwards, and went to the West Indies and to America, to aid the missions set up there. He resided also some years in England, where the Moravians obtained a footing in 1749, and retired to Herrnhut, where he died in 1760. His hymns, which are very numerous, are tinged with an enthusiasm which occasionally amounted to fanaticism, and some of his expressions are painfully offensive to taste and reverence, employed as they chiefly are in the minute description of the physical sufferings of our blessed Lord. J. Wesley translated three: “Eternal depth of Love Divine;” “I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God;” “Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness:” the latter is in Kemble's collection. I cannot admire the specimen given in the “Book of Praise:”—

* *Methodist Hymn-Book*, 736.

"Jesu! guide our way
To eternal day!"

And, on the whole, the least objectionable appears to be the short hymn on "Christian Unity:"—

"O Thou who didst on that last night,
Ere death had paled Thy brow,
Speak sweetly of love's power and might,
As none could speak but Thou!
"Remind Thy little flock, alas!
So prone to disagree,
That Thy desire and last prayer was
For Christian unity."

(Translated by R. MASSIE, Esq.)

About A.D. 1750 arose the Didactic school, which may be regarded as a reaction from the mystical and sentimental writers mentioned above. Their hymns were a species of sermons in verse, inculcating Christian doctrine and duty. Of these, Gellert may be called the head. I am enabled, by the kindness of Mr. Massie, to give as a specimen of what Gellert called his "Lehroden" a few stanzas of one entitled "Watchfulness"—

"Not that I have attained the goal,
The highest virtue still is weak,
But that I may preserve my soul,
The jewel earnestly I seek;
For virtue soon would fail, unless
Accompanied by watchfulness.
"While in the body's earthly bonds,
Children that stumble are we all;
Let him take heed who thinks he stands
When he beholds his neighbour fall.
E'en lusts o'ercome, although suppress'd,
Die never wholly in our breast."

(I regret to leave out seven stanzas.)

"We're just—'tis well; but are we chaste?
Patient, as well as temperate?
We love to succour the distressed,
But can we love return for hate?
'Tis not enough to flee all vice;
We must all virtue exercise.
"Watch, then, and strive; beware of pride;
Think not thy work already done;
No heart but has its own weak side
Which to the enemy is known.
Watch, then, and strive; be much in prayer;
Watch at all times; watch everywhere."

Gellert is the author also of a hymn, which is to be found in many collections, "Jesus lives, no longer now."*

* The version, however, in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," which seems to be usually followed, takes great liberties both with the German and the translation by Miss Cox, on which it is formed. There are properly six lines in each stanza, and no "Alleluia," the refrain being, "This shall be my confidence," "*Dies ist meine Zuversicht.*"

Shortly afterwards Klopstock re-introduced the sensational element, and so became the founder of the Pathetic school, which aimed at the highest excitement of solemn religious feeling.

He was followed by Lavater, one of whose hymns (translated by Miss Cox), "O Holy Ghost! Thy heavenly dew," reminds us of ancient models; and by Bürde, author of a very sweet and touching hymn:—

"When the Lord recalls the banish'd,
Frees the captives all at last,
Every sorrow will have vanish'd
Like a dream when night is past," &c.*

To these succeeded what Kübler calls the "Romantic" school, the head of which was F. von Hardenburg, or Novalis, from the name of his estate in Saxony. His parents were Moravians. His life and his poetry took their colour from a romantic attachment, the object of which died in early youth, and his hymns were formed upon the teaching of Jacob Boehme, Zinzendorf, and Lavater. I subjoin a stanza or two from "What had I been if Thou wert not?"†

"Longing for love through lonely years,
The gloom of night came o'er my day;
I followed, yet with secret tears,
The world's wild joys, and own'd her sway;
Till restless from her turmoil driven,
I turn'd within,—and grief was there!
Ah! had we not a Friend in heaven,
Who, who his lot on earth could bear?

"Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis Thou the living spark dost fan
That sets my heart on fire within.
Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, Thy kingdom, Lord;
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God."

To this school is referred also Arndt, who was a writer of patriotic songs, by which, after Napoleon's retreat from Russia, he so stirred up the people that it was said they did more good than a victorious battle. Two of them—"What is the German fatherland?" and "The God who made the iron grow does not want slavish servants"—are still sung with delight in Germany.‡ He wrote thirty-three hymns; amongst them one, as many Germans were wont to do, which was sung at his own funeral. Germany is specially rich in funeral dirges:—

* "Lyra Germanica," second series, p. 227.

† "Lyra Germanica," p. 96.

‡ The author of patriotic and warlike songs is evident in the following:—

"What is the Christian's power and might,
What is his boast and strength in fight,
His shield and buckler, ward and weapon,

Whatever ills or dangers happen,
His help in trouble? 'Tis the word,
The sure, the strong, the mighty word."

(Translated by R. MASSE, Esq.)

"Go and dig 'my grave to-day,'
 Weary of my wandering, all,
 Now from earth I pass away,
 For the heavenly peace doth call :
 Angel voices from above
 Call me to their rest and love," &c. (nine stanzas).

The writings of Spitta have been made known by the elegant and faithful translations of Mr. Massie in his "*Lyra Domestica*," the title of which book sufficiently indicates its fitness for private rather than public use. The hymns are more than one hundred in number, and are full of tender and suggestive thoughts, though not marked by genius or great poetic power. That on "Self-Examination" is one of the best, of which I can only give two out of seven stanzas:—

"Searcher of the human heart,
 Probing deep its inmost part!
 Vain were all attempts at screening
 From Thy sight its hidden meaning;
 Thine all-seeing eye doth scan
 Every thought of sinful man.

"Fountain of eternal light!
 Nought is hidden from Thy sight;
 Ere the tongue can make confession,
 Known to Thee is my transgression:
 Better far Thou know'st than I,
 All my heart's iniquity," &c.*

Spitta was a Lutheran pastor, and died in 1859.

The most fertile and talented sacred German poet in recent times was Albert Knapp, to whose large collection reference has already been made. He, too, was a minister, at Stuttgart, where he died so lately as 1864. He is said to have translated into German several English hymns; amongst others, Newton's "I asked the Lord that I might grow," which I should not consider any great acquisition to German hymnology.

One of Knapp's hymns, "O Father Heart,† who hast created all," is in "*Hymns, Ancient and Modern*." The following, which has the rare merit of shortness, in addition to its calm, pious breathings, is worth transcribing:—

"Lord of glory, God's dear Son,
 Let this thing for me be done,
 Which of all things I need most;
 Let sweet peace and gentle rest
 Spring up in my troubled breast,
 Oft by anxious fears oppress'd,
 Sorrowful and tempest-toss'd.

"Thou wouldst me in every place
 With the precious words of grace
 Inexpressibly rejoice;

* "*Lyra Domestica*," second series, p. 31.

† Altered to "O Father, Thou," &c.

But the world's distracting din,
And the deadening power of sin,
Will not let the sweet sound in
Of the Saviour's still small voice.

"Fain, like Mary, would I sit,
Heavenly Master, at Thy feet,
Drinking in Thy words of love;
Vanity and proud self-will,
Soul and body—hush, be still!
Come, best Friend, my whole heart fill
With this wisdom from above." •

The total number of hymns translated by John Wesley from the German is thirty-two, seven of which were published previous to the Moravian hymn-book of 1754; in the preface to which "the foregoing labours of the Rev. Mr. Wesley, in the translation of German hymns of the sixteenth and seventeenth century," are acknowledged. They are all by John Wesley: there is no evidence that Charles Wesley had any knowledge of German.

I think, then, it will be evident, even from the slight sketch which has been given, that the Wesleys and their followers formed their hymns very largely on German models. There is the same experimental tone, the same exaggerated feeling, the same alternation of the highest self-assurance with the deepest depression, of transcendental outpourings of love, trust, confidence, with lamentations over loss of hope and desponding doubt; the same arbitrary classification of saints and sinners; the same summing up of all religion in self-consciousness, and personal convictions and aspirations. We cannot peruse such hymns without admiring their warmth of piety, their unction of language; but there is nothing tangible in the system they embody—nothing clear, distinct, and dogmatic in their tone. They may be edifying in private devotion, as "the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," but surely are out of keeping with the public services of the Church. They concern the individual person, but have no positive reference to an Object of devout adoration, whose praises are celebrated, whose greatness is extolled, and whose glory is earnestly desired.

"Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent." Is not this, to a certain extent, true of that class of hymns now under review? Are they not often the expression of the morbid states of feeling generated in an atmosphere of religious excitement, nourished and fanned into a factitious vehemence by exclusive contemplation of one aspect of religious truth? the result of living in intercourse with, and receiving the teaching of, persons who have adopted a peculiar phraseology, and who use it, and lead their disciples to use it, so

• "Lyra Domestica," second series, p. 124.

habitually, that they almost give it involuntary utterance, and are not conscious themselves of the real meaning of their words? Contrast, for instance, with the superficial, though pious and pleasing, funeral hymns of the modern school, the grand, deep-toned march of the "*Dies Iræ*," to which no translation can do justice. In the one we have the holy awe of a soul hovering upon the brink of an unseen world, in the other common-place references to friends around, the vanity of the world, and sorrows and wrestlings with evil, and hortatory passages about the nearness of death, and the folly of not preparing for it. There is a feebleness and want of grave realization of the deeper mysteries of our being in modern hymns, which is hardly countervailed by their sweet, contemplative, dreamy sentiment.

Looking forward to the future of the Church of England, one question for consideration is, Hymns ancient *or* modern? We find the latter brought more and more prominently into our public services. "Blessed Jesus, here we stand," by Schmolke, was sung at the baptism of the daughter of Prince Louis of Hesse at Windsor Castle.

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad," &c.,

is sung at royal confirmations; and "Great God, what do I see and hear!"* was sung at St. George's, Windsor, at the funerals of the Duchess of Kent and the Prince Consort.† Such introduction of hymns is of course a conspicuous precedent which others will not be slow to follow, and opens a door for the utmost license in the matter, there being no recognised place for hymns in any of those offices in the Book of Common Prayer.

On the other hand, a strong disposition is shown to introduce not only translations of the beautiful and wholly unobjectionable hymns of the ancient Church, but also of many others which it is impossible so to characterize. It is to be regretted that sentimental addresses and allusions to the Blessed Virgin and the saints should be allowed to creep in; as, for example, in the "Appendix to the Hymnal Noted," we find a hymn for the Assumption beginning—

* This has been ascribed, together with the tune usually sung with it, to Luther; but the words were written by Ringwaldt, a Lutheran pastor at Langfeld, in Prussia, in the sixteenth century, in imitation of "*Dies Iræ*," and were first published in 1585. The translation, which is rather free, is said to be by Collyer. The original had six verses. It is doubtful whether even the music was Luther's.—"Historic Notes to *Lyra Germanica*," p. 323.

† Two verses of a hymn for the dying, by N. Hermann, "*Wenn mein Ständlein vorhanden ist*," which is said to have been a special favourite of the Prince's, were also sung at his funeral.

"Sing, sing, ye angel bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still and higher,
Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night ; "

and so on through nine verses, ending with—

"See, see! the Eternal's hands
Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet majesty
Of Mercy sitteth down,
For ever and for ever,
On her predestined throne!"

Whatever may be said of the innocence of such speculations respecting the Blessed Virgin, it is a type of hymn most unfit for use in the Church of England.

But we are not compelled to choose between distinctly Roman hymns and those of the Nonconformists, whom Sir R. Palmer is pleased to call "the founders of English hymnody," the best of whose hymns, as we have seen, are based upon the German Reformational school, and often do not by any means come up to their models.

The hymns in Hickey's "Devotions," derived chiefly from Austin, and commended by the author to "devout persons of all tempers," as calculated to preserve them "from running into the reveries and rapturous excesses of the mystical devotion," seem to me worthy of more attention than they have received. That for Sunday morning is in the "Salisbury Hymn-Book :"—

"Behold we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne;
We come to pay, tongue, heart, and knee,
Our vows to Thee alone," &c.

How far superior to the old "Sabbath" hymns!

That on "The Love of Jesus" also contrasts favourably, in its chastened devotion, with both the Wesleyan and Oratorian hymns on that subject :—

"Jesu, whose grace inspires Thy priests
To keep alive, by solemn feasts,
The memory of Thy love;
O may we here so pass our days,
That they at last our souls may raise
To feast with Thee above," &c.

The hymns of Bishop Mant are also not so much known as they deserve to be. "For all thy saints, O Lord," is indeed common enough; but there is another, far superior to it, which I only find in a few hymnals. It is not in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," Mercer, or Kemble.

"Round the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Filled His temple, and repeated
 Each to each th' alternate hymn :
 ' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored,
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'
 "Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 ' Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
 ' Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High ;'
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :
 " Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thy angels' cry,
 ' Holy, holy, holy,' blessing
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts Most High !"

I consider this equal, if not superior, to Bishop Heber's well-known
 " Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !"

Another of Bishop Mant's, " Holy Jesus, Saviour blest," given in the " Salisbury Hymn-Book," is not to be found in any other book much in use. " See the destined day arise," " Son of Man, to Thee we cry," " Holy Jesus, in whose Name," and some translations from the Latin, are also very seldom to be met with, and all belong to the class of hymn to which I would gladly see preference given.

Dean Alford has also supplied many very valuable hymns of this kind, grave, thoughtful, and reverent, to which all those interested in the subject will rejoice to hear that a large addition will be given to the world in the Dean's forthcoming " Year of Praise," for use in Canterbury Cathedral and in parish churches.

Such is Dr. Neale's—

" O very God of very God,
 And very Light of Light,
 Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
 That so it might be bright," &c.

Such Whytehead's for Easter Eve—" Resting from His work to-day," and Moultrie's on the same subject—" All is o'er ; the pain, the sorrow," of which the last verse is especially good :—

" All night long, with plaintive voicing,
 Chant His requiem soft and low,
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow ;

Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

Such, too, are many of Mr. Lyte's psalms and hymns, though there is in them a dash of the softer spirit of a poetic temperament—"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," already as widely known and as popular as any hymn in the language. But as a specimen of his more vigorous style I select this version of Psalm cl. :—

"Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

"Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son ;
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore ! Amen."

For these, and such as these, I should be disposed to claim the distinctive name of Hymns of the Anglican Church. They have a character peculiar to themselves, as marked and as easily to be recognised as the churches in which they are sung, and the tunes to which they are set, and the time in which they are chanted, and the number of verses they contain. I deprecate the introduction of a style in all these particulars foreign to our use, and imported partly from Dissent, partly from the Oratorians. A century ago Dr. Watts found it necessary to say, "It were to be wished that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent with a constant uniformity of time, which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas ; whereas, if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm with less expense of time and breath ;"—we are now in danger of being "out of breath" by the astonishing pace at which we both chant and sing, and the quantity of verses besides. The old four verses, with a doxology, have quite disappeared, and the old tunes are following ; and we are adopting hymns of a dozen stanzas, sung to a species of jig which would have dismayed our ancestors ; even our old favourite, the 100th Psalm, is made to skip over the ground with ungainly levity ; and the acceleration of many other stately old tunes entirely destroys their cha-

racter. "The Pilgrims of the Night," a hymn of Oratorian parentage, is becoming very popular, wedded to a tune worthy of any meeting-house in the kingdom. The words are pretty enough, and the tune may befit a Christmas carol; but the whole belongs to a new type of hymns, neither ancient nor modern, but which I am disposed to call *sensational*. In Oratorian places of worship people sit and sing them one after another after a sermon, and close the service with Benediction. It is simply an adaptation of Moravian and Lutheran customs.

Another of Faber's hymns is also now frequently used—"O come and mourn with me awhile," though with considerable curtailment and alteration. In the original the last line of every verse is "Jesus, our Love, is crucified," which in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" is changed to "Jesus, our Lord." The whole, and particularly that phrase, appears evidently to be borrowed from Charles Wesley. In the hymn beginning—"O Love Divine! what hast Thou done?" every stanza ends with "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

The most recent collection which has appeared assumes the somewhat ambitious title of the "People's Hymnal," and claims to be regarded as the most complete yet published. It contains six hundred hymns, among which it would be strange if many good ones were not to be found; but I shall be surprised and sorry if it ever becomes indeed the "People's Hymnal," teeming as it does with hymns addressed to the Blessed Virgin and to the saints, boldly asserting their intercession for us, and their prevailing power with our Lord Himself. Angels, particularly guardian angels, are in like manner invoked; and in addition to a "Proper of Festivals" extending to almost every black-letter day in the Calendar, we have a "Common of Saints," "Doctors," "Virgins," and "Holy Women," for which it is difficult to imagine a use in the Church of England. The Oratorian element is largely represented; and besides that very un-English metre, Sapphics,—doggerel of every description, childish fancies, and sentimental inanities, abound to a degree almost incredible to any one who has not seen this pretentious and unsatisfactory book.

It is time, however, to bring this paper to a conclusion.

The charm which hymns exercise over the devout mind is attested by the number of English authors (618 are reckoned), by the multitude of hymns in existence in our language (Sir R. Palmer tells us 6,500 were published by eight authors only), and by the large circulation attained by a few of the chief collections. Of these, that called "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" comes far the first. In the half-dozen years that this book has been out, upwards of two million copies have been sold, and the yearly sale is now stated to be about half a million. Its use extends to Canada and South Africa; three

large consignments have been made even to the Bishop of Orange River; and it has begun to take the place of the New Version in Prayer-Books, one edition with music being kept expressly for the purpose of being bound uniformly with the Prayer-Book; and 'A Selection' is by permission of the Editor used in the army, sufficiently thin to go with the Prayer-Book into a knapsack.

The book set forth by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge comes next, "*longo sed proximus intervallo*." I can gain no accurate estimate of the numbers sold, but the printed list shows its use by some 1,300 churches at home and abroad. Mercer's "Church Psalter and Hymn-Book," which next to the above is the most widely used, and most laboriously and handsomely got up, is said to be used in 1,000 churches, and to have an annual sale of 100,000 copies. Mr. Kemble's book is used in 612 churches. I have no statistics by which to measure the number of churches which use local hymnals, such as the "Salisbury," nor others, as "Chope," "Hymnal Noted," &c., Mr. Hall's "Mitre" book, at one time used in many London churches, Messrs. Routledge's "Penny Hymn-Book," and a cloud of others of less celebrity. I am disposed to put the number of churches in which *some* hymnal is used at between six and seven thousand; this, therefore, leaves still some thousands of churches where there is either no metrical psalmody at all, or where Tate and Brady still reign. These will no doubt diminish in number every year, with the increasing attention which the subject here very cursorily discussed is exciting.

It is interesting to know that in America it is attracting almost as much notice as in England; even Dissenters of all classes are engaged in the work of translation from the Latin and German, and at the last general convention of the Church a committee was appointed for the preparation of an entirely new hymnal, a work which they regard as progressive, and requiring years for its accomplishment.

Far above the mere literary interest of the subject, however, must be reckoned the undoubted comfort which the devout in all ages have derived, and will surely continue to derive, from sacred hymns.

The manner in which they imprint themselves on the memory, and transmit the sustaining hopes and promises of religion in the midst of the trials, afflictions, and difficulties of this life; the thought of the thousands, ay, millions, of souls, which have passed from habitual delight in hymns below to the paradise of which they spake, and for which they aided in no small degree in preparing them, must not only prove to us the value of our own hymnals, but make us largely tolerant of the uncouth expressions, the faulty poetry,

the overstrained language, the prosaic dulness, which we have full right to reject from our own use.

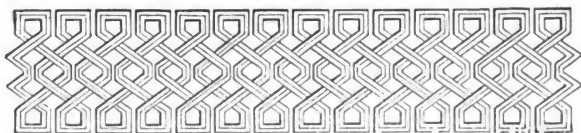
The Moravian preface remarks with simple truth of certain compositions which could not be much commended, "Even these little hymns have got their lovers, who would be sorry to lose them all at once:" the words may apply to many in our own books, the poetic excellence of which is small.

Moreover, next to the Liturgies, hallowed by the unbroken use of many generations, we seem by means of hymns to approximate most nearly in spirit to communion with all that are departed in the faith of Christ.

It is no small thing to know that they were sung by St. Hilary, St. Ambrose, St. Isidore, St. Bernard, St. Ephrem the Syrian monk, Prudentius, or Venerable Bede; that popes, emperors, kings, queens, princes and princesses, cardinals and bishops, the politician, the soldier, the jurist, the burgomaster, have contributed their devout strains for our edification and comfort; that this hymn supported the faith of a martyr, and this the sinking spirit of a missionary; and constantly to observe that the last faintly-murmured words of statesmen, physicians, and theologians were drawn from simple hymns. Long after the hand which traced them has been cold in death, we find fragments of hymns hidden away among the treasured secrets of a loved parent, sister, or child; we retain, indelibly fixed on our mind, the accents in which favourite hymns were recited by voices hushed in this world for ever. Every parish priest, too, knows how the imagination of the poor and illiterate fastens upon hymns, and draws from them, in a well-nigh supernatural manner, spiritual food which is dimly perceptible to any but themselves. The concentration of all these powerful associations upon hymnology invests the humblest and most unpolished hymn-book with a "little coronet" of sanctity; somewhere within its pages it is certain to contain the key-note to the heart of him who opens it even at random.

Thus they who pride themselves on refinement of language, strict orthodoxy, and freedom from extravagancies, may learn that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things of the mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are, that no flesh should glory in His Presence."

CHARLES B. PEARSON.



ARE THE COLONIAL CHURCHES INDEPENDENT.

THE questions relating to Church Government in the colonies begin to clear up. There is still a wide field for differences of opinion as to the objects and means of future action ; but the basis on which this action must proceed becomes each day less the subject of controversy. To bring out more clearly this basis will be the primary object of this paper.

In an article published in this journal in February, 1866, on the effects of the judgment of the Privy Council in "the matter of the Bishop of Natal," I endeavoured to point out the present state of Church Government in the various colonies, and to indicate the policy by which efforts towards eventual independence might be guided. I also commented upon the facts which had led to the judgment of the Privy Council.

To the letter of the Bishop of Capetown, which was called forth by these comments, and which appeared in this *Review* last October, I do not propose to reply. I do not consider the facts which I stated to have been in any serious point impugned ; and the opinions which I expressed are but those of the judgment of the Privy Council in the affair of Mr. Long, freed from the necessary reserve of an official document. Whatever may be the opinion formed by impartial persons on what has passed, it is of much more importance in the short space of the present article to contribute some share towards

the elucidation of the general question than to recur to personal explanations. The "Reply" made by the Bishop of Grahamstown in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1866, I shall touch upon so far as it bears directly on my present subject.

I shall address myself to the single question, What is to be understood by the "independence" of the Colonial Church? and I shall draw my illustrations almost entirely from the main example before us—that of the Church of England in Natal.

1. Is the Church of England in the colonies independent of the royal supremacy? It is often said that there is no royal supremacy over churchmen in the colonies. The Master of the Rolls, in his late judgment, declares that the supremacy exists, but that it is enforced, not by ecclesiastical, but by civil courts. Now, if by royal supremacy be understood an undefined and arbitrary power, it is certain that no such power exists either in England or in the colonies. What is meant is, (1) the supremacy of English law; (2) the power of the nation alone, and of no foreign influence, to maintain and modify that law. The contention, before and at the Reformation, was between those who wished to introduce a church law foreign to the customs of the realm and those who maintained that the church law was limited in England by its recognition either by statute or by universal custom; and it was decided in favour of the latter. Now, when persons calling themselves members or ministers of the Church of England are living together in the colonies, and, without having made any fresh compact, begin to deal with one another in ecclesiastical affairs, on what principles are they to be understood to have acted? On some church law of the middle ages, or the early centuries, or on the Queen's law alone? Clearly on the latter. This is very distinctly recognized by Mr. Mozley in his late pamphlet.*

"Where no organized voluntary society is before the court, the principle of contract between two individuals will be applied, and the conditions of that contract will be interpreted by an Established Church criterion and standard."

It is evident, as a corollary from this, that whatever change might be made in the laws of the Church of England at home would apply to the conditions under which members of that church lived in the colonies.

Whether, then, we speak of the supremacy of the Crown or not, it is certain that members of the Church of England are held to be governed in their ecclesiastical affairs by English law until some event occurs which changes their ecclesiastical relations.

2. Does the independence which is claimed imply in each church a freedom to make regulations for its own government? Clearly it

* Observations on the Colonial Church Question. By the Rev. J. B. Mozley, B.D. (Rivingtons.)

does ; so long as nothing is done inconsistent with membership of the Church of England, to which it must be assumed the colonists still wish to belong. It has been judicially declared that the bodies of English churchmen are not hindered by any imperial law from meeting in Synod and forming themselves into an organized community, and, similarly, that all contracts consequent on such free action will be respected. But what is frequently forgotten is that these contracts for the most part remain to be made, and this is notably the case in South Africa. I again quote Mr. Mozley.

"The Church in Africa has not hitherto, so far as I am able to collect, organized itself formally upon a voluntary basis. What it has done has doubtless represented the will, and the intention, and the spirit of the body. Its ecclesiastical structure, as a collection of churches under a metropolitan, has doubtless been *implicitly* consented to and adopted by the body. Still this structure hitherto wants a formal *consensual* basis, as well as a formal basis of another kind. It was not erected by royal prerogative ; it was not erected by any home Church authority, acting along with and side by side with the royal prerogative, for the Church at home can only act formally *through* the royal prerogative ; it has not been erected by the voluntary act of the African body ; it has only been implicitly acquiesced in by that body, after having been erected illusively by letters patent. That is the state of things."

In this state of things those only can be acting rightly who adhere to their standing as English churchmen, governing themselves by English law, so far as it is applicable to their case. There is no other authority but this in existence at present. If the Bishop of Capetown is free to act, the other bishops are free from him, and the clergy of each diocese are free from their bishops. A sentence which is "null and void," according to English law, is no sentence whatever. A sentence which cannot be enforced means nothing except the opinion of those who pronounce it. I am afraid, however, there are some persons who by "independence" mean illegality, and who, when they know they have no rights over others, do not scruple to enforce an illegal sentence by getting others to carry it into effect without authority. This is the simple law of Judge Lynch, which may possibly, in an unsettled state of society, and in matters of immediate personal safety, receive a partial justification. But it is always hazardous to appeal to the law of the stronger, and matters of religious doctrine are the last to which it should be applied. This, however, is the plain account of the excommunication (so called) of the Bishop of Natal, after the exhibition of the nullity of his supposed deposition. It is a case of ecclesiastical Lynch law. No doubt some will say that it is better to act in this way than not to act at all in so grave a case as that of the Bishop of Natal. But it can no longer be doubted that this is the true character of the act and of the proceedings consequent upon it.

3. Let it not be supposed that the "independence" which is so much talked of involves the free action of colonial clergymen unconstrained by those in England. The operation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Natal shows this plainly enough.

In the early days of the controversy relating to the Bishop of Natal, a minute was passed by that society in which, after reciting a letter from his Grace the President, dated February 9th, 1863, it was resolved :—

"That the society do postpone the re-election of the Bishop of Natal to the office of Vice-President until such time as they shall be certified by the archbishop, that the Bishop of Natal has been cleared of the charge referred to in his Grace's letter; and during such interval all matters relating to the society's grants in the diocese of Natal, which have heretofore been placed by the society under the control of the bishop, be intrusted to a committee consisting of the Dean of Maritzburg, and the Archdeacons of Maritzburg and D'Urban, with two laymen, who shall be recommended by the dean and two archdeacons, and approved by the society."

This minute was open to two objections. It was, apparently at least, in direct contradiction to the bye-law of the society (No. 18), which is in these terms :—

"That every missionary selected in England proceed without delay to the country in which he is employed, and be subject, when there, to the bishop or other ecclesiastical authority."

But the society has, no doubt, the right to suspend its own bye-laws. The more serious objection to the course denoted by this resolution was that it suspended the action of the society and its missionaries on the condition, not of conformity to the law of the Church of England, but of the certificate of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The missionaries of the society were to decline obedience to Bishop Colenso, not merely so long as he should have any proceedings pending against him which might lead to a legally valid deposition, but until it should please the archbishop to declare him free from certain charges. Thus, the ground of public law on which the society had been supposed to stand, and thereby to be honourably distinguished from some other societies, was *pro tanto* abandoned.

Some time after the Natal judgment, which pronounced the proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown null and void in law, the archbishop, at the annual meeting of the society, declared that, notwithstanding that nullity, he was of opinion that (as he had already stated in a letter to the Bishop of Natal) that prelate had been "duly and canonically deposed." Thus the two terms of law and canonical right were sharply contrasted, and the society was led to base its action on the principle that what was "legally null and void" was "duly and canonically" valid.

About this time occurred the summary dismissal of Mr. Tönnesen,

who is stated by those at least who have taken his part, to be the ablest and most efficient missionary of the society in the diocese of Natal. That dismissal appears to me, on a review of all that has passed in reference to it, to show that a missionary who differs from the ruling majority of the society at home, or from some of their agents in the colony, is likely to be very harshly dealt with.

But the general question is of far greater importance. At the meeting of May 18th, 1866, the society passed resolutions which, after referring to the resolution above quoted, proceed as follows :—

“Resolved,—I. That, the 18th bye-law notwithstanding, none of the society’s missionaries in Natal shall, until the foregoing resolution be withdrawn, be subject to Bishop Colenso.

“II. That, under existing circumstances, the society’s missionaries in Natal be instructed to regard the Natal Committee (which includes the dean and chapter) as their organ of communication with the society.

“III. That the Bishop of Capetown be requested to provide, under existing circumstances, for Episcopal ministrations and the superintendence of the society’s missionaries in Natal.”

I do not mention these proceedings for the sake of praising or blaming the conduct of the society, but in order to show the kind of influence to which the colonial clergy are subject. The society has doubtless a full right to deal with those in its employment as its own servants rather than those of the Church of England. There are many church societies which are not as wide as the Church itself; and into their number the Propagation Society has now retired. It must, indeed, have struck men of calm judgment that the meeting which passed the resolutions just transcribed, and at which the society by abandoning the ground of English law, had set before itself the formidable question “who should be acting Bishop of Natal,” did not present a very inviting inauguration of the voluntary principle. That meeting terminated in an explosion of clerical violence such as happily is rarely seen;—in which reason could not be heard, and men with the greatest repute for sobriety said things for which they were constrained to apologize. But the society has a right to take its course, as much as the dissenting bodies which form the favourite comparison among those who argue in opposition to us on the present subject.

The only question I have to do with is, whether men in the colonies who are subject to such influences as these can be termed independent; and, I think, the answer must be in the negative.

It is by men in such a position as this that the election of Mr. Butler as bishop has been made. That election appears to have been arranged at a meeting declared to be private; at the formal election the two clergymen who would have turned the scale were excluded by the convenient hypothesis of their excommunication, yet the

clergy were even then evenly divided, and but for the presence of the two deacons lately ordained by the Bishop of Capetown, and introduced into the diocese, the decision would have been against proceeding to an election. But to what purpose does the wisdom of Mr. Newnham and his friends protest against the disruption of the Church? If it pleases the Bishop of Capetown to consecrate a new bishop for the minority of the clergy of Natal, the next stormy meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel may order them into submission. Their bishop will be chosen for them in Park Place or Willis's Rooms.

4. There is another kind of independence which is suggested by the allusions just made to the proceedings of a voluntary society—viz., independence of written standards, which, wherever they exist, must be interpreted with legal strictness. A voluntary society is bound by its own articles or bye-laws, though usually a considerable discretion is allowed to the managing body to vary these rules. But whatever be the agreement by which men are bound together, it is essential in any important society that the agreement should be plainly expressed, and, when expressed, it must be maintained inviolate. If any dispute arises upon it, the law courts can only judge of the agreement by the ordinary rules of interpretation which are applied to every document.

Now this principle applies to the case of religious societies as well as others, and it applies to any doctrinal statements which may be introduced into the agreement, as much as to rules of a more directly practical kind. This seems so obvious that it would not be worth while to state it, were it not that of late a claim has been set up for doctrinal formularies to be exempted from the ordinary rule of interpretation. This appears to be the meaning of the Bishop of Grahamstown, though he speaks somewhat vaguely. He defends the pretended deposition of the Bishop of Natal by saying that "whenver the Church is not so united with the State as to receive from it legal authority and jurisdiction, it has the inherent right of ridding itself of evils which eat out its very heart so long as they are allowed to continue in the system." I say these words are vague; but they refer to a special case. The Bishop of Natal was accused of promulgating doctrine contrary to the formularies of the Church of England. It is now generally admitted that this charge could not be sustained in any court of law; but the bishops assembled to depose the Bishop of Natal gave a non-legal sense to the formularies, *i.e.*, they judged not by the formularies, but by their own opinions of what the formularies ought to mean. This is stated with great clearness and frankness by Mr. Mozley:—

"The articles and formularies, in their legal sense, do not appear to touch Bishop Colenso. The Article says, the Bible is the Word of God. Bishop

Colenso says the same. He excepts, indeed, from the infallibility of Scripture history a large quantity of historical matter; but the latitude with respect to particulars allowed in the Article, is not defined in a way prohibitory of the extent and dimensions to which Bishop Colenso has stretched it, because it is not defined at all."

And, after quoting Dr. Lushington's judicial interpretation of the declaration of "belief in all the Canonical Scriptures," he continues:—

"The field of Scripture which is thrown open to criticism by this particular criterion and limitation of the necessity of belief in Scripture is certainly wide enough for all the purposes of an historical critic, who does not concern himself with the doctrines of Scripture, but only with the narrative and description of events. Indeed it is impossible to see how articles which admitted of *any* latitude or margin on this subject could exclude, by their letter, Bishop Colenso's latitude and margin. The degree of the margin is incapable of being stated in an article. The opening which admitted others could not be logically constructed so as not to admit him.

"The Colonial Church, then, in condemning Bishop Colenso, applied a *sense* to the formularies which was in excess of the legal sense; but which was the sense which attached to the phrase of 'Word of God,' in the mind of the community, and a sense which had been handed down with Christianity. The effect of applying this sense was to restrict and modify a latitude which the letter of the formularies left undefined; and this restriction condemned Bishop Colenso."

Mr. Mozley, indeed, goes on to argue that such a mode of interpreting formularies might be imposed on a community by the voluntary agreement of its members. But since he confesses that no such agreement had been made in South Africa, I do not understand on what principle he pays so much respect to the supposed deposition and excommunication of the Bishop of Natal, for he shows most convincingly that these proceedings are capable of justification only by virtue of a contract, and that this contract had never been made. But, supposing that a community could be found willing to bind themselves by such a mode of interpreting their articles, this would not exempt them from the necessity of expressing, in definite terms, this singular contract. The problem would then be how to express, in a form which could serve to bind men together, the fact that they agreed to abide by their formularies, not according to the strict legal sense, but "in a sense which attached to the phrases used in the mind of the community, and a sense which had been handed down by Christianity." That appears to me a hopeless problem. The only thing which comes near to it is an agreement to abide by whatever the managers of the society may please to determine. This is what has been attempted in New Zealand, where anyone appointed to an office makes a declaration that "he undertakes to resign the appointment and all rights and endowments thereof, whenever he shall be called upon to do so by the General Synod, or any persons

lawfully acting under the authority of the General Synod in that behalf." I have pointed out on a former occasion that this would probably be found less conclusive than it appears, since the "acting lawfully under the authority of the Synod" involves an adherence to the formularies of the Church of England, and these must be taken in their strict sense. But if it should prove that by means of the New Zealand contract men can absolve themselves from the "legal," *i.e.*, the true interpretation of formularies, they will only succeed in binding themselves by the vote of a popular assembly or of a clerical judge who has deliberately put aside the true meaning of his documents, and applies to them, in Mr. Mozley's words, "a sense in excess of the legal sense."

5. The independence of churchmen from the common restraints of law is sometimes placed on very high ground. It is thought to be inherent in the fact that the government of the Church is in the hands of men ordained to a spiritual office. The Bishop of Grahamstown says, "In the primitive Church there was, I suppose, some other course besides the uncontrolled will of rulers on the one hand, and the decision of spiritual questions by courts of law." And again, "We claim in the government of our Colonial Church facilities for maintaining a wholesome discipline, which the cumbrous machinery and technical impediments incident to the system of a large national Church united with the State altogether forbid."

Is there not a confusion here between two distinct things—spiritual authority, which praises or blames, and discipline, which retains in or deprives of office? The former of these belongs by right to a bishop in churches episcopally governed, though this also has its limits, and I believe that excommunication is beyond those limits. But the power to deprive of office does not belong of necessity to a bishop or to a metropolitan. It must be acquired by law or by contract. This was well expressed in the discussion at Natal to which we have just alluded. The Rev. W. O. Newnham on that occasion supported the propositions that Bishop Colenso had not been excommunicated nor deposed. As to the first, he said, "I am the antipodes of Dr. Colenso, but I am not the antipodes of law; and I stand up for the legal rights of the Church of England. Harold Browne says, 'A man cannot be excommunicated for refusing obedience to an illegal sentence.' I therefore again repeat, Dr. Colenso is not excommunicated." And as to the second proposition he spoke as follows:—

"Again, I say Dr. Colenso is not deposed. It has been ruled that deposition is matter of coercive jurisdiction, that the Bishop of Capetown has none from the Crown, and that from the Crown alone it can proceed. Therefore, the act of coercive jurisdiction which he sought to perform is null and void in law. It has also been ruled that this act is null and void, because no two parties can by mutual consent introduce the ecclesi-

astical law of England in matters which are beyond its range. Now, both the parties here have the Queen's letters patent, and till this *incubus* is lifted off, the ecclesiastical law of England cannot be introduced. But to proceed with the question before us. Thus stands the legal argument. All coercive jurisdiction must proceed from the Crown. Deposition from office is matter of coercive jurisdiction, therefore the power of inflicting deposition must proceed from the Crown. The Bishop of Capetown holds a document purporting to convey this jurisdiction to him, but it has been ruled that the Crown had no power to grant it, and the jurisdiction, therefore, was not conveyed. It will be replied, 'Yes, the act is null and void in law. But it is not null and void in a spiritual point of view, and it is, therefore, acknowledged as spiritually binding by those who now seek to elect a bishop!' Far be it from me to deny that there are inherent spiritual powers in every metropolitan. And whence does he receive these powers? From a private meeting in Lambeth, at which the founding of the see was determined upon? No! I hold that when the hands of the Apostles' successors were laid upon him, he received all spiritual power which was necessary for the right discharge of his office. These powers would be of two kinds—energetic and potential. The energetic powers would comprise those of administering confirmation, ordination, assisting at consecration, &c. The potential would lie in the power of summoning before him any suffragan who should promulgate heresy, forbidding him to do so, and excommunicating him, if he persisted. And now, does the sentence of the Bishop of Capetown answer to this description? No. It went into matters of doctrine, and said these doctrines were not the teaching of the Church, but it then went on beyond its powers, and proceeded not to forbid him to preach these doctrines, but to deprive him of his office. Not only, therefore, did the metropolitan assume powers which did not belong to him, but he used them in a manner in which he had no right to use them. It has been decided that a clergyman may hold these doctrines, and therefore when the metropolitan deprived Bishop Colenso for publishing doctrines which he could not be prevented from preaching in any pulpit in England, he did a thing which was null and void in law."

6. There is one more question which is raised by this word Independence, viz., the question of the independence of the clergy from the control of the laity. I have stated above that the royal supremacy has at all times been taken in England to mean the control of the Church's action by the lay power. Constantly it has happened that the mass of the clergy has been on one side, while the weight of lay opinion has been on the other; and lay opinion has in England most happily carried the day. And this doubtless will be the case in the colonies; but until the Church is organised there is considerable danger of the proper influence of the laity being in abeyance, and of the infant churches being overborne by extraneous clerical influences. It cannot be doubted that at Natal the great majority of the laity are with the present bishop in opposition to the Bishop of Capetown; not that they have any definite opinion on the subject of his critical inquiries, but that they recognise in him the representative of the constituted Church authority in England, and are willing to put up with his peculiarities; on the other hand, they are determined to resist the encroachments of the Bishop of Capetown.

Probably the following extract from a letter to the *Natal Mercury* will sufficiently represent the feeling of the laity. Mr. Middleton, the writer, had lent a room in his house for the celebration of Divine worship, but had, on the reading of the "excommunication," requested the clergyman, Mr. Rolfe, to "defer holding service there." Having appealed to the bishop, however, he found that the bishop would not wish this occurrence to be a cause for the cessation of the services, and accordingly he wrote to say that the room might still be used. The clergyman replies:—

"With regard to the wishes of Dr. Colenso, I have nothing to do. If you are prepared to write to me on your own responsibility, offering your house again for public service, I will not act on my own responsibility, but will refer the matter to the Vicar General, and give you my answer in a few days."

Thus the holding of service in a private house was made to depend on the owner of that house rejecting the Bishop of Natal and accepting the intruded authority of one holding commission for the Bishop of Capetown. Mr. Middleton, in sending the correspondence to the *Natal Mercury*, observes:—

"It will be seen that this has nothing to do with the Bishop of Natal's views. The intent and purpose was, in the first place, to make a stand against the presumption of the Bishop of Capetown and his followers, in attempting to expel a man from a position which it had pleased Her Majesty in Privy Council still to retain, until it had been properly and by constitutional means shown that he was unfit to hold his office."

In accordance with these views, a Church of England Defence Association has been started, the object of which is to resist any attempt at separation from that Church, to "protest against any rules for Church government other than those in accordance with the Church in the mother country," and "to repudiate as an act of secession the object of the Bishop of Capetown, when he proposes to create a Church of South Africa," &c.

It appears also that the elections of churchwardens in the year 1866 were in almost all cases favourable to the bishop, the election at the cathedral itself was so by an overwhelming majority, and the dean, as incumbent of the Church, had no better expedient for avoiding defeat than to declare the whole of the opposite party disqualified because of their recognition of the bishop. The following extract from a private letter from a gentleman of high standing in the colony seems to show that the personal influence of the bishop is considerable.

"The bishop goes on steadily increasing his influence among the people. Some of them almost worship him. Persons from the neighbouring colony, while visiting here, of course go to hear him preach, and all express them-

selves astonished at what they find. They seem to have received some extraordinary ideas of his conduct and sermons, and are little prepared to witness the quiet, earnest eloquence of the preacher, and the breathless attention of the congregation."

It appears also that, the Bishop of Oxford having stated in Convocation that the hearers of the Bishop of Natal were mostly infidels, a meeting was held in the cathedral, and an address to the Bishop of Oxford in correction of his assertion agreed upon. It is stated by the *Natal Witness* that 240 signatures were attached to this petition, among which were to be found "the names of the Colonial Secretary, the Secretary for Native Affairs, the acting Attorney-General, the Superintendent of Education, the chairman of the Natal Bank (recently one of the two laymen on the Natal Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, recommended by Dean Green), and the Bishop of Capetown's Registrar for the same committee, though now deposed for communicating with the Bishop of Natal."

It seems evident from facts like these, of which every mail brings corroboration, that unless the wishes of the laity are to be ignored, it will be impossible to carry into effect the plans of the Bishop of Capetown, and that a new bishop if he goes to Natal, will be the bishop of a large minority of the clergy but of a very small minority of the laity. But these are the first fruits of the attempt at premature independence, the natural result of a system which cuts off the clergy from the wholesome restraints of English lay-made law and teaches them to substitute personal will for a system which all are bound to obey.

It will appear from this review, that the Church of England at Natal shows by the experiment it is now undergoing that the presumption of independence in a Colonial Church must not be pressed too far: that it cannot, while remaining a branch of the Anglican Church, deviate from English law, and that the determination on the part of some persons to reach objects which appear to them desirable at all risks to the disruption of the unity of the Church, will, if carried on, meet with a strong opposition.

In my previous article in this Review, I stated that I by no means thought it desirable that the branches of the Church of England in the colonies should always remain united to her in the present strict sense. Independence is the goal which every thinker on the subject must set before himself, and the question must be how to guide the infant churches to the time of maturity. I think the case of Natal shows how great is the need of patience, and how many are the obstacles in the way of a premature independence. You wish your child to walk alone; but you find it necessary to check its premature

attempts to do so; otherwise it will grow up with feeble joints and crooked limbs. I believe that matters should be left to settle themselves with as little interference as possible; but I believe also that nothing ought to be done in this country to assist those who wish to cause a disruption or to prevent the colonists from gaining what advantage they can from their union with the Church at home. If the main body of the colonists find that union troublesome, let them quietly shake it off: there appears to be little difficulty in their doing so, though it must be done with care and may require time. But at present the complaints of constraint come from the clergy rather than the laity, and in these complaints we constantly see a forgetfulness of the fact that the Church does not exist for the clergy alone. The benefits of the English connexion are underrated, being looked merely from the clerical point of view, and in reference to the most expeditious method of expelling the holders of erroneous doctrines, or of asserting a peculiar view of Church administration, which may very easily be pushed to excess.

There are two parties who are apt to favour anything that tends to a severance of the colonial churches from their connection with the Church organization at home. One of these is the party of clerical assumption, the other the party of lay indifference. As to the first, we have seen a good deal of its objects, which indeed become clearer and clearer, and if in the extreme case of Natal, where the case for the connexion with England is prejudiced by the violence of a great controversy, the resistance to the projects of the hierarchists has been so strong, we may hope that in more ordinary cases they may be still more signally defeated. The danger from this side would be slight if it were not assisted from another quarter.

There appears to be a kind of tradition in the Colonial Office which leads its successive occupants to wish to put aside the trouble which the Church connexion imposes; and of late one or two attempts have been made to legislate in a hasty manner with that view. The bill brought in last year by Mr. Cardwell contained the following clause:—

“All Episcopal Acts which might lawfully have been done within any district or place by any bishop lawfully chosen and consecrated by the free and voluntary consent of any clergy, congregations, and persons voluntarily accepting him as their bishop, without any letters patent or royal mandate or license, shall be deemed to be and to have been valid and lawful if done by any such bishop appointed under any letters patent or royal mandate or license, by which legal jurisdiction shall have not been conferred, unless it shall have been otherwise declared by any law in force within such district or place for the time being.”

It is very doubtful what would have been the effect of this clause, which has appeared to men of great legal experience likely to create many more uncertainties than those which it was intended to solve.

The present Secretary of the Colonies has also introduced a bill with a similar clause, which runs as follows:—

“For the purpose of determining any right to property, all acts or engagements heretofore done or entered into by or in relation to any bishop appointed by or under any such letters patent, shall be deemed to be and to have been of the same force and effect as if the said letters patent had been in all respects effectual at law, except so far as such acts shall import the exercise of any coercive jurisdiction purporting to be conferred by such letters patent.”

But, as he has introduced this bill late in a session which is intensely occupied, and has also signified his intention of postponing any important legislation till after the episcopal meeting in the autumn, it is happily most improbable that anything will be done this year.

These attempts at legislation serve, however, to bring into relief the difficulties of the question, and to show that the cutting off the colonial churches from their natural dependence on the Church at home can hardly be effected without injustice at present. It is probably the wisest course to wait; many of the problems of the Colonial Church have solved themselves, and others are on their way to a solution: and, if the questions of discipline be left awhile undecided, it is not of very great importance. Indeed, the comparative laxity of discipline has at all times been one of the recognised advantages of the English Church as contrasted alike with the Roman and the Presbyterian. If legislation should prove to be necessary, let these three things be recognised as its conditions: first, that what is done is that which is demanded by the unequivocal majority of the members of the colonial churches, taking membership of the Church in a sense as wide as that which it has in England; secondly, that it is made plain beforehand that there is no other way of effecting what is required; and thirdly, let those churches which repudiate the nomination of their bishops by the Crown, or refuse the formularies of the Church of England, or the true legal construction of those formularies, give up the endowments which were contributed for the support of the English Church, and accept the disabilities which their separation entails. The Bishop of Grahamstown says,—

“We do not ask for exemption from any such restrictions as the rulers of the Established Church of England shall think best calculated to prevent that Church from being involved in the necessarily differing courses which her colonial daughter may be sometimes compelled to follow.”

I see no sufficient reason for the diverging courses here spoken of; but where they exist it seems only right that the provisions of the Act 59 George III., c. 60, should be applied, and that persons ordained by bishops who abjure the English connexion should forego the position conferred by the name of an English clergyman.

W. H. FREMANTLE.



THE DIFFICULTY OF IRELAND.

THE Norman Conquest may, in one sense, be regarded as the commencement of English history. The Normans were able, in a strangely short time, to bring England to a settled and tranquil state. In the lapse of two or three generations they adapted themselves to the customs and traditions of the country, and so far mingled themselves with the population and interests of the land, that for all practical purposes they were one people with them. They continued the old customs of the country; they respected the old laws to which the people were attached; and, while they stamped their peculiar impress upon the national institutions, the ultimate result was, that Normans and Saxons, after an interval, seemed to look on themselves as one nation, and coalesced and settled down as if one had never been the invader, and the other the invaded. The lands were cultivated, commerce was increased, and national life in all its essentials commenced. From that time to the present, for the eight centuries that have passed, there has been no collision—no antagonism of rival races or rival interests. The conflicts of after-times, as the wars of the Roses or the struggles against the Stuarts, had in them no element of rival races or rival nationalities. In them, as in the civil and political conflicts of the present day, the Saxon and the Norman have been one people. The result has been, national tranquillity and national prosperity.

But in Ireland we have the reverse of all this. Yet it was the very same Norman race, led by gallant members of the very same families that had fought at Hastings three generations before, who now, a few years later, accomplished the invasion of Ireland. The same stout-hearted race, the same strong-handed soldiers, and the same clear-headed leaders trod the soil of Ireland, with the same intentions, purposes, and institutions with which they had so fully succeeded in England. They were as anxious and as interested to identify themselves with the native population, and to mingle and mould themselves with the natives into one united people, as they had been in England. And yet, while every success the most sanguine could hope for or anticipate was found in England, there was failure, miserable and hopeless failure, in Ireland. From the hour of the conquest of Ireland to the present day, now nearly seven centuries, the two races have never really intermingled. They are as distinct in feeling, action, and all that constitutes either social or national life, as can possibly be conceived. These seven centuries have been a series of strifes, bitterness, hatreds, revolts, rebellions, massacres, all that generates misery, wretchedness, and poverty—one ceaseless wave after wave of antagonism breaking against all the elements of law and government—a hatred, senseless and insane, against everything that comes to them under the name of English law and English government. The last phase of this is the Fenianism of the present day.

In dealing with the true causes of this difference, we are bound to lay aside the causes assigned by the exigencies of political parties at the present day. The true causes have no relation to any of the political or religious parties of our times.

It is apparent, on the very forefront of our inquiry, that religious differences, especially those of rival Churches, could have had no part whatever in this anomaly, and for the simple reason that they had no existence, and could have had no existence at the time, nor for four centuries afterwards. England was Roman Catholic, and Ireland was Roman Catholic also. The Norman invaders and the native Irish held the same faith of the Church of Rome; and as, in the language of the Papal bull, every island enlightened by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness belonged to the successor of St. Peter, so England was declared by the Roman Pontiff to be granted by him to the Norman William; and, in like manner, Ireland was granted by him to the Norman Henry. There was no ground for religious difference. The Irish bishops and priests obtained and possessed the Church lands, the tithes, and all the privileges and advantages of a national and established Church. For four hundred years they were in undisturbed possession of all. The Normans added enormously to

the wealth of these ecclesiastics; and, with the view to conciliate them, they erected those vast and beautiful piles, those noble abbeys and grand cathedrals, whose neglected yet beauteous ruins are, in these days, the sad and melancholy ornaments of so many districts.* It was the invaders introduced all these architectural monuments of their devotion to the Church of the land; and both invaders and invaded recognised the same bishops, the same priests, the same Churches, and the same services of religion; and yet there was no peace. The stormy waves of the Atlantic never broke with more ceaseless violence upon her western shores than did the passions of the native Irish against their invaders. There were, indeed, sudden lulls; there were moments of calm, as in the ocean itself; but there were on the whole, almost four long and dreary centuries, from Henry II. to Edward VI.—centuries of strife and conflict—of wild chafing and fierce revolts, so black with savagery and red with blood, that the last three centuries, from Edward VI. to Victoria, are centuries of peace and tranquillity in comparison with those that preceded them. There were four long centuries before the change of religion—before the Reformation—centuries in which there was no difference of Church or of religion between the invader and the invaded, between the stranger and the native—centuries in which the existence of ceaseless disturbance and turbulent hatred of English laws and English government could not possibly be connected directly, or indirectly, with differences of Church or of religion. Even Froissart, in his "*Chronicles*," gives some strange incidents of the wars in Ireland in the time of King John, illustrating the wild and savage life of the country. Giraldus Cambrensis accompanied that monarch to Ireland, and gives a strange picture of the times; and later still, the name of the O'Niels was a name of terror; and under Edward I. they elected Robert Bruce as King of Ireland, making the centuries preceding the Reformation more turbulent and violent than were those that succeeded it.

The true cause, therefore, of all this must be sought in a far previous state of things, and may easily be found by those who know the hearts of the native Irish, their old and national traditions, their memories of the past, and their dreams of the future.

There is a wild restlessness and peculiar turbulence characteristic of the people. It is seen in the south in the city of Cork, and in

* The ruin of these once noble piles has not originated in mere neglect. They were originally erected by the invaders, *i.e.* the Norman-English, and were never much loved by the native Irish. They were, however, strongly built, and were often converted by the native Irish into temporary fortresses or strongholds in the many revolts and risings of some centuries. They were thus often besieged, battered, shattered; and battering-rams and siege-guns have had more to do with their ruined state than the neglect of the people, whether Protestants or Romanists.

the north in the city of Belfast. It is a subject of complicity in New Orleans as in New York ;—in Paris as in London ;—and perhaps the most that can be said of this is that it has always been the same. The Irish annalists, recording the ancient history of the people, describe them as living in a state of incessant wars. The island contained more than a hundred septs, as their tribes or clans were called, and all these were supposed to be under the authority of five kings. The allegiance of any sept could be transferred with the greatest facility from any one king who might have displeased it, to another who might show a disposition to gratify it. This pentarchy of kings lived in a state of perpetual war with each other ; and the chieftains of the several septs claimed, and at all events asserted, the right of carrying on their private wars with each other. The great hero of national tradition was “Conn of the Hundred Fights,” a title that sufficiently shows the Irish or Celtic character, when there could be a hundred battles within the compass of so small an island, and within the life of one man. Indeed, such and so inveterate were these intestine wars, that the Roman historian tells us how one of these chiefs proposed to Agricola the invasion Ireland—the invasion of his own native land—and led to the belief that a single Roman legion would be sufficient for the conquest of Ireland, so rent and distracted had it been by its intestine strifes. And in after-times it was a quarrel between two of these petty kings, arising out of one king beguiling away the wife of another king, that led to the offended potentate proposing, as in the time of Agricola, that England should invade and conquer Ireland. Yet such was the immediate origin of the invasion and conquest of Ireland. This, however, while it illustrates the turbulence that seems natural to the race, is very different from the discontent and the hatred and antagonism that have characterised them ever since the conquest of Henry II. It was not unnatural, and certainly not without excuse.

At the time of the Conquest the whole island was under the various septs, corresponding to the clans of Scotland, or the tribes of New Zealand. The members of these septs were styled the children of their chief or king ; and so to this day every native calls himself one of the children of a king. Each of these chiefs possessed a territory more or less extensive, often extending over half a county or shire. This territory was little else than one vast common. It was held by the chief and his sept in commonage. The chief had no personal property in a single acre ; neither had the members of the septs. The whole territory belonged alike to the chief and to his followers, who regarded it as one vast common, belonging to each and to all alike. An individual abandoning the sept thereby

forfeited all his rights ; and any one joining the sept became thereby possessed of all the rights of others. The population was thin and sparse, and each person could cultivate any little spot he chose. No one had any motive to interfere with him ; and he could pasture his cattle, the chief or only wealth of the people, where he pleased. There was " ample space and verge enough " for all. There was no landlord. There were no tenants. There was no rent. The chief of the sept could not play the landlord—could not alienate or appropriate a single acre ; neither could any member of the sept. The territory belonged to all alike. All had an equal right to it. The land was common.

It will at once be seen that in such a state of things there could be no landed property, and, therefore, no possibility of landed improvements, and no creation of landed property, or personal wealth, or national civilization. In the nature of things it was an impossibility ; and therefore, when the Norman barons and Norman knights, with all their bold and ambitious followers, came in contact with this Irish system of land, they could do nothing with it. They had found the Saxon thanes of England in something like the position of landlords, and their villains, or farmers, in something like the position of tenants ; and their serfs, or slaves, were the labourers. They were able to adapt their own feudal system to this, finding that this was originally sprung from that system. They made little difficulty in displacing the thane on one plea or another, and adapting themselves to the vacated positions. These Normans were not very scrupulous in such matters. They allowed old customs and traditionary laws to hold their sway. They interfered as little as possible with those peculiarities in the habits of the people which were dear to the people, and could be easily reconciled with the feudal system ; and thus, after two or three generations, they were enabled to take the position of landlords, lords of the soil, and to deal with the people as their tenants and followers ; thus letting them feel that though there was thus a change of landlords, it was practically a change of but little importance to the mass of the population. The Normans were thus able to establish themselves in the country, accomplishing a most complete revolution, and yet doing it without any such violent change as might create any decided and permanent causes of hostility on the part of the people. The result was that the Normans gradually became the great lords of the soil, the great landed proprietors of the country, and therefore the chiefs and leaders of the people on their several estates or territories under the crown ; and in process of time the Norman lords and the Saxon people became identified in interest and feeling, and the country settled down in tranquillity and prosperity. But in Ireland all was different. The circumstances of

the land prevented the possibility of anything similar. They could not become landlords, for the Irish would not have landlords. They could not obtain tenants, for the Irish would not be tenants. They could not receive rents, for the Irish would not pay rents. They had never known landlords, or tenants, or rents, and would not learn their value or their merits from the invaders of their country. They did not refuse to receive them as chiefs of some of their septs in the place of their own, who were often removed by violence or intrigue, or the fate of battle; but they would allow neither landlords, nor tenants, nor rents. They were an unknown thing; and the people were indisposed to give them a trial. They might be disposed to yield in some other particulars, but on that they were decided.

The Irish difficulty is pretty nearly identical with the New Zealand difficulty of the present day. In New Zealand, as in Ireland, there were the chiefs' rights and the tribal rights. The chiefs cannot alienate the smallest fraction of the territory; no member of the tribe can alienate a single acre; and the consent of the whole is impossible to obtain. If the territory remains in the hands of the natives as their hunting-ground, there can be no real improvement and no civilization, and every arrangement as to land will be the beginning of a war; and no end can be seen to this difficulty unless the territory is to remain for ever in a state of nature, or is forcibly appropriated by the colonists, or else lapses to the Government by the gradual extinction of the native races. It was the very same difficulty in Ireland in an age when men had less sense of right and justice and humanity than at present. The invaders knew not how to grapple with it, and it is doubtful whether the wisdom or the statesmanship of the present age could have assisted them, even if they had been forthcoming. The only resource, as they thought, that lay open to the conquerors, who were nothing more or better than bold and fierce adventurers, was to take, as far as possible, the place of the native chiefs of the various septs, and then endeavour to adapt themselves to the native system. Some of them married the daughters of the chiefs, and so succeeded them, though irregularly; some prevailed on the sons of the chiefs to go to foreign wars, where they perished, or to become monks, renouncing all worldly things, and so secured the succession to themselves; while others, in the unscrupulous spirit of the times, found means to remove the heir to another world, and seized the inheritance by a marriage or a will. There was no deficiency of intrigue and violence and crime; and these adventurers, wild, reckless, and daring, soon became chiefs of a large number of the septs, and adopting the manners, the dresses, the customs, and even the very names of the natives, became in process of time *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. To all this the natives soon

reconciled themselves, as there was the adoption of their manners, and dresses, and customs, and names, and no interference with their tribal rights—the rights of the septs in reference to their lands. Every member of the sept could still regard himself as proprietor of the whole territory; he could till or cultivate as much land as supplied his wants; he could pasture his cattle where he pleased; he had no landlord over him; he was himself a proprietor, and not a tenant, and had no rent to pay for his land; he was in his own eyes an independent gentleman.

But this state of things could be neither lasting nor general. It was not in the nature of things that men acquainted with, and accustomed to, the powers and advantages of the feudal lord over the tenantry and following of the estates, could fail to sow the seeds of the system to which they had been accustomed. They could scarcely help sowing the seeds of the English system, gradually making themselves landlords where and when they could, and making the member of the sept a sort of tenant whenever they had the opportunity. This was the introducing of the system of personal property in lands—a thing unknown to the natives, and hated as much as unknown. This process, however, was slow and difficult; it was some centuries before it succeeded, and then only with the undying hatred and mortal antagonism of the vast masses of the natives. It was introduced by English law, it was met with Irish hatred; and it is this antagonism of the English and Irish systems, this incompatibility of English tenure and Irish commonage, this impossible amalgamation of a system under which all is personal property in land, with a system in which all land is common—it is this that lies at the root of all the chronic discontent of the Irish peasantry. And what made this revolution in property more hateful to them was, that it was not confined to the English adventurers; its advantages were very soon discovered by the chiefs—the native chiefs of the several septs—and the O'Connor Dons, and the O'Donoughoes, and numberless others of the native chiefs of those times availed themselves of the English law, obtained from the Crown grants of the territories of their septs, and, by means of English law, made themselves landlords, and gradually reduced the members of their septs to the position of tenants. They suppressed the rights of commonage for their own exclusive advantages, and enforced a rent or corresponding service in exchange for the old system of the natives; and thus gradually by a process, slow but sure, of two or three centuries, the old Irish system of common land gave way to the English system of personal property, as contrasted with tribal property in the land.

The effects of this upon the masses of the natives may well be conceived. Hitherto they had a right in the land as much as the chief himself, and could till as much as they needed, or pasture as

much as they required, and all as a matter of common right and without rent; but now their chiefs, whether English or Irish, claimed their territories as personally their own, being grants obtained from the Crown, and, asserting the rights of landlords, ousted the members of the septs from their sept or tribal rights by English law, and compelled their Irish followers, who hitherto were free and independent as themselves, to subside into the position of tenants, or lapse into the state of labourers. From those times to the present day, the natives feel and speak as if they had as much right to the land as the noblest and largest proprietors in the island. They look upon all the lands around them as rightfully their own, and they speak of them as wrongfully, by English law, taken from them; and in all their refusal to pay rent, and in all their hostility to landlords, in all the crimes of violence and blood perpetrated against them, they imagine that they are but claiming and asserting a right to that land which is rightfully their own.

Here, then, we have the true cause—perhaps it would be more correct to say, one true cause—and the principal one of the chronic discontent of the peasantry of Ireland. It is the tradition of their departed state, in which there were no landlords and no tenants—the tradition of the past, in which there were no rents and no taxes—the tradition of those old times when every man had as much land as he could cultivate, and as much pasture as he could require. And with this there is the dream that all this may yet some day come back; that by some successful movement of revolt, or rebellion, or accident, or foreign invasion, all the power of the law and people of England may come to an end, and the golden age, the millennium of Ireland, may be restored. The deep poverty, and wretched destitution, and ignorant helplessness of the peasantry keep them in a state that exposes them to those who make a trade in keeping them disaffected to, and alienated from, the laws and government of England. The *trade* of politics has always thriven in Ireland.

There are no races in our world so excitable, imaginative, and dreamy as the Celt. These qualities are singularly developed in the Celt of Ireland. Perhaps their material destitution of all that constitutes social comfort may conduce to this. Perhaps, too, the constrained idleness of their lives, owing to the absence of constant employment, may add to this characteristic. At all events, their national or popular traditions, their memories of the past, and their dreams of the future, exercise a powerful influence over them in habituating their minds to a hatred of English law and English government, and in keeping them in a state of expectation or hope, that makes them ready to take part in every wild and visionary movement. It is wonderful how these old memories seem to haunt them, handed down as they have been from

generation to generation; and no less wonderful is the impossibility of convincing them of the folly of yielding to their wild and visionary dreams of the future. The writer of this article resided for many years as a clergyman in the west of Ireland, and being desirous of speaking the Irish language, engaged one who was recognised by the people as the lineal representative of the chief of their septs. His ancestor had taken out a grant from the Crown for one-half of the territory belonging to the sept. He introduced the English system of landlord and tenant and labourer as far as he could. His heirs continued it over a property of vast extent. But they were addicted to extravagance, dissipation, and drunkenness; and each successive generation alienated tract after tract of this princely estate, generally to settlers and farmers from England. The father, the grandfather, and great-grandfather of my teacher had sold, each in his turn, farm after farm, till only one remained; and my teacher, addicted to the vices of his ancestors, sold the last acre to satisfy the ruling propensity of his race. In his deep poverty he undertook to give instructions in the Irish language. It is remarkable that the estate had never been subject to confiscation; there had never been any forfeiture of lands to the Crown, and there had never been any settlement of a colony on the territory. It had all been sold openly in the market by the proprietors themselves; and yet my teacher could never be convinced by me that he had not the most perfect right and title to the restoration of the whole estate. He held that it still belonged to him as the chief of the sept, and he could not conceal his expectation that some successful rebellion, some coming revolution, or some foreign invasion, would yet give back to his possession the lands of his ancestors. No reasoning could eradicate this dream from his mind; and he lived on, and at last died, a striking type of the pure Celt, or native Irish. They have some of the noblest and most attractive qualities of the human family, but common sense is not among the number.

Such is the present state of the pure Celt, or native Irish. Tradition has handed down to him the story of a golden age. There were no landlords and no tenants. There were no rents and no taxes. This millennial state haunts their imaginative natures, and colours their dreams of "ould Ireland;" and were it not that it impedes the progressive improvement of the country, and not unfrequently turns aside and misdirects the energies of the people, and too often exposes them to the temptation to strike a blow for the return of the old times, it were a pity to dissipate an illusion in which they find something of consolation. As to the demands which the old system made on them, they regard them as light in comparison with their present difficulties. The necessity which it imposed on every member

of the sept to receive the chief and his following, and hospitably entertain them, seems to them now only a noble and fitting hospitality which every peasant in Ireland is ever willing to exhibit. And as to the necessity of following the chief in his wars, it seems to them only a going to the adjoining county for a faction-fight, which is, after all, as much an amusement and excitement as anything else. And though all this seems intensely childlike and unreasoning, yet it is mischievous in the extreme; and, when played on by designing persons, it leads to incalculable evils, for it leads them to attribute the loss of the golden age to the laws and government of England. It was England made the Irish people subject to landlords. It was England degraded the Irish people to the position of tenants. It was England introduced into Ireland the payment of rents. It was England imposed on Ireland the payment of taxes. And thus a hatred of English laws and English government is generated among them.

It was to meet and utilize this tone of feeling that the programme of Fenianism, as published in America, was prepared. It set forth the example of the Israelites, who exterminated the inhabitants of Canaan, and then divided the territories into inheritances for each and every family, thus giving every family of Israel a personal interest in the land. It was proposed in this programme of Fenianism to exterminate all the landlords, all the landed proprietors, and then to divide the lands so as to secure to every family of the Celtic or Irish race an inheritance for ever. The innate folly and wickedness of the movement do not prevent its obtaining a firm and strong hold on the mind of the people. It seems the realization of long-cherished dreams—the rainbow of hope so long looked for through the sufferings of centuries; and though every man who has anything to lose denounces the movement with clenched hand and set teeth, yet it has its charms for a wild and reckless, a passionate and impulsive race.

It is not proposed in this article to touch on any of the political or ecclesiastical questions that divide the great parties of the present times. It is rather to show that the evils of Ireland, the turbulence and disaffection that seem the chronic malady and normal condition of her people, are not to be ascribed either to differences of Churches and religions, or to misgovernment on the part of England. They arose from a state of things long anterior to any differences of Churches or religions. They arose from a tenure of land which by its very nature prevented the possibility of progress or improvement; for land thus held in common among numerous tribes or septs is incapable of progress or improvement—a tenure that has its nearest parallel in New Zealand. And if it be found that all that the

statesmanship of the present day can suggest in reference to New Zealand is simply to leave its vast territories to a state of nature, uncultivated and uncivilized for ever, we may well bear lightly in our censures on those several governments who have found the management of Ireland the difficulty of their times.

The difficulty of Ireland in past centuries is, as already stated, the difficulty of New Zealand in the present day; and whether with the Celts of one island, or with the Maories of the other, there are only two courses. On one hand await with patience the fruits of education, and let it be an education that will teach them to see that labour is the allotted duty of mankind, and that, in one form or another, it is the noblest occupation of man, so far as this life is concerned, and that the truest independence is that which a man works out by his own exertions, and that the sweetest pleasures of life are those he secures by the sweat of his brow; or, on the other hand, await in New Zealand the sure and gradual extinction of the old race, and await in Ireland the continued exodus of her ancient people to another sphere—a sad and melancholy alternative for a race that, with all their faults, has proved itself capable of noble things. There, in the new world of their adoption, they will find lands as broad as their wishes—lands of millennial peace, where no landlords were ever known, and no rents were ever demanded. We have ever sympathized with them in their sorrows; and our truest wish for them is that they, who have been discontented here, may find content and happiness and prosperity in the land of their adoption. Education or emigration are essentials for the tranquillity and prosperity of Ireland. The measures so often proposed are the mere quackery of men, who think the exigencies of political party require that something be done, and yet care not what that something be. Such measures aggravate rather than lessen the evil.

M. HOBART SEYMOUR.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. A New Translation; with a Biographical Essay and an Appendix of rhymed Choral Odes and Lyrical Dialogues. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

THE paradox *πλὴν ἡμῖν πάντός* has seldom received better illustration than by the comparison of Mr. Plumptre's second edition of his "Sophocles" with his first. The latter was in two volumes, while that which he has just put forth is in one. And this one volume not only contains as much matter as its twofold predecessor, but even more, because, in somewhat reluctant deference to a consensus of critical opinion, he has, in an Appendix, turned all the choruses of Sophocles into rhyme, the unrhymed choruses still occupying their places in the body of each play, so as to suffice for those who, with the translator, hold them more akin to the spirit of Greek lyric. Herein, then, as we started by saying, the truth of Hesiod's proverb is exemplified. But in another point, also, the second edition is a marked improvement on the first. The mistakes of translation in the former—too numerous to be condoned on the score of haste, although that plea was, no doubt, urged in all candour—are, as far as our examination serves us, utterly purged out of the second edition; and, furthermore, a great portion of those sharp dialogues, so common to the Tragicæ, which generally consist of single-lined question and answer, has been entirely rewritten, so as to preserve, as far as may be, the concise form and direct point of the Greek *σπινχουθιαί*. To these may be added another improvement, to wit, that Mr. Plumptre has carried out in his new edition the principle, copied from the Greek, of making strophe correspond with antistrophe, each to each; and then enough will have been said to show that there is no meagre list of recommendations to this now really handy and accurate translation of Sophocles.

It is asserting what is patent to every one who may come in contact with the book itself, to say that the outward form and size of the book, and its general turn-out, are in its favour; but, on the whole, its inward worth is equal to its outward promise.

Still, on a few points, one may reasonably differ from Mr. Plumptre's views; on none more so than his *modus operandi* as to his choruses. It had been wiser to stick to the unrhymed metres of his first edition than to "face both ways," and to throw a sop to rhymists and unrhymists alike. Regarded as such, and when it was taken into account how distasteful absence of rhyme in odes and lyric compositions is to the English ear, Mr. Plumptre's choruses in his former edition were by no means unsuccessful. Some of them came so near to poetry through his innate taste and careful imitation of the very idiom of his original, that they extorted praise even from critics devoted to rhyme. Even now, as we look upon the one and the other, the first copy and the second—the blank metres and the

rhyming metres—regret steals over us that he has not let well alone; for a suspicion gains ground that rhyme is uncongenial and unfamiliar to him, although in whatever he does, a workman so steadfast of purpose, and so bent upon excellence, is sure to rise some way above mediocrity. We are by no means sure that, for accuracy and justice to his original, Mr. Plumptre's original choruses were not more faithful and praiseworthy than those in the Appendix. Solution into rhyme seems to have washed out some of the impress of Sophoclean language and poetry. The process of shaking up words, verses, and sentences, so as to square into the required couplet, or triplet, or quatrain, is not conducive, in our judgment at least, to the preservation of the original gist of the author. How far this is the fault of the individual we cannot determine; but it would take many failures to convince us that a faithful copy of a chorus of Sophocles might not be executed in one of the various rhyming ode-metres which Dryden, Pope, Gray, and other English poets have used, as easily and effectively as in a metre untrammelled by rhyme. Nor is it clear that, given the rhymers' skill, the bounds of rhyme need interfere with the boundaries of sense and meaning, or at all disarrange the sequence of thoughts and expressions in the Greek. If the choruses in the Appendix are looser and less faithful than those in the body of the dramas, this is not, we fancy, attributable so much to the incapacity of the rhyming measure, as to the lesser aptitude, as well as to the predisposition in another direction, of the craftsman. And this seems to come out ever and anon on comparison of the twain. Mr. Plumptre's two manners of handling a choral strophe may be illustrated from the (Edipus at Colonus 1221—1225, ὅστις τοῦ πλάνου μίρου. And the version from the body of his work shall be examined first. It runs fairly and fluently:—

“He who seeks length of life,
Slighting the middle path,
Shall seem, to me, at least,
As brooding o'er vain dreams.
Still the long days have brought
Griefs near and nearer yet.
And joys—thou canst not see
One trace of what they were;
When a man passeth on
To length of days beyond the rightful bourne;
But lo! the helper comes that comes to all,
When doom of Hades looms upon his sight.
The bridegroom's joy all gone,
The lyre all silent now,
The choral music hushed,
Death comes at last.”—(p. 105.)

The force of the verb *καθίεντο ἐν λύπᾳ ἐγγυρίῳ*—viz., “lay-up-in-store nearer,” is hardly brought out in the words we print in italics; otherwise, the passage is eminently faithful in its rendering. No one can complain of ὅταν τις ἴς πλῖον πῖσιν τοῦ θείοντος reappearing as

“When a man passeth on
To length of days beyond the rightful bourne.”

But when the pages are turned over, and in p. 435 one comes upon the following version, it is impossible not to see that much has evaporated, much suffered dilution, and not a little that is extraneous been foisted in:—

“One whose desire is strong
For length of days,
Who slights the middle path,
True path of praise;
He in my eyes shall seem,
Mere dreamer vain;
For oft-times length of days
Brings nought but pain;
And joys—thou canst not now
Their dwelling guess,
When once a man gives way
To hope's excess;
At length the helper comes
That comes to all,
When Hades' doom appears,
And dark shades fall.

Lyreless and songless then,
No wedding guest—
Death comes to work the end—
Death last and best."

The three verses italicized are pure additions of the translator, and must be taken as necessary complements of his rhyme—necessary, we mean, in the case of the individual translator. But if one tests the passage by the rendering of *καριθεντο*, before noticed, this version is further from the original than ever. "Brings nought but pain" is an expression of the very vaguest sort, and *ἐς πλεον τοῦ θίλοντος*, just below, loses the very smallest feature of itself in the translation,

"When once a man gives way
To hope's excess."

The passage would have been better treated, had Mr. Plumptre written—

"When man hath had his way
In life's excess,"

if, as we believe, Elmsley's interpretation of the passage is the right one.

But, indeed, the whole of the rhyming chorus in this instance, as in many others we could cite, errs further from the original than that which is unrhymed, and that without any inherent cause that we can discover.

Another point to which we cannot help taking exception is the affectation, no doubt gaining ground among younger scholars than Mr. Plumptre, of a Greek nomenclature and orthography more near the original form than that which our English forefathers have borrowed from the Latin. The question is a delicate one, and our plea for dissent from the new way, or rather the revival of the oldest way, is deference to custom and hatred of pedantry. Also some consideration is due to those who have learnt their mythology from text-books which conspired to give Greek names in Latinized forms. But if a change is expedient—if reform must be had—it should be final and consistent. Such is not Mr. Plumptre's. We cannot see why "Ajax" should return to his primitive name "Aias," any more than "Œdipus" to the uneuphonious and as yet unattempted "Oidipous." Why is "Creon" not written "Kreon," and "Jocasta," "Iocasta," if precision and archaeological exactness of nomenclature are worth tendering?—which we venture to doubt. It should be one thing or the other: and here, as in the question how the choruses should be rendered, whatever is done should be done resolutely and uniformly.

Still we must cheerfully own that in many things Mr. Plumptre is "winning to the light," and that his second edition as much surpasses his first as we hope the third is destined to outgo the second. His first fault was inaccuracy. This he has well-nigh conquered. In his new edition it appears to be indecision. His third edition will be the welcomer, if it holds stoutly to one principle, be that what it may.

But probably the excellence of his translation will always consist in the happy and close re-presentment of the iambic passages in fitting blank verse. To pitch on a single instance from the first play in the volume, what could be more exact than the rendering of—

"Θιωρὸς ὡς ἱερακεὺς, ἐκδημῶν, πάλιν
πρὸς οἶκον οὐκ ἴθ' ἰκίθ, ὡς ἀπεστάλην."—(Ed. T. 114—6.

"He went, so spake he, pilgrim-wise, afar,
And never more came back as forth he went;"

or this translation of a speech of Philoctetes, grieving over the loss of his bow and arrows, which a comparison with the original will show to be excellently done. (Phil. 956—60. ἀλλ' αὐτὸς τάλας—εἰδέναι κακόν):—

"But I myself, alas, shall give a meal
To those who gave me mine, and whom I chased
Now shall chase me, and I in misery
Shall pay in death the penalty of death
By me inflicted, and all this is done
By one who seemed to know no evil thought."

Another revision may make this translation of Sophocles an even more valuable and standard work; but as it now is, and independently of the valuable introductory life, which has been before noticed, it effectually supersedes the Potters, and Franklins, and Dales.

A Critical Exposition of the Third Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. A Monograph. By JAMES MORISON, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Glasgow: Morison.

THIS Monograph appears to us to be carefully and thoughtfully written: and no one can question the extent of Dr. Morison's learning, nor the profusion with which he has poured it out over the pages of this large volume. Assuming the correctness of his report of opinions, this work will be really valuable to the scholar in its almost exhaustive treatment of the passage of Scripture with which it deals. Still, one must confess, a question arises whether this exceedingly elaborate kind of commentary be not an overdoing of labour. We can understand and appreciate a comprehensive and compendious handbook like De Wette's, summarizing the opinions of others, with occasional short and terse deliverances of his own; and on the other hand, we quite see the practicability of mastering a commentary which, while freely discussing the meaning of the context, gives brief notices of the views taken by others; but when the opinions of others are given in detail, and with a considerable amount of discussion of each, and to this is added a long and elaborate disquisition of the author's own on every word, we really doubt the possibility of carrying individual human knowledge beyond the limits of a few chapters of the sacred text. In the present work, the discussion of 31 verses occupies 422 pages. Now the Epistle to the Romans contains 412 verses, and would require according to Dr. Morison's scale, even supposing that no portion demanded more elaborate comment than ch. iii., no less than 5,608 pages, *i.e.*, within 48 pages of twice the number in the five volumes of Alford's Greek Testament: say 10 thick octavo volumes. Carry this rate through the whole New Testament, and the result is, that we should want for it a commentary extending through 89,027 pages, or 178 thick octavos.

It is true that some of this inordinate lengthiness is owing to Dr. Morison's peculiar style. He is given to long Latin compounds, and to the avoidance of short terms, where long ones can be had. *E.g.*, when St. Paul in ver. 9 resumes the first person, Dr. Morison describes him as having, "in his pause, re-entered into intercommunion of consciousness with his countrymen in general," and speaks of our "recognising a perfectly unartificial simplicity of spontaneous intercommunion and sympathy." Such words as these use up a great deal of paper.

It would be beside the aim of these notices, and indeed of even a longer article in this journal, to discuss with Dr. Morison details of interpretation. On many of these we should be entirely at issue with him. We may mention as examples his interpretations of *ἐπ' αὐτοῦ*, *προϊχόμεθα*, *ἰλαστήριον*.

We are bound to say that throughout our examination of this book, we have never found any unfair treatment of opponents, or anything but courteous and respectful reference to the opinions of others.

The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Third Edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans, 1867.

THIS new edition of an old book is highly creditable to the ability, industry, and honesty of its author. In the ten years which have elapsed since the last publication of the work, it has grown to nearly double its former bulk; and the increase is mainly owing to the laudable care with which Mr. Lewes has availed himself of new materials of various kinds, and to his readiness to make use of the assistance, not only of those writers who in a great measure sympathize with his own views, but also of those of opposite schools of thought. That the author's fundamental principles should remain unchanged is no more than might naturally be expected; but though we cannot accept the standpoint from which he surveys the history of philosophy, we must acknowledge his merit as a candid and liberal disciple of a school whose adherents have not always shown these laudable qualities, and as an honest if not always an accurate expositor of men whose habits of thought are too remote from his own to make the exposition an easy task. Clearness of thought, liveliness of style, and a power of imparting interest to his subject, are merits to the praise of which Mr. Lewes is fairly entitled; but we cannot help adding that these excellences are impaired by the adoption of a defective point of view, and an erroneous method

of inquiry. Mr. Lewes is a disciple of the Positive Philosophy of Comte, and views the previous history of human thought in the light of a *preparatio Comtiana*—a series of preliminary throes ushering in the auspicious birth of the *Philosophie Positive*. We will not go so far as to say *parturiunt montes*, yet we cannot help feeling that there is a strange incongruity between the means and the end, and that this incongruity imparts a corresponding character to Mr. Lewes's treatment of his subject. His narrative hardly tallies with his theory. He gives us a definition of philosophy well suited to the only philosophy recognised by positivism, but by no means suited to the systems of thought which form the main subject of his history. The office of Philosophy, he tells us, is "*the systematisation of the conceptions furnished by Theology and Science*," (p. xviii.) The method of Theology, he further tells us, is the Subjective, that of Science the Objective. Philosophy, while in alliance with Theology, adopted the subjective method: with the advance of Science, it gradually detached itself from Theology, until "finally, the all-embracing progress of Science has forced Philosophy frankly to adopt the objective method: this is its present phase—the Positive Philosophy," (pp. xx., xxi.)

Under this theory, one of two alternatives seems inevitable. Either theology must accept the objective method likewise, or philosophy, having frankly adopted this method, must cease from its office of systematising the conceptions furnished by theology, and apply itself exclusively to those furnished by science. Under the former alternative, theology would become simple atheism, none the less so were she to adopt as her creed M. Comte's worship of the *Grand Etre*, the ideal of humanity. Under the latter alternative, philosophy becomes entirely separated from theology, and one half of Mr. Lewes's definition is no longer applicable. And either alternative is equally fatal to Mr. Lewes's conception of philosophy and its history. The transcendental ideas about which philosophy occupied herself before the positive epoch, God, Immortality, Causality, Existence,* are precisely those to which the objective method is inapplicable, because they cannot be verified by experience. They must, therefore, from henceforth be excluded from philosophy, whether philosophy be regarded as embracing a positive theology, or as separated from theology altogether. But it was the presence of these very ideas, and the necessity of giving some account of them, which drove men into philosophy at the beginning, and has stimulated the pursuit ever since. Exclude them from philosophy by an arbitrary definition, and the only consequence will be that men will continue to inquire about them under some other name. Men became philosophers because they were not content with phenomena, because the very conception of phenomena as such suggested the idea of something beyond phenomena; and while the suggestion remains, the inquiry will still go on. The only question will be, whether this or the antagonist system has the better right to the name of philosophy, and on this point prescription is in favour of the older possessor. But, be this as it may, so long as such ideas exist, so long they will stimulate inquiry into their origin and import; if the inquiry has hitherto proved illusory, there must be an origin of the illusion, and a truth of which it is the perversion: it is not sufficient to condemn man to the task of registering the resemblances and successions of phenomena, until we have reconciled the sentence with the yearning which impels him to aim at something more, until we have shown the true purpose of that yearning, and the means by which it may legitimately be satisfied.

If further proof were needed of the insufficiency of Mr. Lewes's standpoint, it might be found in his theory of Necessary Truths. Most philosophers of the empirical school attempt to abolish the distinction between necessary and contingent truths, by asserting that all truths are equally contingent, equally capable of being reversed under different conditions of experience and

* We omit Freedom, which Mr. Lewes (and he has high philosophical authority on his side) classes among the noumena which transcend experience. We cannot accept this classification; on the contrary, we hold that the fact of the freedom of the will, the existence of *power* to do or not to do a particular act, is as much a matter of experience as the fact that we see or hear, and is as little affected by any difficulty in explaining how it can be. The many ingenious arguments of necessitarians to prove that the will is not free, in defiance of our consciousness of freedom, may be as unanswerable as the arguments of Zeno against motion, and as little convincing as these are to a man who is conscious that, as a matter of fact, he does move.

association. Mr. Mill, for instance, considers it not incredible that in some remote part of the universe two straight lines may enclose a space, or two and two make five. Mr. Lewes attempts to obliterate the distinction by an opposite process, maintaining that all truths are equally necessary: contingency is only possible while propositions are unverified; all propositions when verified are necessary. "That 72 and 140 added together will make 212 is a truth which, objectively, has no contingency whatever; but there is a subjective contingency in this, as in all other unverified propositions, namely, the contingency of our miscalculating." In like manner, "assuming that there is an external world, its order must be necessary, *i.e.*, the relations must be what they are; the contingency can only lie in the correctness or incorrectness of our appreciation of those relations," (p. ciii). This parallel the author carries so far as to say, "that fire will always ignite paper on all future occasions which present conditions precisely similar to those that have once caused the ignition, is a truth bearing the character of necessity and universality which belongs to all identical propositions, and to those only," (p. cvii.).

We think that Mr. Lewes has misstated the circumstance which constitutes the necessity of mathematical judgments. It is not that we cannot, *before we have ascertained the true relation*, conceive any other—this we can easily do by blundering in our calculation: it is that the true relation, *when once ascertained*, is conceived to be so fixed and unalterable that in no part of the universe can it possibly be otherwise, and by no exertion of power, not even of omnipotence, can it possibly be changed. Can I, to take Mr. Lewes's own examples, after I have once ascertained that 72 and 140 added together make 212, conceive it possible that in any part of the universe they make any other number, or by any exertion of power can be made to do so? Can I, again, conceive it possible that fire, having once ignited paper, can in any part of the universe, or on any other occasion, not ignite it, the other conditions being precisely similar? * To the former question we unhesitatingly answer *no*; to the latter *yes*. To deny this difference, as Mr. Lewes does, is simply to distort the fact to suit a theory.

The body of the work is not so much a History of Philosophy as a series of detached biographical and critical sketches of certain representative men in philosophy. As a history its continuity is broken by the omission of the minor names in most of the epochs; and, for that reason, it is deficient in marking the relations of the several epochs to each other. To understand how one school of philosophy became merged in another, it is often necessary to trace it in its progress and decline as well as in its origin, to examine the doctrines in their transmission through disciples as well as in their first formation at the hands of the master. The plan adopted in these volumes is like giving the history of an empire in the form of lives of the founders of successive dynasties; and the general effect of the whole is to present the appearance of nothing but successive revolutions. We should not for an instant dream of charging Mr. Lewes with intentional unfairness. In what he has actually attempted we believe him to be both honest and painstaking; but the plan which he has chosen, considering what is left undone as well as what is done, is singularly favourable to his general design of representing the course of metaphysical speculation as nothing but the ebb and flow of contradictory opinions. Another result of this method is that many distinguished names are omitted, which, if not the very highest in philosophy, are well entitled to a place in its history. In the modern period alone, surely Malebranche and Arnauld, Wolf and his school, Jacobi and Schleiermacher, Stewart and Brown, should not have been omitted in a work which recognises Hartley and Darwin and Destutt de Tracy; to say nothing of the author's neglect of moral philosophy,

* We have not in this second case put the alternative of an exertion of Omnipotence, because such an exertion would itself be a change in the circumstances. Yet the distinction is as strongly marked on this supposition as on the other. Why can I suppose such an exertion possible in the one instance and not in the other? Why can I conceive it possible for Omnipotence to destroy the power of fire to ignite paper, retaining all the other properties of fire and paper; and why can I not conceive it possible for Omnipotence to destroy the power of 72 to make 212 when added to 140, retaining the other properties of the two numbers? That I can do the one and cannot do the other is a simple fact of consciousness.

and consequent omission of such names as Cadworth and Clarke, Butler and Hutcheson, Paley and Bentham.

The most consecutive portion of Mr. Lewes's work is his account of the early Greek philosophy, in which the paucity of names and the scantiness of the notices which have come down to us render the task of selection less easy and less necessary. In this part of the work, which is on the whole ably executed as regards its separate parts, we regret that the author should have adopted Ritter's untenable separation of the Ionic school into two distinct and antagonistic branches headed respectively by Thales and Anaximander; and should have somewhat prematurely introduced into this epoch speculations on the origin and limits of knowledge. The early Greek philosophy, down to the time of Socrates, may be more accurately represented as thoroughly objective—as a series of speculations on the nature of things, not on the sources of man's knowledge of them: the philosophy of Anaximander may, we think, be better explained by regarding him as the connecting link between Thales and Anaximenes (his *ἀπειρον* being not "the Infinite," but rather the indeterminate first matter); while the differences between the earlier and the later Ionians may be most satisfactorily accounted for by the intervening influence of the Eleatic school. This epoch of philosophy concludes with the Sophists, whom Mr. Lewes, agreeing with (or rather, looking to the date of his first edition, anticipating) Mr. Grote, takes under his protection, and regards as a much calumniated race. We admit that the defenders of the Sophists have successfully proved two points: first, that the Sophists were not a sect or a school professing a common doctrine; and, secondly, that they were guilty of no immorality in receiving payment for their services. Yet when these points are conceded, enough remains to justify the main charge brought against them; namely, that their teaching was immoral, and that it tended to corrupt society. Without being the pledged defenders of a particular set of doctrines, it was natural for men who made their living by their teaching, to make their trade popular by flattering the prevailing taste; and it was natural also that the success of the first teachers should lead others to follow in the same track, and, as is usual with imitators, to exaggerate the characteristics of their leaders. The charge against the Sophists is not that they found society pure and made it corrupt; but that they found a corrupt tone prevailing and were content to swim with the stream, accommodating their theories to the popular practice. In proof of this, we need not rely solely on the testimony of Plato. Xenophon and Aristotle not only speak in similar language of the Sophists in general, but the doctrines which the former puts into the mouth of Hippias, are to the full as immoral as anything which Plato ascribes to Thrasymachus or Callicles.

One or two minor inaccuracies in this part of the work may be pointed out, not by any means as specimens of its general character, but as superficial blemishes which may be easily removed in another edition. We cannot accept the author's translation, or rather paraphrase, of Parmenides, *τὸ γὰρ πᾶν ἐστὶ νόημα*, "the highest degree of organization gives the highest degree of thought." It rather means that the preponderating element (hot or cold) in each man determines the character of his thought. So Theophrastus explains it (*De Sensu* § 3) *ὅτι τοῖς ὄντοις στοιχείων κατὰ τὸ ὑπερβάλλον ἐστὶν ἡ γνώσις*. The errors to which the senses are liable are ascribed by Parmenides to the material constitution of men's minds, which are framed from the same elements as the rest of the phenomenal world, and differ in their power of thought according as the one or the other element predominates. Another translation in which we are compelled to differ from Mr. Lewes, though here he has the support of the oldest commentators, is his rendering of Aristotle's language concerning Anaxagoras as compared with Empedocles, *τοῖς ἔργοις ὑστερος*, by "inferior in respect of opinion." Besides that the antithesis between "earlier in age" and "later in works" is by this rendering reduced to a mere verbal quibble, the interpretation is also inconsistent with the opinion elsewhere expressed by Aristotle as to the relative merits of the two philosophers, with his censure of the "lisper language" of Empedocles (*Metaph.* i. 4) and his high praise of Anaxagoras as the one sober man among rash babblers (*Metaph.* i. 3). We believe that the true meaning of *ὑστερος* in this passage is "more developed," "belonging to a later phase of thought;" and this is confirmed by Aristotle's subsequent language concerning the theory of Anaxagoras, *βούλεται μῖντοι τι παραπλήσιον τοῖς ὑστέρον*

λίγους. A more unquestionable mistranslation occurs in a later passage. "Men resent being forced to rigour of speech and thought. . . . Aristotle says it was thought bad taste in his day—*ἡ ἀκριβολογία μισοῦσθαι*" (p. 153). The quotation is from *Eth. Nic.* iv. 2, where *ἀκριβολογία* does not mean rigour of speech, but exactness of calculation. Aristotle is describing the munificent man who spends his money freely, regarding minute calculation of expenditure as a mark of meanness.

We cannot now follow Mr. Lewes through the details of his history: we must conclude with a single remark on the theory which that history is intended to support. We believe that the very fact of there being a philosophy and a history of philosophy is itself destructive of Mr. Lewes's thoroughgoing advocacy of the principles of positivism. Philosophy is the expression of human thought; and human thought is possible because man is something more than an aggregate of phenomena. Philosophy, consciousness itself, is possible, not because certain phenomena of consciousness succeed one another according to a fixed law, but because throughout this succession there is one and the same *I* who think. With this intuition of unity and reality implied in the very existence of consciousness, the philosophy which declares that we know nothing beyond "phenomena, their resemblances, coexistences, and successions," stands self-refuted. To know these, I must know myself as knowing them: and I myself am neither a phenomenon nor a relation between phenomena.

The Diamond Rose. A Life of Love and Duty. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

THERE is a curious charm about Miss Tytler's writing, in its almost unique freedom from morbidness. The little stream of life flows on, hidden, it may be, out of the way, and still, but clean to its very heart, so that it gives back the heavenly light with true purity of tint—with no stagnant scum of many colours. Quiet the story is, as a June evening; yet like that, with summer lightnings coming and going in celestial revelation of the deep truth that the whole earth is a church militant.

In our natural reaction towards classical models, we seem to have progressed backwards almost to a heathen standpoint. For us, too, the world is a sorrowful tangle where the indifferent gods look on; we, too, call no man happy till he dies, with the one addition, that we do not count him safe then. Some of the noblest spirits amongst us seem to look out upon life tear-blinded, while meaner souls flaunt their stolid content in our faces. In the midst of this "jangling of sweet bells" and braying of brazen trumpets, it is a relief to hear one voice ring out clear and true, proclaiming with possibly unconscious power, certainly with unconscious originality, that God is, and that He is the rewarder of those who seek Him.

It is this high standard, not held aloft, but worn close at heart, that gives a sweet naturalness to the flashes of heroism scattered through Miss Tytler's new book. Euphame, braving the Edinburgh mob in defence of her schoolmates, risking the life she holds sacred to a purpose for a child who has never cared for her, sheltering the desolate Highland laddies, never appears to be doing anything remarkable. It is "only Euphame," as we should say in excusing an opposite character. The woman is so noble that nothing she does seems great.

Of course the force of this would vanish if the book belonged to that order of monstrosities, novels with a purpose. The purpose of a story is the story, just as the purport of a painting is the picture. Those who want treatises and drawing-books know where to go for them. Still, every life, at least when it comes to be told, must have a certain thread of principle on which its beads of incidents are strung. Miss Tytler calls her story a tale of love and duty, and the truth running through the whole is, that love is duty.

Necessarily the book is not faultless; as a question of pleasure, if not of art, we may wish that the author did not paint so exclusively in grey, that just once somebody would laugh or run or get into a passion, that everyone were not so *douce*, to use the characteristic national perversion of the bright French word. It is said that a writer has always to guard himself from a tendency to fall in love with his characters. Miss Tytler is in no danger of this. She is almost too hard upon her single-hearted Euphame and shallow Katie.

Certainly in this case it has the effect of making us espouse their cause, but it is a moderateness of nature that may be carried too far. If the teller of the story does not find his personages interesting, who can be expected to do so?

Being Miss Tytler's, it is scarcely needful to say that the book abounds in delicate side-lights of character. The jealous magnanimous woman who "could take a long step and make a mighty effort (once), but could only halt after herself for the remainder of her life, like the shadow following the substance;" the charming old mother who "quivers and flushes and sparkles like a young beauty with joy, and looks Euphame all over, and feels and pats her as though she were blind," yet is quarrelling with her in a moment on the question of a neighbour's periwig; an old lady who "contradicted earnestly and with perfect sincerity the cynical views of to-day in the benevolence of to-morrow;" best of all, the dainty cherry-draped Madame Romieu, with her well-beloved Master Paul. Miss Tytler would seem to have an inexhaustible cabinet of these French domestic sketches, and she cannot give us too many of them; they have an exquisite freshness and simplicity; above all, they are delightfully French.

It is a mark, indeed the very stamp, of this author's genius, that she seizes with equal strength and tenderness the antipodes of character, the Scot and the Gaul. Mark is a true Scot, with such exceeding control over his feelings that we almost doubt his having any. In his uncongenial home, a grim reproach; "in the workshop and in the narrow flat of the clock-maker, a hero, and dealt with tenderly—as heroes, even more than ordinary people, require to be." To quote Madame Romieu, "Master Mark greets me briefly, but he treads softly lest he should shake my miserable body in my chair or on my palliasse; he makes me no compliments, but he brings me the peaches of France from costly gardens, and the dandelions which you slight, from the way-side. He does not doff his cap to my little son—yes, he is obstinate enough to contradict him, but he follows him in his evening rambles with his baton, and he would beat down with his strong young arm the first villain who would assail him. He professes, 'I do not love my neighbours; no, no, my neighbours are cowardly and selfish and base, they do not heed me; why should I heed them? No, we are quits, there is no love lost between us;' and thereafter he goes and helps his neighbour—cuffs and lifts up the culprits." This last touch gives the charm of the man; how many there are who pat and press down the recipients of their goodness.

The growth of the love between Mark and Euphame is brought out not only with delicacy, but with a greater strength and perception of passion than any the author has yet shown, when Euphame "only blanched once, turned back at the door saying, 'Sir, if you see any likelihood of his being sentenced to die, you will tell me at once. I will break it to his family—to his mother—I will see himself.' And her voice, the firm grave voice gives way and will not be controlled when, against the wall of her life-long purpose, beats the long wailing wave, 'Mark wants Euphame—Mark craves her—Mark sighs for her, with a longing imprinted in man's breast in Paradise, which, unsatisfied, will leave him defrauded and impoverished.'" Of course the woman in her conquers, and the heroine goes down. In real life, probably, it would not have been so, and in poetry we should have demanded our tragedy; but in a story we prefer to take our misery mildly. We should have cried out bitterly, indeed it would have marred the harmony of the whole design, had Mark and Euphame fulfilled the promise of their youth, and gone down to the grave lonely. There are enough ravelled ends in nature; we do not want them in art.

The Papal Drama: a Historical Essay. BY THOMAS H. GILL. London: Longmans. 1866.

THIS work accompanies the long series of the Popes, from St. Peter to Pius IX. As we gazed at their medallion portraits in the restored Basilica of St. Paul fuori le mura, we longed for some such manual, more handy than Ranke or Milman, to inform us of their varied history. Mr. Gill's style is somewhat inflated. Of his sentences, the following is no unfair specimen:—

"The pilot of the Galilean lake, the earnest, eager, forward, tender, trembling, fainting, backsliding, penitent, forgiven, and rejoicing lover of his Lord, the speaker in the upper room, the preacher on the day of Pentecost, the confronter of the Jewish

priests and pontiffs, the welcomer of the Roman soldier into the kingdom, the prisoner of Herod, the apostle of the circumcision, and yet the champion of Christian liberty at the council of Jerusalem, the patient taker (?) of Paul's deserved rebuke, the writer of those two most loving, lowly, unworldly, patience-breathing letters, was translated into the lord of the world, the wielder of the two swords, civil and ecclesiastical, into a prince-pontiff, and into the founder of a dynasty of prince-pontiffs."—(p. 5.)

Still the narrative is on the whole pleasantly told, and readable. The headings of the chapters, without falling into the now common fault of being sensational, indicate with sharpness and precision the character of their contents. In his descriptions of the greater Popes, Leo I., Gregory I., Gregory VII., Mr. Gill fairly rises to his subject, and gives his readers some descriptions, a trifle too rhetorical, perhaps, but strikingly and spiritedly composed.

Without pretending for a moment to come into competition with such a work as Milman's "*Latin Christianity*," this historical sketch may claim a place in the libraries of those who wish to see history grouped round the "successors of St. Peter," and to refresh their memory from time to time with the characters and deeds of that long line of names.

It may be well to designate the point of view of the writer, by one sentence in his preface:—

"The story of the popedom has all manner of interest as a story of various fortunes and vast projects, of great perils and narrow escapes, of signal triumphs and signal reverses, of enormous mistakes and enormous sins. These things, so striking whosoever, however, and to whomsoever they happen, have sevenfold impressiveness in the infallible guides of human faith, and in the consecrated keepers of Heaven's Keys. The intensity of its worldly ambition, the profundity of its worldly policy, the magnitude of its worldly successes and its worldly reverses, of its worldly mistakes and its worldly transgressions, distinguishes the dynasty of the Popes from all undisguised secular dynasties. Supreme and concentrated worldliness stands forth as the one great characteristic of the Roman See, of the kingdom of the world that calls itself a kingdom not of this world."

Light; its Influence on Life and Health. By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. (Hon.), &c. London: Longmans. 1867.

REMEMBERING certain suits in which he was professionally engaged, we decline to put any great faith in Dr. Winslow, and are not at all astonished that the venerable proverb is singularly applicable to his book—what is true in it is not new, and the converse. He starts by confessing that he has "levied contributions on the writings of established physicists," and so we are prepared to find that nearly all he has to tell us about the hygiene of light was much better told years ago by Michelet, in "*La Mer*." A translation of this, with additions from other sources—a work, in fact, really on the title which Dr. Winslow has chosen—would have been very useful. But leaving his text as shamelessly as ever extempore preacher did, he heaps together extracts from Captain Basil Hall about the depth of the ocean; from Dr. Mead about the effect of the moon on the winds; from his schoolboy reading about the Druids and their golden knife and their mistletoe; along with accounts of Fraunhofer's lines and Kirchhoff on the atmosphere, which surely serve no conceivable purpose (any more than the list of authorities on page 103, such as Ballonius, Ramazzini, and Fontana), except to show the extent of the author's private reading. In fact, of all the compilations which it has ever been our fate to read, this is perhaps the most provoking. All that it says on its own subject might be put into some twenty pages; and all it can do is to possibly prevent the publication of a useful handbook on an important matter. Important it is; for English people at home do sedulously shut themselves from the sun; though abroad they share with dogs the reputation of being the only creatures who choose to walk on the sunny side. Look at almost any street, and consider what an apparatus of protection is provided against our few days of really sunny weather, compared with our very rudimentary efforts to keep out that persistent spring intruder the east wind. Is it because the sun hurts our curtains and carpets, while the wind only affects our lungs and our tempers? What a den with a small hole in it is the ordinary parlour in the neat suburban terrace! Why, a big man standing up at the window more than fills the whole of it. Yet

that window has its wire-blind and its curtains, and also has the Venetians down at least twelve hours out of the eighteen of summer daylight. We can quite believe that nurseries with glass roofs—the shade being managed by means of movable felt—would be far healthier than the sunless holes in which many children are kept three-quarters of the day. All we want is an easy way of pulling the felt on and off, and this needs nothing but cords which will not shrink and stretch with the weather. It is done in green-houses; but the cucumbers and grapes make a figure at horticultural shows, while babies are supposed to grow up with the help of doctor and nurse in conditions which make the presence of the former almost always indispensable.

Our differences with Dr. Winslow begin with his preface. After informing us that the sun is that

"Great source of day for ever pouring wide,
From world to world the vital ocean round,"

he solemnly assures us that, "deprived of its life-generating and health-sustaining power, the whole of animated nature would be a sterile blank," &c., and sums up with the pious reflection that

"It is impossible to contemplate the facts scattered through the following pages without being solemnly impressed with a sense of man's deep obligation to God, the source of all TRUE LIGHT, for thus beneficially surrounding our planet by (*sic*) an influence so pre-eminently conducive to the health and happiness of the race."

It is very wicked of us, but we can't help being reminded of the scene in *Punch* where the stiff-necked bargee answers the new curate's statement about the fineness of the weather, with the sharp retort, "Who said it warn't? D'ye want to hargue, you beggar?" Dr. Winslow should remember Aristotle's words, "We do not congratulate the gods on their success." Neither, it seems to us, should we praise the Creator for doing well the very thing which He intended to do. Gratitude like that of Dr. Winslow's has a savour of condescending patronage about it which makes it in our opinion almost blasphemous. Like preface, like book. At page 2, for instance, all the difficulties of the nebular theory are at once solved in this magnificent style:—"Light is that principle which at the fiat of the wise and beneficent Creator radiated in all its original glory from the heavenly luminary," &c. It may be owing to a defect in our "cerebral organisation," but somehow we cannot think that the most reverent way of addressing God is to use such language as is applied to the chairman of a benevolent institution at a charity dinner.

Well: light is essential to health; if you want to look ruddy and to be long-lived you had better even work in a Lincolnshire gang than be apprenticed to a printer or a baker, or serve the public in the capacity of a night policeman. You may be sure this startling statement is true, for it is backed by plenty of quotations, especially by one from Fourcault to the effect that while Belgian field-labourers yield their full quota to the army, the coal-miners can hardly furnish any recruits. There; that is a fair sample of the value and novelty of Dr. Winslow's discoveries. As to his facts, they are so confusedly put together, and are often so contradictory, that he might almost publish two books, with one set of quotations telling one way and the other supporting the opposite view. Perhaps his aim is to show that the subject is as yet *sub judice*. Still, it is perplexing to be told that choice Asiatic and African beauties owe their charms to "seclusion from the sun," when we had read a few pages before "Is not the short-lived loveliness of Oriental women to be attributed to the influence of that sun—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,"

which is known to give all the grandeur to the vegetable world of the East?" However, we are bound to admit that this is a quotation from a Mr. Hunt, who, from his remark that "in deep sea-water an everlasting darkness prevails, in the region of silence and eternal death," we might suppose was a deep-sea diver, did he not show an equal readiness in discussing actinism, and the effect of light on vegetable poisons. Possibly, as it is put in the interrogative form, Mr. Hunt may mean his remark as a challenge to the miscegenists. Negresses certainly get more of the sun "shining on" than any other women; but very few men, white or coloured, have found even a short-lived loveliness in negresses as com-

pared with the rest of womankind. By the way, at page 23, our author certainly makes a slip; he thinks he has found a *bonâ fide* case of an Ethiopian changing his skin, a mode of proceeding so decidedly unscriptural that we advise Dr. Winslow at once to send a missionary to remonstrate with the shameless savage; and for the sake of those who are likely to enjoy the unction which pervades the rest of his work, to suppress all reference to such a melancholy instance of perversity in his next edition. From light we pass, by one of our author's rapid transitions, to food; and learn that "oils and spirits disorder the liver; and intemperate persons addicted to various potations have a sallow and olive-hued complexion." So Bardolph was (as we have often suspected) sadly maligned after all; and that peculiar redness observed on a memorable occasion about Mr. Stiggins' nose was by the carnal attributed to a wrong cause.

Here is another instance of contradictory evidence. Light (which Dr. Winslow has found out is never "absent in Greenland and thereabouts") gives a brown colour to the Esquimaux (p. 21), while the very same conditions (p. 26) make Polar bears and foxes white. There is a hitch here, unless our author wishes to hint that, just as the sun brings health and disease, so he also brings in different cases opposite effects of colour. As to the "fact" that Red Indians are white, except on face, hands, feet, &c., we should like to get additional evidence. M. Trinocq, whose statement is quoted, is no doubt a truth-telling man, but Catlin had seen more Red Indians than he could have seen; besides, we remember the Ojibbeways, and wodon't think their bodies were periodically washed with walnut-juice. With French influence we have no right to find fault in a confessedly made-up book; but we do say that an honorary D.C.L. ought not to talk about the *Iles Marquises*, unless he means to say Douvres and Cantorbéry; nor ought he (in what reads like a schoolboy translation, p. 32) to assure us that "increase of stoutness is observed among people who inhabit regions far from the equator, especially those in which there is much moisture," &c. Let Dr. Winslow consult the first old Indian or China merchant whom he meets, or let him, the next time he crosses the Channel, note the far greater number of portly Philistines in an Italian or south of France town, than among the corresponding class in England. Why, on his theory, brother Pat ought to be the fattest man in Europe.

Then come many pages about "waves tossing their white caps," and "corks being forced into sunken bottles," and then we have the venerable story of the potatoe in a cellar, fortified by a quotation from Jesse's "Gleanings," and then we are told how "sea-kale, celery, &c., are etiolated, i.e. blanched, by being covered up from the influence of the solar ray," until, amid the maze of platitudes, we begin to fancy we have made a mistake, and that the book is meant for Dr. Winslow's peculiar patients, among whom it might be desirable to awaken an interest in "common things." Lest, however, we should think that light is everything, we are reminded that fowls "kept in the dark, as in England, or with their eyelids sewn up, as is the cruel custom in India, get fat and store up muscle on less food than they ordinarily consume in the light."

Next we are hurried from the pole through all latitudes and longitudes to Brazil, apparently to show that Dr. Winslow is up in the peculiarities of insect life thereabouts, for it is certainly not stated that light in Brazil is different in nature or composition from light elsewhere. And at last, just as we fancy we are going to have something special about the diseases of hot countries, and begin to prick up our ears, thinking of our friends out in the tropics, we get the cool remark, "It is not my intention to analyze the morbid effects of solar light in the generation of specific diseases. I leave the consideration of this portion of the subject in the able hands of Sir James Ranald Martin and others." Perhaps it is as well that Dr. Winslow should so leave it, and yet he leaves so much in other people's hands, that what is his "intention" except to make a book we cannot for the life of us determine. Something about the liver would have been at least preferable to some hundred pages of dreary maundering about "the lunar rays," comprising statements of this calibre: "The Greeks and Romans believed that the moon presided over childbirth." Whether it does or not, Dr. Winslow leaves undetermined. M. A. de St. Hilaire tells him that in Brazil edible roots are sown in the wane; cereals, beans, &c., when the moon is young. M. de Chauvalon, however, tried both times of sowing at Martinique, and "found no appreciable difference in the quality of the produce." "Practical men,"

again, "say that the lunar rays have a decided calorific effect; but the Paris gardeners assured M. Arago, that in April and May the full clear moon has a frigorific power," so that "agronomes" (as our author calls them) disagreeing, doctors may well be content to differ. But what is the use of going further? Even on the very point on which Dr. Winslow ought to be an authority—the effect of the moon on the insane—he gives us nothing tangible, quoting Celsus, Pinel ("to every opinion to which his masterly intellect gives expression the scientific world bows with profound respect and reverence") and others; and adding that, "placing little faith in what has been recorded or said on the subject, I have not kept any systematic register as to the effect of different phases of the moon on the insane." Most people would think the untrustworthiness of former observations a reason for making some oneself, especially as Pinel was an undoubted believer in periodicity, though he hesitated to connect it with lunar changes. Above all, Dr. Winslow is careful not to commit himself to any definite statement as to lucid intervals "or the judicial view of this important question." To do so would be as foolish as if Tiresias had published a book on "Augury made Easy," instead of reserving himself to be consulted in all special cases.

As we said, a book really answering the title would do good, and a few pages in Dr. Winslow's 4th chapter, p. 235, *et seq.*—chiefly taken from *Miss Nightingale* and *the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Bethnal Green*—are likely to be useful. But are we such arrant Philistines as to need all this fine writing to convince us that the more light we can get the better, provided we avoid a sun-stroke? We suppose, however, that Dr. Winslow knows his public, and has found that they delight in the useful occupation of picking needles out of bottles of hay, and grains of wheat out of mountains of chaff. Still, we don't think he will persuade even them that Milton really wrote an ode which he introduces by way of appendix, and which runs (or limps) thus:—

"O merciful one!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear."

Nor do we think even an honorary D.C.L. ought to puzzle weak minds with corpuscula theory (p. 13), *Actinæ* (p. 59), or *lulula*, as he calls the crescent on a Roman senator's boot, or with *de suis caput infirmum est* in a passage in Celsus (p. 215). On the whole, we can only form two theories about the genesis of this book. Either Dr. Winslow, like Stortinius in Horace (whom he has been reading lately, for he quotes his view about shell-fish being better when the moon is full), believes we are all of us mad together, and wishes to test his belief by the success of such a farrago as this, or else the arch-enemy prompted him to write it, out of revenge for the way in which the doctor lately brought unfair charges against him in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reference to that little affair of Luther and the inkstand. On the whole, we incline to this latter hypothesis.

The Life of the Rev. William Marsh, D.D. By his Daughter, author of the "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." London: Hatchard & Co. and Nisbet & Co. 1867.

"LOVE as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Never in our time have these words been more uniformly obeyed, or more brightly illustrated, than in the long Christian life of the subject of this memoir. His very look was peace; the sweet tone of his voice a counsel of charity.

"A priest of the Greek church, after conversing with my father at the Rectory, and listening to his address and prayer at the meeting, said, 'If there be a saint upon earth, this is he.' When returning to London by the train, he inquired of a young officer from Chatham, who had been staying in the house, 'Is that old priest always as happy as we have seen him to-night?' and on receiving the reply, 'I have never seen him otherwise,' rejoined, 'Then his religion must be a good one.'" (p. 421).

Of himself, but little need be said in any criticism. The name of Dr. Marsh shines like a bright star in these days of waning charity and wavering faith; and the study of any worthy biography of him cannot fail to exercise a wholesome influence over us who are busy among the conflicts and controversies of our time.

And we are happy to say, that Dr. Marsh has found a biographer worthy of his peaceful life and holy example. The author of this work is well known in the annals of Christian labour in this country. But her fame must be sought for elsewhere than in these pages. Except for a very slight hint in the preface, apologizing for delay in the publication of the memoir owing to "the difficulty of attending to its preparation during the four months' prevalence of cholera last year," no one would be reminded that the authoress of "*English Hearts and Hands*" was the compiler of her father's biography. The accuracy of the details is, in the same preface, very simply and satisfactorily vouched for:—

"No fact is mentioned in this book which is not attested by the witness of at least two memories; no conversation recorded which was not taken down at the time; and no statement of his views made which is not familiar to his family and friends, and thoroughly authenticated by his writings" (p. vii.).

That the tone of this biography should be earnest and tender, will be a matter of course to all who know Miss Marsh's character and writings. That its methods of expression should be those belonging to the section of Church opinions to which its subject was attached, has been by some regarded as matter of regret. We cannot think so. As well Dr. Marsh's own sayings, as the narrative of the facts of his life, and the biographer's comments on them, would have lost their life and freshness if they had been transposed, so to speak, into another key, with other melodies, and deprived of their native cadences and grave notes. It is surely no great stretch of Christian charity, for those whose faith is the same, but their expression of it somewhat different, to consent for a while to receive hope and assurance and comfort through the vehicle of another's thoughts and words.

We must give one or two specimens of incidents illustrating Dr. Marsh's remarkable character.

In 1829, he was appointed by the Rector to St. Thomas's, one of the newly-built churches in Birmingham.

"The majority of the congregation had never entered a church before, a great portion of the town having been left in a state of lamentable ignorance and disregard of the barest externals of religion. In consequence of the disorderly manners and conduct of many who, attracted by novelty, now flocked to the church, a strong body of police was for some time required to be in attendance. But within six months, two constables only were needed, and even they could take their places quietly as worshippers. In the meantime, there were doubtless some difficulties to be overcome. Boys would bring mice, which they held in long leading strings, and let them stray about to the inconvenience and disturbance of those who were within reach. Other boys, and even grown-up persons, would bring packs of cards to play. But these extraordinary acts of levity in a place of worship, rose to a climax on the first evening of gas being substituted for candles. Owing to some accident, after each attempt at lighting, it went out, leaving the church in total darkness. Peals of laughter resounded through those consecrated walls. The curate expostulated in vain, until my father, appearing from the vestry with a lamp in his hand, with calm and quiet dignity ascended the pulpit stairs. Placing the lamp by his side, he knelt in silent prayer for a few moments; then raising from the cushion his serene and beautiful face, he stood before his congregation, and said in tones of mild solemnity, 'Remember, my young friends, whose house this is, and in whose presence you are assembled—the presence of the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible; and remember that "the darkness is no darkness with Him, but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to him."' "

"He said no more. No further sound was heard. Then, after a silence of some minutes, he gave out a hymn, well known already to the children in the schools:—

'Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.'

It was sung in the darkness by almost the whole congregation. At its close, sufficient light was obtained for the service to be continued, and reverent attention prevailed throughout the church" (pp. 143—145).

"In the year 1833, the vicarage of St. Peter's, Hereford, was offered to Dr. Marsh, and a strong appeal was made by the parishioners to induce him to accept it; but the earnest entreaties of the parishioners of St. Thomas's, and even more, considerations of the vast importance of that sphere of duty, prevailed with him to remain. Amongst the testimonies from various quarters which had touched him the most, was that of Joseph Sturge, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, and a strong Radical. 'Friend

Marsh,' he said, 'if thee leavest Birmingham, the Friends will put on crape;' mourning, at that time, being inadmissible among Quakers" (p. 159).

"None could more vividly realise than he, the facts of Gospel history; and during Passion week he lived amid the sacred scenes brought before him, in an especial manner, by the services of the Church at that season. He sorrowed in Gethsemane, he mourned at Calvary, he felt a relief in a sense of the quiet of the grave on the day following the burial; but not less by natural temperament than by religious faith, his imagination passed with a bound, after the painful sympathies of the week, 'through the grave and gate of death,' to a joyful resurrection. It was by an evident restraint upon himself that he closed Easter Even's reading without forestalling the glories of Easter Day. And when set free for the 'kindred rapture' of that 'day of days,' with the dawn of the morning he awoke to read the narratives told by the four Evangelists of that event, the tidings of which must have rolled fresh waves of happiness across the universe, and have caused the morning stars to sing for joy—

'Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth—that was dead.'

"Easter Day was scarcely long enough for all my father found to go through, in its course. He walked with the women to the garden where the grave lay; he stood with one who lingered weeping by the empty tomb, and listened with her to the thrilling tones of the voice which carried in a tide of joy upon her soul, with the one word, 'Mary!'

"He met his children every Easter morning with the customary salutation of the early Christians—illuminating his face, as well as uttered by his lips—'He is risen, He is risen!' It is needless to say that his sermons on that day caught the same strain. 'The Resurrection, as the keystone of the arch of our Faith,' was the subject, first, of substantial evidence, then of eloquent description and triumphant exultation. No preaching of his ever rose so high as those Easter-day celebrations of the conquest of death and the grave.

"When wearied at night, he loved to listen to Cowper's paraphrase of the walk to Emmaus, and to dwell upon the subject of the two disciples' converse; and on the gracious condescension and heavenly tenderness of the Friend, who drew near, and went with them on that blessed evening of the first 'Lord's day.'

"Easter Sunday was invariably closed with the hymn, 'Love's redeeming work is done,' which best expressed the overflowing of his thankful heart for the blessing it commemorated, and the blessing it promised" (pp. 236—238).

"The following interesting notice serves to link together Dr. Marsh and Dr. Arnold, the two noblest spirits in two widely differing schools of Church life and thought:—

"The near neighbourhood of Leamington to Rugby brought my father acquainted with Dr. Arnold's remarkable work amongst the boys of the school which he rendered so celebrated. Deeply did my father regret that he had not earlier known him. They met but once; and differing upon some points as they did, it was but the lovelier to see how their hearts sprang to meet each other—drawn by the mutual sympathy of their noble natures, and by the yet stronger attraction of love to the Saviour. The academic and the pastor not merely discovered enough of common ground for cordial intercourse, but each entered with keen interest upon the subjects of the other's field of duty; and both again rejoiced together in the prospect of employment being granted as a reward by that Master whose 'servants shall serve Him,' whilst they 'see His face.'

"A few years later, when my father had read with his family Mr. Stanley's record of his friend's life and character, as he closed the book he said, with tears filling his eyes, 'I am like those boys of Arnold's—I know not how to bear his loss!' The impression on his mind, after reading that beautiful biography, was (as he expressed it), that 'Dr. Arnold was evangelical without knowing it; and that he disliked evangelicals because he did not know them.'

"Well were they agreed in the painful apprehension that, in the nineteenth century, the battle of the Reformation would have to be fought over again. They held alike that the belief in the necessity of a 'succession' lay at the root of the errors already corrupting a large body in the Church; involving, as it does, the invalidity of the sacraments as administered by the Presbyterian, Lutheran, and other Churches; and carrying with it the doctrine of a priestly and mediatorial power.

"My father felt the full value of the noble protests against the sacerdotal system, borne by Arnold in Letters cclviii., cclxxiii., and others, in Vol. II. of the Life and Correspondence, in which such passages occur as the following:—'That the Church system, or rather the priest system, is not to be found in Scripture, is as certain as that the worship of Jupiter is not the doctrine of the gospel.' . . . 'That the great enemy should have turned his very defeat into his greatest victory, and have converted the spiritual self-sacrifice, in which each man was his own priest [explained above as 'the spiritual sacrifice of each man's self to God'], into the carnal and lying sacrifice of the mass, is, to my mind, more than anything else, the exact fulfilment of the apostolical language concerning antichrist.' And again (in Letter cclxiv.), 'Now that the two

systems are set front to front, I do not think that a middle course is possible. The priest is either Christ or Antichrist. He is either our mediator, or he is like the man of sin in God's temple. The Church system is either our gospel, and St. John's and St. Paul's gospel is superseded by it, or it is a system of blasphemous falsehood, such as St. Paul foretold was to come—such as St. John saw to be "already in the world."

"Often has my father referred to Dr. Arnold's delight in the book so dear to himself, *The Pilgrim's Progress*; and especially to the anecdote of his being unable to trust himself to read aloud that exquisite passage which describes Christian and Hopeful, as they pass through the river up to the Celestial City; and in his own last illness he quoted those words of Arnold's, which seemed a presage of the nearness of his Lord's call to him, that 'within the last few days he had felt quite a rush of love in his heart to God and Christ.'

"With the distinctness of Dr. Arnold's view of all blessings coming to us through our Lord Jesus Christ, especially as shown in the journals of his last few weeks, he had a strong sympathy. It was one of his own sayings, that whilst the mercy of God was like the light scattered throughout the universe, that light, for our world, is all concentrated in the sun; so God's mercy is all gathered up for us in Christ Jesus, 'the brightness of His glory'" (pp. 238—241.)

We cannot conclude this notice without quoting the closing pages of the narrative. To our mind, nothing more beautiful has been written in our day. And this is none the less true, because the beauty springs not from rhetoric, not from imagination, but from the native force of the facts related—the gleams of the glory within, shining through the earthen vessel of human thought and speech.

"At midnight the final change commenced; and for only one more night the privilege was ours of watching beside and ministering to him who was our joy, our crown, our glory. * * * * We watched in silence through the night in the dimly lighted room, listening to the laboured breathing, and scarcely daring to think of what lay before us on the coming day.

"Early in the morning he made a sign for his spectacles and put them on, himself, with a little help from Mrs. Marsh, and then looked round on us all with inexpressible tenderness; he tried to write again, but his hand could scarcely guide the pencil. Suddenly the voice which we thought we should hear no more till the Resurrection morning, broke the silence, and in a tone of wonderful love he said the one word, 'Mary!' whilst his eyes, which were already growing dim in death, were for a moment bright with life and power.

"One by one we all drew near and knelt to kiss his hand, and to receive its gentle pressure, as he raised his eyes in prayer, and thus we took our silent farewell. His wife, son, son-in-law, daughters, grand-daughters, his curates, and several dear friends, besides the devotedly attached servants of the household, and from Beckenham Rectory, each in turn, received that unspoken blessing. Then most of them withdrew to the end of the room, leaving his family around his bed. He looked tenderly towards Mrs. Marsh, and pointed upwards, when he saw her tears.

"He signed for the window to be thrown wide open, and the sunshine came streaming in on his heavenly face. After the heavy rain in the night, everything was looking refreshed and lovely, and the clematis, then in blossom, which hung around the library window, was glittering in the sun, as it formed the frame through which he took his last look into the garden.

"He lay tranquilly, surrounded by those who loved him best. Presently Dr. Lancaster felt his pulse for the last time, and afterwards he himself signed to his daughter Matilda to come near, and placed the thin wrist in her hand, with a smile of tenderest confidence, knowing that she would like to be the last to feel its faint and now fast-failing beating. Then, with serene dignity, and almost a leisurely calm, he raised his hand, and closed his own eyes,—to spare us one pang, and to draw the curtain that would hide earth from his sight and leave him alone with his Saviour.

"No sound of sorrow broke the stillness of that holy place. We had gone with him to the bank of the river, and there waited in silence for the arrival of the Shining Ones who were to carry him to the Celestial City.

"The heart that had so overflowed with love still beat with tremulous motion; and the hand which clasped a hand of the daughter whose life's blessedness it had been never to be parted from him, closed firmly, as if he would have drawn her into the promised land at the same moment with himself, by the power of that 'love which is strong as death.'

"Then as the church bells began to chime for the service, with a few gentle breathings his spirit passed away.

"By the look of radiant joy, adoration, holy awe, and almost surprise, upon his face at the last, we felt that it was no angel guard alone that had come for him, but that his eyes had seen 'the King in His beauty'; that he had not only been made 'most blessed for ever,' but also 'exceeding glad with his Saviour's countenance'" (pp. 567—569).

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